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# DUNN BROWN AND HIS DOUBLE.

By OLIVER OPTIC.

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## CHAPTER I.

MISS GRYPTON MAKES AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

"I hope you will never die, Miss Grypton," said Dunn Brown to the lady who had brought him up and cared for him from the time he was four years old.

"It is very kind of you to say so, Dunn, but I don't think it would be pleasant to live in this world forever," replied Miss Grypton, with a smile and a sigh—the smile for the boy and the sigh for certain real or fancied ills of the flesh.

"I don't see why you should talk about dying, Miss Grypton. I am hardly fourteen years old, but I may die first," added Dunn.

"You may, but you are not at all likely to die first, my boy; but I don't wish to frighten you."

"I think it is you, and not I, who are frightened, if anybody is."

"I am not frightened, Dunn; I only wanted to talk with you about business," said the lady, with a smile. "Death has no terrors to me, and I was only thinking what would become of you if anything should happen to me."

"I don't think anything would become of me, Miss Grypton; and I hope nothing unpleasant will happen to you," replied Dunn, who seemed to be determined not to take a serious view of the subject the good lady had introduced.

"Something would become of you, Dunn; I have been very careless and neglectful, and I won't live another day without attending to the matter," replied Miss Grypton, with a good deal of energy in her manner.

"I will promise that nothing shall become of me, and I will go on my way just as I always did. I shall not fall into the fire or into the Frog pond. Please don't worry about me."

"I will not worry another day about you, Dunn: but I want you to go to Pemberton square and ask Mr. Gilfeather to come up here before night. I have very important business with him, and it shall not be put off another day," continued the lady. "Just to think that I should let this matter rest till now."

"Of course I will go if you say so; but you said you did not feel very well, and I hope you won't bother with any business till you feel better," said Dunn, affectionately.

"It is because I don't feel well that I want you to go. My pancreas"—

"Your what?"

"My pancreas."

"I didn't know you had any such thing. Do you keep it down cellar or in the kitchen?" asked the boy, gravely.

"The pancreas is an organ—"

"I just told an organ grinder to go away, and gave him two cents; but he said he didn't go away for less than a dime; so I let him grind his pancreas as long as he pleased," added Dunn, lightly.

"Why will you be so absurd, my boy? The pancreas is an organ of the human stomach, and is a very important one in the process of digestion," Miss Grypton explained. "My pancreas is diseased, and—"

"Oh, no, don't, Miss Grypton! You haven't any pancreas. Some folks may have such a thing, but I am sure you haven't. You are too good to have any such nonsense about you," added Dunn, very seriously.

"But every one has such an organ, and no one could live without it," protested Miss Grypton, very much in earnest. "My pancreas is diseased, I say; and when anything ails the pancreas the doctors can't get at it to cure it. I read all about it this forenoon in my 'Domestic Medicine.'"

Miss Grypton had suffered from about all the diseases mentioned in the volume to which she alluded.

"Oh, no, aunty! Upon my word you haven't any such ugly thing as a pancreas," Dunn insisted. "The thing may be in the book, but you haven't anything of that sort."

"Of course I have! What one human being has all have, child."

"Why, no, aunty! If one human being has the itch, all human beings don't have it, thanks to the stars!"

"Why will you be so absurd, Dunn? Now go for Mr. Gilfeather."

"I will go for Dr. Witherbite, and ask him to come up and tell you that you haven't got any pancreas; or if you really have it, to get him to take it out. What is the use of being bothered with a pancreas?"

"I don't want the doctor, for the doctor can do no good. I want the lawyer," persisted Miss Grypton. "You compel me to say it, but I want him to make my will."

"Make your will! I'll make it for you, aunty!" exclaimed Dunn.

"You, Dunn? What an absurd boy you are!"

"I don't know exactly what a will is, but I am sure I can make one. I will go down and get the saw and hammer;" and Dunn started for the door.

"I am sick, Dunn, and I don't want you to pester me. I have a fatal disorder of the pancreas; and when I die, where will you be?"

"I shall be here if you don't send me for the lawyer, the doctor or the minister."

"Will you go for Mr. Gilfeather, or shall I go myself?"

"I said I would go every time; and I will if I break my neck doing it," replied Dunn, as he moved towards the door.

"I don't want you to break your neck. If you do that, I shall not like it," added Miss Grypton.

"Well, I'm sure I shall not like it any better than you do."

Dunn Brown went for the lawyer, and the lawyer hastened to the house. It was at No. Blankty-blank Bowdoin street, in the great city where THE GLOBE is published. It is necessary to be particular about the number, so that any reader may go directly to the house and satisfy himself that the story is all true. When he finds the house he will ask no more questions.

Miss Grypton told the lawyer all about the pancreas, and Mr. Gilfeather was very much edified. Unlike the sceptical Dunn, he did not deny the existence of the member. He made a great many memoranda with a pencil, and went back to his office, where he used a pen and black record ink.

While he is writing the reader may obtain a more definite view of the situation and antecedents of the lady and the young gentleman who have thus far done all the talking without a formal introduction. Though Dunn had a clean face and was neatly dressed, he had once been one of the perishing class, and did not come a great way from perishing, either.

Not far from the boundary line between Swampscott and Marblehead, was a hovel, which by courtesy was sometimes called a house. In it dwelt Gormus Brown. Gormus had brains, and had been a smart man in his day. Rum stole his brains, and placed him and his family but one remove from the poorhouse. He made a living, or rather, starved along by fishing and doing miscellaneous jobs for the summer residents of the shore.

Being wretchedly poor, of course he had a large family; and the children knew what it was to do without a dinner and to go to bed hungry. His wife had the charming name of Alexina. Tradition had it that she had been a pretty young woman and very bright. No doubt she struggled against her hard lot when Gormus took to drink; but the odds were against her, and she went down with the sot she was tied to. If she drank less rum than her husband, it was only because he was selfish, and would not make a fair division of the contents of the jug.

Gormus and Alexina had to be sober some of the time, for they were too poor to keep continuously drunk. Poverty was a partial blessing to them, for it was better to be hungry than drunk, though the sensation may not be as pleasant. Among the children was a pair of twin boys. They were pretty little fellows when their faces could be seen through the black mud with which they were frequently daubed.

At any rate, so thought Miss Grypton, who was spending a summer in a cottage, ten years before she discovered her difficulty in the pancreas. She took a fancy to one of them, though they looked so nearly alike she could not always tell which was her favorite.

Business was good with Gormus Brown for a week; in consequence he had the delirium tremens; and even Alexina peopled the hovel with snakes. Kind people tried to do something for the miserable pair, and fed and clothed their children. The little ones were to be sent to the poorhouse.

Miss Grypton interposed then and wanted to take one of the twins. She gave the chairman of the Board of Selectmen $500 for the benefit of the family. He was to keep it for Gormus, if he ever reformed. Gormus and his wife both consented to give the child, whose name was Dunn Browne, to the lady. Dunn was after the captain of the Banker, with whom Gormus made his last fishing trip before the birth of the twins.

Miss Grypton hastened home with her prize. She was a maiden lady of 30, and might have been married a dozen times if she had been so disposed, for she was worth anywhere from $50,000 to $100,000. The assessors called it $75,000, and she did not move out of town on the thirtieth day of April.

The lady's father had divided his property equally among his two sons and one daughter. The older son married, speculated, lost nine-tenths of his property and then died, leaving his wife with two children.

The second son did not marry. His fortune increased and his heart hardened. At 50 he was a tall, lank, bald-headed old bachelor. There was no more soul in him than in a brickbat. He was prim and puckery in his dress, but always had an outlandish look. He wore cheap garments, and brushed them threadbare.

Miss Susan Grypton was cast in a different mould. She did not marry because she did not find the man she wanted. Though she was a maiden at 30, and a maiden at 40, her heart was full of love and kindness. It was a pity that the right man did not come along. She took Dunn Brown because she wanted some one to love, and some one to love her. She brought him up well, and sent him to school.

Like the rest of the family, Miss Grypton had her peculiarities. Perhaps her greatest failing was her "Domestic Medicine." If she had had a family she would not have known that she had a pancreas.

She got along excellently well with the boy. If they had been mother and son, they could not have been more warmly attached to each other. Miss Grypton never told Dunn who his father and mother were, for she did not care to have them claim him, or to be "bled" by them. In fact she knew nothing more about them than she learned that summer.

Mr. Dick Grypton, her brother, did not look kindly upon the bringing of the boy to the house in Bowdoin street. As the years rolled on, and Dunn grew into a fine, handsome young fellow, he looked more and more unkindly upon him. He contemplated the very thing his sister had been attending to the day when the pancreas was discovered to be unruly. He did not like it. He was worth a big pile, but it did not satisfy him.

Mr. Gilfeather completed the will, and before the sun went down it was duly signed, witnessed and put in a safe place.

## CHAPTER II.

DUNN BROWN IS NO LONGER WANTED.

Not three months after Miss Grypton had made her will and put it in a safe place she called on an old schoolmate in Newton. Her friend invited her to ride behind an old mare that had never been known to exhibit a trick in ten years. For the first time in her life, so far as was known, she got antic, ran away and upset the carryall.

In the overturn Miss Grypton was struck in the head, her skull was fractured, and she died in a few hours. Her friend was severely injured, the old mare lost cast, and was turned over to do duty on a tip-cart.

There was a funeral at Blankty-blank Bowdoin street a few days after the sad event at Newton; and the saddest person there was Dunn Brown. He did not shed so many tears as Mr. Dick Grypton, who was dressed in the most solemn black; not so many as Mrs. Augusta Grypton; but Dunn carried the saddest heart to Forest Hills that day.

Perhaps he was the only sincere mourner in the house, though there were many who were sad and sorrowful, for the departed spinster had been a good, benevolent and helpful person in the circle in which she moved. Dunn had lost the only real friend he had in the world; the only one he could remember who had been steadily and uniformly kind to him. When he returned to the house from Forest Hills he felt as though he had left behind him all of earth that was dear to him.

Dunn did not think of the future at all. He considered the past only as it had been rich in blessings from the hand of his dead friend. If her money fed and clothed him, he had never been reminded of the fact in the ten years he dwelt in the house on Bowdoin street. It had never occurred to him that he lived upon her bounty, or that his position in the family was different from that of any son or daughter.

When he returned to the desolate house after the funeral, it did not occur to him that the future had any peculiar trials and troubles for him. In ten years he had never known what it was to want for anything; and he had no suspicion yet that there was any such thing as want in the years that were to come.

Poor Miss Grypton was gone, but the pancreas was innocent of her taking off; the old mare had deprived the offending member of its final mission. Dunn was sorry he had ever teased her about her maladies, but Dr. Witherbite had told him to laugh at her when she imagined she was afflicted with any ill of the flesh. Whatever he had done had been done for the best, for Dunn never had an unkind thought towards her in his life. He had never disobeyed her, or wilfully hurt her feelings.

Even before the funeral Mr. Dick Grypton and Mrs. Augusta had taken up their residence in the house in Bowdoin street. Doubtless they thought their assistance and supervision were needed there; and perhaps they were; but Dunn was sorry to see them invade the home of his cherished friend.

Mr. Dick was cold, selfish and heartless. He had no house; he hired a lodging-room, and took his meals wherever he happened to be. If he was sick, his devoted sister went to the house and took care of him. At such times she paid her own board, as well as for the medicine and luxuries required in the sick-room. This was the kind of man Mr. Dick was.

Dunn had never had any trouble with him of any kind, but there was no sympathy between them. Though the boy could not see why it was, Mr. Dick always seemed to regard him with suspicion. He had never spoken a pleasant word to Dunn, on the one hand, or treated him harshly, on the other. He was a prudent man, cold, hard and calculating.

Mrs. Augusta Grypton was not quite so disagreeable to Dunn as Mr. Dick; but she appeared to be quite as suspicious. She had the art to hide her feelings better than her brother-in-law. Both of them regarded the boy as an unwelcome intruder into the family. They did not like him because he came between them and the good spinster's worldly goods; at least he had for ten years been a possible legatee. Dunn never thought of these things, but they did.

Both of them appeared to regard the boy as a conscious and wilful intruder in the house in Bowdoin street. As they viewed it, he had with malice aforethought come to deprive them of the whole or a part of their inheritance. It would have suited them better if Dunn had been the first victim of the old mare out at Newton; and it is hardly worth while to consider whether or not they would have been willing that the good Miss Grypton should be the second victim of the beast.

On the night of the funeral Dunn was in an agony of grief, though he shed not a tear. The next day he wandered about the house, and it seemed just as though he must meet his good friend in the wonted places. He could not realize that she was gone forever. He tried to talk with Mrs. Augusta about the departed, but that lady seemed to have entirely recovered from the sorrow which had vented itself in abundant tears the day before. Dunn found his only comfort in the solitude of his own room.

Mr. Dick Grypton was out about all day, looking up the affairs of his deceased sister. He went to the house in season for tea. The old servant rang the bell at the usual hour, for everything went on in the house just as if its late head had still been there. Dunn went down to the dining-room at the signal.

Mr. Dick looked at the boy as he entered, and there was a frown on his brow. He appeared to be impatient and nervous about something, but he did not say anything. Occasionally he bestowed a glance full of disgust at Dunn, as though he thought the boy ought to have had the sense to take himself out of the house as soon as the funeral was over.

It never occurred to Dunn that he had not just as much right there as Mr. Dick or Mrs. Augusta. Perhaps if he had reasoned over the subject, he would have been more sensitive. Poor boy! he was thinking only of the good lady whose presence he missed at the table. She had given him a right there, and it had not entered his head to question it.

"What have you done, Dick?" asked Mrs. Augusta, when the trio were fairly seated at the tea-table.

"Nothing of any consequence. I have been looking up bonds and securities; but when a woman takes care of her own business, it is generally rather mixed," replied Mr. Dick, coldly.

"Mr. Gilfeather said aunty knew her own business better than half the men he had to deal with," added Dunn, indignantly and imprudently; but he could not bear to have any reflection cast upon the departed.

"I did not address my conversation to you; and you will not make a remark of any kind," replied Mr. Dick, severely.

"Have you seen Mr. Gilfeather, Dick?" asked the lady.

"I have not; I don't care to see him," replied Mr. Dick, haughtily. "He was my sister's lawyer, but he is not mine; and I think he will bear looking after."

"Do you know whether there is any will?" inquired Mrs. Augusta.

"I do not; I have not heard of any, and I don't think there is any. The end was too awfully sudden to admit of the making of a will."

If Mr. Dick had said he believed what he hoped, he would have explained the meaning in his mind.

"But Mr. Gilfeather was Susan's lawyer, and he may know something about it. He may have the will in his office, or he may have deposited it in the Probate Court for safe-keeping," suggested the lady.

"I don't think Susan did that. We will look over her papers tonight, and see what there is among them."

In spite of the light manner in which Dunn had spoken of such a document three months ago, he knew what a will was, though he had not considered the subject enough to realize that such an instrument could in any manner affect him. Of course he remembered what Miss Grypton had said to him on the day he went for Mr. Gilfeather about making her will; but he did not consider it necessary to say anything on the present occasion. He felt no interest in the document, and after the unpleasant passage of words with the new master of the house he did not feel like volunteering to give any information he might possess.

Dunn knew nothing about what had happened between Miss Grypton and the lawyer. He could not even say that a will had been made; and if one had been made, he certainly had no idea what had been done with it. He had been snubbed once, and he did not speak again during the meal.

In the evening Mr. Dick and Mrs. Augusta made a diligent search through the secretary, where the deceased kept her papers, and through the bureau and other drawers in her room. But there was one drawer in the secretary they could not open. The fact that he could not open it vexed Mr. Dick. The keys were in all the other drawers, but the one belonging to this was missing.

Mrs. Augusta thought Dunn might know something about this key, and she called him from his room, which was the next one to that of the deceased. Dunn did know all about it. Miss Grypton had given him the key of this particular drawer before she went to Newton. She had over $200 in bills, and she did not wish to carry so much money with her on her visit. She had put it in this drawer and given the key to Dunn, who was in the house all that day.

Miss Grypton's apartment was the rear one on the second floor. The rear hall chamber was occupied by Dunn. He had heard the brother and sister ransacking the drawers, and it made him very indignant. As both doors were open he could hear a word or two once in a while of their conversation. He heard the word "will" several times.

"She may have left all her property to this boy," said Mrs. Augusta, when Dunn went to shut his door that he might hear no more.

When the lady called to him from the hall, he promptly responded.

"Do you know anything about the key of this drawer, boy?" asked Mr. Dick, in imperious tones.

"Yes, sir! Miss Grypton gave it to me, and I put it in a safe place," replied Dunn.

"Give it to me this instant!" added Mr. Dick.

"There is over $200 in that drawer, sir. Before the funeral I asked Mr. Gilfeather about it, and he told me not to give the key to any one but the administrator," answered Dunn.

Did he say administrator, boy?" demanded Mr. Dick, his face lighting up as he turned to Mrs. Augusta.

"That is what he said, sir," added Dunn.

"Very well, young man. Now, what do you think of doing with yourself?" asked Mr. Dick, with a sour look on his wrinkled face.

"I don't know, sir," replied Dunn, vacantly.

"Of course you know there is nothing further for you here; and you can leave as soon as you please," added Mr. Dick.

Dunn left the room. His heart was full, and for the first time he wept bitterly. He was to be turned out of the house!

**THIS MOST INTERESTING STORY** Will begin in THE WEEKLY GLOBE of April 25th, will run for several weeks, and can be secured only by a year's subscription to THE WEEKLY GLOBE, at $1 for 14 months. It is the fourth of the series of original stories to be published in THE WEEKLY GLOBE during 1882. In addition to the original stories, which in book form would cost from 15 to 20 dollars, every subscriber will have every week a Ladies' Department, the most complete now published, and an Agricultural Department that will fully meet the wants of every farmer or gardener.

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## WASHINGTON.

### Rumors of Several Treasury Department Changes.

### Alphonso Taft Likely to Succeed Minister Lowell.

### Plenty of Work Still Before the House—General Matters.

WASHINGTON, April 9.—There are apparently well-founded rumors in circulation to the effect that several important official changes will be made in the Treasury Department soon—probably this week. Among those who it is said will go are Assistant Secretary French, Chief Clerk Power, Supervising Architect Hill, H. B. James, chief of the customs division, and Supervising Inspector Tingle. The nomination of Judge Olmstead of Pennsylvania to succeed Secretary French is expected by all the members of the Pennsylvania delegation. Chief Clerk Power was badly smirched by the Senate investigation of the disbursement of the treasury contingent fund, and although Mr. Power flatly denied the part that Pitney and Norton swore he had played in the irregularities connected with the expenditures for contingent expenses, members of the committee were not satisfied with the chief clerk's explanations, and the plea of ignorance of the frauds committed was regarded as a confession of incompetency. Charges of a serious character have been repeatedly made in the Sunday Gazette of this city against Supervising Architect Hill, but there has been no investigation of them. A Baltimore newspaper today printed a long story relative to alleged misconduct of the supervising architect with a firm of contractors who furnished wrought and cast iron for the New York Post Office and court house. The fact that Hill did not become supervising architect until after this building was finished and paid for is the only answer necessary to be made to this charge. Mr. James has for many years been the autocrat of customs cases and many manufacturers aver that he has had an especial fondness for the importers. The supervising special agent, Mr. Tingle, has been the target for many ugly charges, but they have not been publicly investigated.

**The Work of the House.**

In the House more than half of the appropriation bills have passed and, though the Senate is rather slow in its action upon them, members generally hope these will be gotten out of the way in good time. Of important public measures, however, there is no record save that of the Mormon question and the Chinese bill, and the latter has been undone and will have to be done over. The Pacific Coast Republicans will urge the matter, and the commissioners to which was referred the ten, fifteen and sixteen years bills in the House will probably report the ten years bill, which will promptly pass, unless the Democrats oppose it on the ground that they want fifteen years.

The House will probably take up and pass some measure to remove to the Court of Claims the private claims which now come before it in large numbers and large amounts, authorizing the court to examine them and report the facts to Congress, when the cases can be quickly disposed of. Bills of this sort before the present Congress are of a larger number than was ever before known and probably aggregate several hundred millions of dollars. The necessity for getting these to some proper tribunal was recognized years ago and is now more than ever apparent, and the bill will probably pass this session. Should this be done few of the 4000 private bills now before the House will be acted on this session, and after the passage of the appropriation bills, with the $5,000,000 clause in the river bill for improvement of the Mississippi, and half of the seventy-five bills for public buildings, Congress will probably be ready to adjourn about June 15, unless it should be persuaded to pass one of the ship canal or ship railway bills, which seems exceedingly doubtful.

**A Batch of Important Nominations from the President.**

The President sent into the Senate on Thursday the following nominations: Henry M. Teller of Colorado to be secretary of the interior; W. E. Chandler of New Hampshire, secretary of the navy; W. H. Hunt of Louisiana, minister to Russia; Roland Worthington, collector of customs for Boston and Charlestown; B. Underwood, surveyor of customs for Boston and Charlestown; Daniel Hall, naval officer for Boston and Charlestown; Fitz J. Babson, collector of customs at Gloucester; John Jay Knox of Minnesota, comptroller of the currency. There is any amount of gossip here anent the nomination of Chandler. The new secretary of the navy had an interview with ex-Secretary Blaine this evening, and he was seen at Mr. Blaine's house last night. These visits are construed to mean that there is no ending of the friendly relations that have heretofore existed between these two gentlemen. Upon the slight circumstance of these visits is based the report that Chandler will be the messenger of peace between the Stalwart and Independent factions, and that the President has selected the New Hampshire politician mainly for the purpose of securing his influence with the Blaine Republicans to bring about a complete and harmonious understanding all around. Mr. Chandler has won his greatest political laurels heretofore as an active agent in political warfare rather than in the paths of peace, and his friends doubt whether he has undertaken any such contract as the gossip of a few politicians would seem to indicate. Although there will be a fight made against Chandler's confirmation, it is not doubted but that he will pull through the Senate safely. No person nominated by any president for a cabinet position in the history of the country has ever been rejected by the Senate. A new precedent will hardly be established at this late date.

**Alphonso Taft Likely to Succeed Minister Lowell.**

A gentleman of some prominence, who has been vigorously pressing an Ohio man for office, was told by the President to possess himself in patience, as Ohio would soon receive one of the highest positions in the diplomatic service. This remark has led to the not improbable surmise that Alphonso Taft of Ohio will be appointed minister to England. Other straws of gossip indicate the possibility of Mr. Taft's appointment to the Court of St. James. The President is reported to have expressed his dissatisfaction with the manner in which Mr. Lowell has dealt with the complaints of American citizens arrested as suspects in Ireland, and a change in the British mission is looked for within a short time.

**No Further Cabinet Changes Likely to be Made.**

It may be authoritatively stated that the cabinet is now formed just as the President desires it to remain. Secretary Folger is himself authority for the statement that he expects to remain where he is during the administration, and then to retire to private life. He says he has no idea of entering the gubernatorial contest. It is known also that Mr. Lincoln has recently made such arrangements with his law partners in Chicago as to preclude any doubt of his remaining where he is.

**The Army Bill.**

The House spent all of Wednesday on the army bill. Under ruling of the chair the paragraph transferring the war claims in the quartermaster's department to the court of claims was stricken out, but a paragraph added prohibiting the use of funds appropriated by the bill for examination of such claims. Provisions will, it is understood, be made for this in the sundry civil bill. The bill as passed by the House provides that officers may retire at thirty-five years' service, and shall retire at forty years' service, or at the age of 62.

**Officers Affected by the Army Bill.**

Among the officers who will be subject to retirement, if the army bill becomes a law in the form agreed upon yesterday, will be General William T. Sherman, who is 62 years old this month. In two years General Hancock will be subject to retirement. General McDowell already is. In a few months General Pope will be subject to retirement. The law also will strike Brigadier-General H. G. Wright, chief of engineers, and Colonels Benham, McComb, Newton and Thom of the same corps.

**General Pope Indignant.**

General Pope, telegraphing from Fort Leavenworth, April 3, says: "The Indians cannot live on the reduced rations. The only legal act the military can do is to make them starve peaceably—a most inhuman act. Is it intended by the government to force these unhappy people to starve in peace? There will be a fearful responsibility somewhere. I would rather suffer anything than see an Indian outbreak. So inexcusably unjust—and fraught with such dreadful consequences—there is no reason in it."

**A Proposed Canal Through the Base of the Michigan Peninsula.**

Among the costly canal projects brought before Congress at this session and elaborately defended, is that of a ship canal through the base of the Michigan peninsula, a distance of about 178 miles. Unlike the supporters of the Hennepin, Chesapeake and Florida canals, the advocates of this do not ask for an enormous appropriation with which to begin the work, but have induced a majority of the commerce committee to report in favor of an appropriation of $10,000, to be expended upon a preliminary survey. In this report it is said that the canal would shorten the voyage between the lower lake ports and Chicago about 550 miles, would prolong the season of navigation on the lakes by thirty days, would diminish the losses by wreck, and would be very valuable as a military route in case of war with Great Britain.

**A New Basis for the Democratic Congressional Committee.**

The Democratic congressional campaign committee, which was organized by the election of General Rosecrans as chairman, is to be put on a different basis with the consent and approval of General Rosecrans himself. The project is to take four outsiders into the committee, as was done in the last campaign, and constitute a board of managers, consisting of these four and Flower of New York, the latter to be chairman, with Thompson of Kentucky as secretary. This board will conduct the campaign, General Rosecrans remaining nominally at the head of the full committee.

**The Latest News from the Jeannette.**

Lieutenant Harber telegraphs from Irkutsk that he has accepted the terms for the chartered steamer, and requesting that 20,000 roubles be transmitted, and that Secretary Hunt telegraph the Governor-General of Siberia at Irkutsk a guarantee of 40,000 roubles in case the steamer is lost. The traveller Werhojask saw Melville February 12, when all were well, but there was no news then of the missing companions. Scheultze and his men started north Wednesday. Secretary Hunt has telegraphed the guarantee and provided the funds requested.

**Sergeant Mason.**

It is reported that the secretary of war has informally recommended the mitigation of the sentence of Sergeant Mason to four or five months' imprisonment in the guard-house, and to forfeit all pay and allowances and to be dishonorably dismissed from the service. Nothing will be done in the case by the President until the decision of the Supreme Court on the motions to grant a writ of habeas corpus and certiorari is decided. General Arthur has taken considerable interest in the case, and it is believed he has a disposition to mitigate Mason's sentence considerably, even if he does not pardon him outright.

**The Death of Congressman Allen.**

WASHINGTON, April 10.—Congressman Allen died at the Arlington Hotel, Saturday, from cancer of the bladder. His family, with the exception of one son and one daughter, were present. He had been ill for a long time. He spent the summer in Europe, and came here in November from St. Louis, and took rooms at the Arlington, where he has been confined almost continuously. For some time past he has been kept barely alive on stimulants. He was unconscious for forty-eight hours before his death. He was able to go to the Capitol once or twice, but took no active part in the proceedings.

**Exports and Imports.**

The publication by the Treasury Department of exports and imports shows the exports for the seven months ended January 31 to be $463,399,955, against $541,466,678 for the corresponding term last year; while the imports were $399,762,032, against $360,591,816 for the corresponding term last year. The largest item of importance is brown sugar, which, for the seven months, is put at $30,327,866, while coffee comes next, at $26,943,334.

**General Sherman's Opinion of Compulsory Retirement.**

A telegram was received by a gentleman in this city from General Sherman, in relation to the passage by the Senate of the compulsory retirement clause in the army appropriation bill recently adopted by the House. General Sherman says that he believes in the justice of this measure, and he has no desire to be made in any way an exception to the general rule.

**Capital Briefiets.**

Work has been temporarily suspended at all the navy yards except at New York, Boston and Mare island on account of the limited appropriations of last year.

The successor to Colonel Jack Wharton, United States marshal for Louisiana, will probably be Mr. Pitkin, who is anxious for the place, as he failed to get the Mexican mission.

The commissioner of Indian affairs has ordered Agent Tiffany of the San Carlos agency to hold for trial those of the Indian prisoners against whom there is positive evidence of complicity in the Cibicu massacre.

The House committee on the law relating to the election of president and vice-president will probably perfect a bill early this week for the judicial adjustment of all legal questions arising out of such cases. The committee regards with disfavor the Edmunds bill recently passed by the Senate.

It is rumored in political circles that Judge Thomas Bowen of Colorado will probably be appointed to Teller's place in the Senate. Mr. Bowen was formerly prominent in Arkansas politics, and was appointed governor of Idaho. He afterwards removed to Colorado, where he was elected a circuit judge, which place he now holds.

## A SANITARY PUZZLE SOLVED.

### Water Rats Feasting on a Baby's Body at the Bottom of a Well.

A startling discovery was made in the town of Greene, Penn., a few days ago, which, it is believed, solves a sanitary enigma that has puzzled the people of that place for some time. Diphtheria and malaria have for the last two months prevailed with fatal effect in the neighborhood of the Applebee farm. The vicinity has always been considered one of the healthiest, and the cleanliness of the farm and adjacent homes made it appear almost impossible for any such malady to exist or generate. Every effort was made to trace the cause. It had been noticed that the water in the Applebee well had recently acquired a brackish taste, and as the water of this well has always been noted for its purity, Farmer Applebee decided to investigate. He descended until he reached the surface of the water, and then probed down with a pole, at the end of which were affixed the prongs of a pitchfork. The disturbance of the water caused a commotion that startled the investigator, and almost caused him to lose his hold and drop in the water. Up to the surface came a number of fierce water rats, which scrambled up the sides and darted into the nooks and crannies of the brickwork, several of the rodents making a stand as though disposed to attack the disturber of their banquet below. When he recovered from his fright the farmer plunged his spear down again, and felt the prongs enter a soft substance. He hauled it up and was horrified to find impaled on the prongs the body of a young babe, its nose, ears, eyes, little hands and feet being eaten off by the rats, and its entire body bearing marks of the teeth that had been tearing at it. Mr. Applebee ascended to the surface with his horrid discovery, and the coroner empanelled a jury to investigate the case. It was ascertained that the child had breathed, and from the stage of decomposition it was conjectured to have been in the well several months. The jury returned an open verdict, and the facts have been presented to the authorities for further investigation.

**Strange Death of Three Sisters.**

PHILADELPHIA, Penn., April 10.—An astonishing case of fatality, in which three sisters died within half an hour, was reported to the coroner yesterday. Two of the deceased women, Sarah Watson, a widow aged 52, and Mrs. Cynthia Winsmore, aged 58 years, resided at No. 329 Wharton street, and the third, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, at 1335 South Fourth street. About 10 o'clock last night Mrs. Winsmore heard a noise in her sister's room, and upon entering it, found Mrs. Watson dying. Medical assistance was promptly summoned, and Mrs. Smith was also sent for. The physicians found Mrs. Watson in a comatose condition, and administered ammonia, but she did not revive, and expired in a few minutes. Before they had recovered from their astonishment, Mrs. Winsmore was overcome and fell to the floor unconscious, and in ten minutes she died. Ten minutes later Mrs. Smith, the third sister, was a corpse. The physicians were nonplussed, and the greatest consternation spread through the household. The only theory upon which the deaths are accounted for is that Mrs. Watson was seized with a congestive chill and died from an attack of apoplexy which ensued, and that both Mrs. Winsmore and Mrs. Smith died from nervous prostration, which caused attacks of heart disease or apoplexy. There is no suspicion of foul play, as the family lived on the most amicable terms.

**A Vermont Widow's Good Luck.**

WATERBURY, Vt., April 10.—A despatch from Washington says that Harriet Gleason of Chelsea, Vt., widow of Russell Gleason of the Twenty-first Regiment, Maine volunteers, has received a pension of over $1000 arrears and $8 per month, a test case ending a long controversy between the mother and widow. The mother drew a pension several years on the ground that Russell had obtained a divorce from Harriet at Cambridge, Mass. Harriet's claim was rejected by Commissioner Bently, and her attorney appealed to the secretary of the interior, on the ground that, the divorce being "a mense et thoro," Harriet was still his legal widow, and so it is now held, and the mother's name has been stricken from the roll.

**Baby's Appeal.**

"What makes I cry and folks say Ize naughty?
Cause stomach ache and sour in my moufy;
Cause, too, can't seep, and worms bite ze belly;
Fever, zay say; feel like I was jelly;
Guess your babies cry, Dick and Victoria,
When mamma's gone and don't have Castoria."
"You're right! they fairly yell." "There, Uncle Cy,
Cousin Frank have Castoria, he don't cry."

## ENCOURAGING OUTLOOK

### For the Democratic Party in the Future.

### Circumstances That Will Defeat the Republicans.

### The Stalwart and Half-Breed Fight Not to End in Smoke.

[Special Correspondence of The Boston Globe.]

WASHINGTON, April 7.—There has been a marked change in the political sentiment of the country since Congress met last December. Of this change there can be no doubt. It is in the air. Every politician here feels it. The Republicans sadly admit it. The Democrats joyfully welcome it. It was officially promulgated on the floor of the House by Mr. Dunnell last week when he said that his party could not win by adopting a do-nothing policy regarding the tariff. It was emphasized by the recent local elections in Ohio and Indiana; by the mass meeting at Cooper Union in New York last Monday; by the demonstrations on the Pacific slope over the veto of the anti-Chinese bill; by the discontent of the laborers in Pennsylvania, and the ominous organization of labor leagues in various cities on platforms at variance with the actions of the Republican party.

A Republican senator was heard to say yesterday that the political effect of the President's veto of the Chinese bill was really inconsequential, because the Pacific coast States would go Democratic any way, and there was no use in trying to cater to a small class by approving such a monstrous measure as the Chinese bill. This gentleman was utterly ignorant of the extent to which labor is organized in the United States. He did not know that the voice of a labor organization in California was heard and respected in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. He did not know that the organization of labor had been perfected quietly but to a wonderful degree since the last Presidential election. Instead of disjointed societies of coopers, bricklayers, carpenters, printers, puddlers, rollers, miners, mill hands, etc., there are now amalgamated associations with salaried officers, embracing men engaged in the different industries under a common organization.

**New Associations Are Being Formed**

weekly; independent lodges are consolidating, and every day tightens the bond that is uniting labor in this country for self-protection, and possibly for aggression. Workingmen in the East will stand by workingmen in the West, and the appeal of California's laborers for aid does not fall on deaf ears 3000 miles distant.

The majority of the organized labor of Pennsylvania has been on the side of the Republicans for years. The Pennsylvania railroad is run in the interest of Republican candidates, and the employers of Pittsburg, high protective tariff men, are, with hardly an exception, Republican. The influence of the Knights of Labor has given the Republican party in the Keystone State its strength in the presidential campaigns. That same influence, if withdrawn, would send the Democratic party in that Republican stronghold into power at the next election. Labor in Pennsylvania is indignant at the failure of the Republicans to pass the McKinley bill regulating the treasury decisions in the matter of duties on steel and looms, hoop iron, cotton ties, etc. Labor there is also indignant over the veto of the Chinese bill. Besides, the thieves and the reformers are quarrelling over the nominations to be made by the State Republican convention next month, and the ablest managers in the party frankly admit their doubts of the election of the Republican candidate for governor, whoever he may be. The loss of three or four Republican congressional districts is probable. The Legislature is in doubt. Hoyt and Cameron have quarrelled over a country postmaster, and the Governor refuses to call a special session of the Legislature to redistrict the State.

In New Jersey the outlook for the Republican party is even worse. On the labor issue the situation is more intensified than in Pennsylvania. Had it not been for the Morey letter, New Jersey would have been found in the Republican column in 1880. The effect that the veto of the Chinese bill has had upon the workingmen of that State can only be imagined. At the same time the failure of Congress to revise and make permanent a tariff of some sort is felt. In addition to these points, however, the recent session of the Legislature has been

**Fruitful of Democratic Good.**

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company attempted to gobble the entire water front of Jersey City. The Republican jobbers in the Legislature, some of them elected by the company, stood up bravely for the steal. They had trouble. Money was used. Charges of bribery were made. An investigation followed, and the time for final adjournment having been reached, the Legislature adjourned with an unsavory report from the investigating committee in its ears and the railroad company for once defeated. Senator McPherson, three months ago, had given up all idea of being a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate. No other man than he in New Jersey could carry off the prize. Strong, talented, warm in the affections of the people of the State, he could see no prospect of a fighting chance for the success of the Democratic party. It is understood now that Mr. McPherson will go into the fight and that a Democratic senator will be elected in New Jersey. Gains in the congressional districts are sure to follow. Three tickets—Republican, Anti-Monopoly and Democratic—will be in the field.

In New York State Arthur and Cornell are fighting, and their row can hardly fail to result to the advantage of the Democrats. In Virginia, where a Readjuster senator will succeed Johnston, there is trouble of a most serious character in the Readjuster ranks, and despite the gerrymandering of the State contemplated by Mahone's lieutenants, there will in all likelihood be the gain of a congressman or two. The veto of the Chinese bill assures the election of a Democrat from Oregon to succeed Mr. Grover. The adjustment of the old difficulty between the repudiation and debt-paying Democrats in Tennessee gives much-needed assurance of the election of a Democratic senator to suceed Mr. Harris. In Colorado Garfield's pluarality at the last election was 2803. There was, however, a Republican majority in the Legislature on joint ballot of thirty-seven. Well-informed gentlemen from that State say that there is an excellent chance for the election of a Democrat to succeed Mr. Routt, who, it is believed, will be appointed to serve out Secretary Teller's unexpired term. A Democrat, General R. L. Gilson, will step into the seat in the Senate from Louisiana, now held by William Pitt Kellogg, on the 4th of March next. With the disappearance of Kellogg the last vestige of

**Republican Carpet-Bag Government**

in the South will have faded from view. Time, patience, honesty and intelligence have triumphed over knavery, robbery, credulity and fraud. Three new Democratic members of Congress are regarded as certain to succeed Republican representatives from Ohio. With a large German population fond of music and beer and Sunday recreation, the Republicans of Ohio have espoused the prohibition cause. They are sorry they did it; they will never do so again; but the Democrats in Hamilton county, one in Cleveland and probably a fourth in Toledo, where Frank Hurd is so popular, will be elected. Indiana will certainly show Democratic gains. The Republican Greenbackers from Missouri will go to the wall, in fact almost everywhere that there is a doubtful district the chances are decidedly in favor of the Democrats.

This condition of affairs cannot well change before the congressional elections, but it may be reversed when the presidential contest of 1884 is settled. There are Democratic leaders in Congress who think that the greatest duty of a great party is to vote enough money to pay the clerks in the executive and judicial departments, and occasionally start a smelling committee; men who cannot see any progress in the United States since the war; men who do not believe that it is the duty of a party to have a progressive policy, but who are content to rest idly upon venerable principles. These men have heretofore cast more rocks in the road than the vast army of Democratic voters could remove before reaching the goal of success.

Two years may work vast changes in the political situation. Even now there is a bitter, unrelenting warfare being waged in the Republican camp between the Stalwarts and Independents. The ghost of Blaine will not down at Arthur's bidding, and the President has an uncommonly hard row to hoe. He has dug fairly well thus far, but there is seeding time after the digging, and harvesting after planting. Patronage has won many a victory over principle in the last twenty years, but the cropped plant springs up stronger and sturdier than before after each application of the pruning knife.

**The Democrats of Tennessee Unite.**

NASHVILLE, Tenn., April 10.—The high-tax Democratic executive committee have adopted resolutions to the effect that, since the division of the party on the tax question, it was the only hope for the election of the Republican ticket in the State, and since the low tax wing of the party had in a concilitory manner invited a joint co-operation of both the wings in calling of the State convention, therefore, with the view to the verification of the party, the invitation was accepted, and the chairman of the committee was instructed to confer with the chairman of low-tax commissioners, and in conjunction with him to call a convention to meet at Nashville not later than June 10, to nominate a candidate for the governorship and for the transaction of other business. The people are urged to select their delegates in a spirit of harmony.

**Democratic Prospects in Ohio.**

WASHINGTON, April 10.—Ex-Sergeant-at-Arms John G. Thompson returned to Washington today from Columbus, Ohio, where he has been during the campaign preceding the recent local elections. Mr. Thompson says that the Democrats are sure to gain two members of Congress in Hamilton county, districts now represented by Republicans. He also thinks that Amos Townsend will be beaten in the Cleveland district, and that the chances for winning a member in the Toledo district, formerly represented by Frank Hurd, are close. Thompson says that the German vote of Ohio has been practically lost to the Republican party by the prohibition agitation on the part of the Republican leaders. He does not regard the municipal elections as having simply a local significance, but says the issues raised in the campaign will have an undoubted influence upon the elections for Congress next fall.

## MURDER AT HOPKINTON.

### A Father Decapitates His Son with an Axe While the Family is Seated at the Breakfast Table.

HOPKINTON, April 10.—The community was shocked Friday morning by the report, almost incredible, that a cold-blooded murder had been committed in its midst, the victim being Patrick Skelley, Jr., the only son of Patrick Skelley, who came to Hopkinton about thirty-two years ago. Young Skelley had been out to walk that morning and had come to breakfast; he was sitting at the side of the table eating when his father came in at the side door, and struck him with an axe in the neck three inches below the right ear, inflicting a cut four and one-half inches in length three and one half in depth, extending obliquely backward and downward. The boy fell to the floor and died instantaneously. Skelley has been a hard drinking man and was greatly affected by the death of his eldest son, which occurred four weeks ago. Since that time he has been wandering about the streets in a state of great mental excitement. He has been of unsound mind for the last four or five years, and it is thought that the excitement caused by his son's death and the great fire led to the act. He was not drunk, and had not been out of the house since Wednesday afternoon; he has attempted suicide twice. Skelley was always a hard-working boy, and has been a great help in supporting the family. The murderer's wife stated that she got up and got breakfast as usual that morning and went into the bedroom to get ready for meeting, when she heard a noise in the kitchen. She immediately went there. The boy was lying on the floor and the blood was spurting from his neck. The father was standing in the northeast corner of the room, holding the axe. She screamed for aid. One of the neighbors came in and asked the murderer what he had been doing. He said, "Oh, come along; I will give myself up." When asked by a GLOBE reporter what he had killed his son for, he said he wanted to be hung; he did not want to leave his boy behind to suffer. The house in which the deed was committed was a common story-and-a-half house, situated on Fenton street. The murder was committed in the kitchen, a room 10x13. E. A. Hobbs, medical examiner of this district, made an examination this morning. He found that the spine was cut clear in two, but none of the large arteries were severed.

## AN INFLATIONIST SCHEME.

### An Alleged Project of New York and Boston Financial Men to Secure a Government Issue of $200,000,000 in 2 Per Cent. Bank Certificates.

NEW YORK, April 10.—A scheme is proposed by certain persons engaged in financial operations in New York and Boston to secure from the government an issue of $200,000,000 worth of 2 per cent. certificates, which can be used as legal reserve by national banks. Several prominent bank officials are mentioned as being connected with the scheme, but when a reporter called upon them for details they simply and severally replied: "I am not ready yet to say anything about it." They would not deny the report that such a scheme was proposed, but merely indicated that it was in that progressive state where it would be injudicious to say anything about it. H. C. Fahnestock of the First National Bank, when questioned, said he did not believe in the existence of any such scheme except, perhaps, as a wild inflationist project, conceived by irresponsible theorists. Such action would amount to inflation of currency by $200,000,000, something to which neither Congress nor the President would consent. Nothing has been heard of it, he said, among the highest financial circles of New York.

## A KANSAS HURRICANE.

### House Blown Down and Several Persons Instantly Killed.

GREAT BEND, Kan., April 10.—Mrs. John Wilson was instantly killed and Mrs. Parker fatally injured during the destruction of the residence of John Wilson near Raymond, Rice county, this State, by a hurricane which swept over that portion of the State Thursday night. In the same town five other large and substantial houses were also blown down. In the village of Chase twenty of the buildings were destroyed, and Mr. John Reed, proprietor of the village hotel, and his wife were both killed, and a guest and her infant child crushed to death. On the farm of E. B. Lawrence all the water in the wells and cisterns was sucked out. Parts of the country were deluged with water, which fell in these places in such vast bodies as to crush trees and tear up the ground. During the destruction of the town of Chase not one inhabitant escaped without being injured. There the people are now housed in box-cars, and many families throughout the county of Rice have been rendered utterly destitute by the destruction of all their property by the tornado.

## ANOTHER STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.

### The Belle Mac Blown Up, and a Number of the Crew Killed.

ST. PAUL, Minn., April 10.—Steamer Belle Mac was blown up Friday morning between Brownsville, Minn., and Lacrosse, Wis. Five of the crew of seventeen are missing, and are supposed to be killed, and two others are fatally wounded. Nearly all of the crew reside in Lacrosse. The body of an adopted son of Captain Gordon was found on the boat. The crew were in their berths when the explosion occurred and were taken out with difficulty. Captain Gordon was scalded in the face. Mr. Morris had a leg broken, and his face and arms and body were badly scalded. C. M. Monohan, S. Wolffen and H. Cook were also scalded. The sufferers were taken to Lacrosse, where they are being carefully attended. The boat is a total wreck. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

**Two Michigan Towns at War.**

CADILLAC, Mich., April 10.—At the election on Monday the question of removing the county seat from Manton to Cadillac was submitted and carried. Tuesday morning Sheriff Dunham went to Manton with a special train and about twenty assistants to remove the records to this city. While loading the safes and papers on the cars he was attacked by about 200 inhabitants of Manton, and driven off. Several of his men were severely injured. The sheriff telegraphed for reinforcements, and over 300 volunteers, headed by a brass band and an opera company which happened to be here, went to Manton, and the battle was renewed. In the meantime Manton had rallied in large numbers, but the invaders broke down the doors of the court house and pitched its defenders from the windows. Clubs and knives were freely used, and some painful injuries were inflicted. The papers and safes were borne off in triumph. The inhabitants of Cadillac turned out en masse to welcome the warriors home.

**Treating Toothache Internally.**

A German-American citizen entered a drug store in Germantown, Penn., the other day, and asked for "sometig fur mine teeth, deys much bad." The young man in attendance sold him a box of tooth-powder. The next day he excitedly told the druggist that though he had swallowed the whole of it at one dose it hadn't done his toothache a bit of good.

**More Young Ones Than Years.**

[Breckenrige News.]

Mrs. Mary Board, now living in Daviess county, Ky., is 40 years of age and the lawful mother of forty-three children, the youngest of whom is a babe at the breast. She is a hale and hearty woman, and says she expects to make further contributions before she permanently retires from business.

**Can't Get It.**

DIABETES, Bright's disease, kidney, urinary or liver complaints cannot be contracted by you or your family if Hop Bitters are used, and if you already have any of these diseases Hop Bitters is the only medicine that will positively cure you. Don't forget this, and don't get some puffed-up stuff that will only harm you.

**A Great Regatta Promised.**

WINNIPEG, Man., April 10.—T. P. Murray has cabled to Hanlan, care of London Sportsman, that Winnipeg contributes $15,000 for a regatta, open to the world, in July next, on the Red river.

SEND TO JORDAN, MARSH & CO., Boston, Mass., for a catalogue of dry goods. They mail them free to anybody. Please mention this paper when you send.

# AROUND THE FARM.

[FROM OUR AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.]

## THE WHEAT OUTLOOK.

### Is There Anything to Warrant a Downward Tendency in Prices?

The fluctuations have lately been extremely violent in Chicago and St. Louis, and on the whole the tendency has been downward. In Chicago the February fluctuations of cash No. 2 spring wheat were in brief as follows: February 1, 131; 4, 129⅛; 6, 130⅛; 11, 126; 13, 123; 15, 117½; 21, 126½; 28, 125—a total fluctuation of 13½ cents, and a final difference of 6 cents lower the 28th than the 1st of the month. In St. Louis the fluctuations were still more sudden, violent and irrational, viz.: February 1, 143⅝; 8, 141; 9, 138⅜; 10, 135; 17, 139¼; 20, 135½; 23, 138¼; 27, 140; 28, 125½. Evidently some one "got left," and pretty often, too. No doubt these violent changes were not based on anything but "speculative reasons." But is there anything in the real situation or prospects to warrant a downward tendency in wheat? What are the facts in regard to old wheat, and what are the prospects for new? The final estimate of the National Department of Agriculture for the year 1881 says, page 3: "The wheat crop aggregates 380,280,000, a reduction of 22 per cent., with a yield of 10.1 bushels per acre, the lowest yield yet reported for the entire crop." Last year's crop was 488,000,000 (if this year is 22 per cent. short), or we have 108,000,000 less wheat, and with one year's increase of population and of acreage sown, the increased home consumption for seed and bread will be fully 8,000,000. In other words, we have 116,000,000 bushels

LESS WHEAT TO SPARE FOR EXPORT

than from the crop of 1880. Of that crop we spared, as I remember (and this is the only point on which I have not the exact official figures at hand), about 190,000,000 bushels, including flour rated at four and a half bushels of wheat to the barrel. Therefore, if we sell down just as close, and no closer, this year, than a year ago, we can export of the crop of 1881 just 190,000,000, less 116,000,000, or 74,000,000 bushels. Now, for the seven months ending January 31, 1882, we have already exported from the customs districts of the United States (official reports), 72,000,000 bushels, including flour. In other words, by the official figures of exports we have only 2,000,000 more to spare, to reduce our home stock of wheat as low as it was a year ago. And this is not guesswork. During the corresponding seven months ending January 31, 1881, the exports were 121,000,000 bushels, and for the five remaining months to July, 1881, 69,000,000. And to meet the similar demand for five months from January 31 to July 1, 1882, we have only 2,000,000 bushels to reduce our home stock as low as it was July 1, 1881. But the universal testimony from all sources is that there is

NOT SO MUCH WHEAT IN FIRST HANDS

now as a year ago. In other words, the foreign demand from now till harvest it seems must be largely in excess of our ability to meet it unless we draw on reserve supply. Hence the tendency of prices should naturally be upward unless something of unusual promise in the coming crop prevents. What then are the prospects for the coming crops? No official estimates are yet made, but from the tone of the reports received by the Farmers' Review and other papers that report the crops more or less thoroughly, it is plain that the prospects now (March 9) are at least not better than a year ago today. The Farmers' Review of March 2 has reports from thirty-four counties in Illinois, twenty-four in Iowa, twenty-three in Ohio, and so on. From Ohio all are favorable; from Illinois less are favorable than unfavorable. With the situation in Ohio I am somewhat familiar, from recent extensive travel through nearly half the counties, and from special inquiry among farmers at many farmers' institutes. Briefly the situation is this: In the level northwestern counties, comprising one-third the wheat area of the State, the wheat is badly damaged by fly and by the wet, open winter, and is not now, by the average opinion, over 60 or 70 per cent. as good as it was a year ago now. In the other two-thirds of the State the wheat is as good and possibly better than a year ago. Certainly it will not do to claim that for the whole State the chances are better now than a year ago. And the same is probably true of the other winter wheat States. We have, then,

IN BRIEF, THE FOLLOWING FACTS:

First, the lowest yield per acre in 1881 of any year since the national department first began the report. Second, 116,000,000 bushels less to export than of the crop of 1880. Third, our real surplus all exported by January 31, 1882, except the mere trifle of 2,000,000 bushels. Fourth, the coming crop not more promising than a year ago. Fifth, six full months (from January 31) before the new crop will begin to "move," or be available for export or use. Sixth, the rapid increase of the export consumption of wheat, as follows: 1876, 54,000,000 bushels; 1877, 89,000,000; 1878, 89,000,000; 1879, 178,000,000; 1880, 190,000,000. Plainly, Europe wants more wheat than we can spare for the next six months. Plainly, most of the wheat exported during that period must come from old stock, held by solid farmers or actual and heavy buyers, and held for better prices. Plainly, too, it would seem for the next six months the tendency of wheat prices will not legitimately be downward. The figures given above are (with the exception noted) official and accurate. The estimates on the coming crop are at least candid. The conclusion, to my mind at least, seems inevitable.—[Country Gentleman.

## TOBACCO CULTURE.

### Testing Tobacco Seeds—Transplanting Tobacco Plants.

It is more necessary to test tobacco seeds before sowing the plant-bed than any other seed planted by the farmer. They are very small and easily affected by extreme cold and moisture, and by frost, after being sown. Take a small piece of cotton batting, wet it thoroughly, and place in a teacup or goblet, and scatter thereon half a teaspoonful of tobacco seeds. The cotton should be kept moist with tepid water, and if the seed is good it will sprout in a few days. I do not regard this, however, as a sure test, for I have been unable to germinate seed in this way which sprouted when sown in the plant-bed. Old seed will sprout sooner than new, and is by many preferred. The question is often asked at what age tobacco seed loses its power to germinate. I have heard many answers to this question. Some seedsmen and growers say at ten years; others at twenty. The largest grower of tobacco seed in this country, who deals in only one variety (White Burleigh), and harvested last season 5000 pounds of tobacco, claims to have grown the crop from seed 13 years old. Major Ragland of Virginia, who doubtless exports more tobacco seed than any other grower or seed firm in this country, and whose crop averages from thirty to fifty bushels yearly, thinks that very old seed may be sown. Another way to test the seed is to throw a little into the fire or on the stove. If it snaps it is said to be good; if it does not it is called poor. It is a common custom now with many growers not to sow dry seed, scattering it directly from the hand or mixed with ashes, plaster, sand or loam, on the plant-bed, but to

PARTIALLY OR WHOLLY SPROUT IT IN THE HOUSE

before sowing it on the bed. There are so many ways of preparing the seed in this manner that I cannot describe them all, but will allude to a few of them. The plan recently adopted of taking two or more sods about the size of a common shovel, and about two or three inches thick, and sprinkling seed upon it, is a very good way, and is said to be almost a sure method of ascertaining the germinating power of the seed. Moisten the back of the sod with tepid water, and then scatter seed thereon; place in a warm room, and cover with a light cloth. The better way to sprout the seed, I think, is to obtain from the trunk of a decayed apple tree a quantity of rotten wood (that which is fine and light) and place in a shallow box or old milk-pan and mix the seed well with the wood mould. Moisten and keep in a warm place. If the seed is good it will be sure to germinate. Be careful not to sow too early, since after sprouting the young seedlings grow very fast, and often if too forward when being sown in the bed break, and are thereby damaged. At the South some growers sow the seed in the plant patch in the fall, and we have known growers in the Connecticut valley to do the same, but it is not the common way, and we can hardly advocate the practice. Our growers do not usually make plant-beds enough; some sow only one bed, and if that one fails to yield plants, are forced to buy or beg, and in either case have to wait until others have finished "setting." Havana seed is likely "to come," and when once they appear on the surface grow very fast. They literally crowd one another in the bed, and grow less "stocky" or spreading than seed-leaf plants. Usually plants sell readily, and at $1 to $2 per 1000 are a good crop to grow.

### Transplanting Tobacco Plants.

Few of the operations in tobacco farming are more dreaded by the tobacco grower than "setting out" the plants or transplanting them from the plant-bed to the field. The work requires care on the part of the grower to have it performed properly, for carelessness tells as quickly at this point as at any other. The planting season in this county comprises the period between May 25 and the same time in June. From the 1st to the 15th of June is the time which I prefer, as labor is saved in the cultivation, and less damage is sustained, as a rule, from insect enemies. It has been found also that plants set out between June 1 and 15 grow more rapidly, and attain a greater perfection in development of the leaves than when set before or after this period. Why this is so I am unable to tell. Plants set too early very frequently ripen prematurely, without the fullest development of leaf, while those set too late are in danger of being cut by autumn frosts, or else frozen before being entirely cured—either care being very injurious to the crops. It is customary with growers here to wait for rain to moisten the ground before setting their plants. This is doubtless the more desirable way, as a rule, yet I believe there are many times when it is preferable to set the plants before the rain rather than after it. I have practiced both methods, and although a greater amount of labor expense is required in setting in dry soil—which necessitates "watering out the plants"—I believe it is a wise practice. I have frequently noticed that plants set out after a heavy rain, while the soil is saturated with water, are slow to start, especially if the weather following is dry. This is owing, I believe, to the soil about the plants having been packed in setting them, so that when the weather turns hot and dry it bakes about the plants, and then forms a lump about their roots which prevents growth, if indeed it does not destroy the plants.

THIS DIFFICULTY IS AVOIDED

when plants are set in dry soil, or in soil merely damp, and watered afterwards. When thus set they start very readily, and little loss of plants occurs. My method of transplanting tobacco plants in dry weather is to prepare only a small area at a time, and to set out the plants while the soil is yet moist. A swivel or reversible plough is a convenient implement for this purpose, as it allows one to plough as narrow a strip as is desired, without making a middle or a back furrow. The plants are set in carefully, and the soil about them is left in a cup-like shape, which allows them to be conveniently watered. The cost of applying the water is not as great as is usually supposed. A boy will water an acre easily in a day, with water convenient, and in ordinary weather one good watering will be found sufficient. The water may be drawn to the field in barrels, and then carried in a pail and applied with a dipper. An important point in transplanting tobacco plants, is the pulling of them from the seed-bed The bed should be made very wet, so that the plants can be easily drawn without breaking the leaves or mutilating the roots, and they should be kept straight, with the roots together, and placed in shallow pans or boxes, in which they are carried to the field, and from which they are dropped out one by one. It is a very poor practice to throw plants carelessly into large baskets, as is sometimes done, as the little earth adhering to the roots becomes loosened, and the plants are mussed up and injured generally. Tobacco growers who find that their plants are growing too large in the seed-bed will find it advantageous to pull them as above described, placing them carefully in an upright position into shallow vessels, and putting them away in a cool, damp place until needed for setting. Thus managed they will remain fresh and vigorous, and new rootlets will have formed, which will cause the plants to start more quickly after being transplanted. —[Country Gentleman.

## THE GRAPE.

### Fresh Grapes for the Table.

We can recommend the growing of fruit vines in pots to gardeners and amateurs as being easily accomplished, and the nature of the vine is such that more satisfactory results may be obtained in a shorter time than from the propagation of fruit trees in pots. By this means of cultivation fruit may be obtained from the rare Southern vines. Nothing can be more beautiful than a natural centre-piece of this kind; it would be an ornament even for a royal table. England has set the example in this method of vine growing. The cultivation of the vines designed for pot culture may be carried on for one or two years in baskets in the open ground. By this means the roots may be properly held together, and transferring the plants to pots may be successfully accomplished. This should be done in March, before the buds begin to start. With warmer weather a rich compost earth should be used, which, mixed with a small quantity of cow hair from a tannery, forms an excellent manure. The pot should be covered with moss, so that it will not dry up, and it is to be buried in the earth so that it may remain uniformly moist, the ground being sprinkled from time to time. When the strong table varieties of grapes are used for pot culture the vines must not be too much pruned. It is better to

PRUNE THE PLANTS IN THE AUTUMN

rather than in the spring, because then the sap will not escape, and the vines in baskets or pots may be protected from frost, so that there will be no loss of buds. Among the varieties of grapes which are best adapted to pot culture, the ordinary blue Trollinger, called in England the "Franconia Valley," stands at the head. Close to this comes the Pariser gutedel, also the Chasselas fontainebleau, which is a free bearer, having a beautiful large gold-colored grape, and is universally esteemed. In 1879 the establishment of Van Houtte, in Ghent, in order to assist amateurs in the pot culture of vines, announced for sale (at from five to eight francs) twenty different kinds of vines. They were placed in large pots, after the English method of culture, and were very strong plants, from which fruit might be expected. Among the varieties were the long-clustered and very sweet Black Prince and the Black Alicante, which is worthy of recommendation. The last is a vine of strong growth, has broad, large clusters of grapes, nearly black, which will keep for a long time and neither decay nor shrivel up. The novelties are somewhat more expensive. The Muscat Derom has large golden berries in beautiful clusters, with the delicious taste of the Frontignan. Mr. Pearson introduced an English novelty in 1876, a very large grape of a greenish golden color, which will keep for a long time. Roberts' Gros Guillaume is also an English variety of 1877, with enormous clusters of very large black grapes. The Alnwick Seedling is a novelty of 1878, with broad clusters of oval black berries, which keep well and are of the best quality. Finally, the Muscat Charles Alberdienst is a novelty which cannot be surpassed, has a very large black berry, which has a very pleasant, perfumed taste, and bears very freely. It is one of the best and most beautiful of existing grapes.

## THE BEAN.

### Successful Bean Culturists' Methods.

A New York State farmer who grows beans largely thus describes his methods in the Rural Home: In the first place I select sod, and if I have manure I cover it, say fifteen or twenty loads to the acre. Plough it six inches, turning it over as nicely as possible and cutting a furrow as wide as I can turn. Then roll it down and cultivate it the same way as it is ploughed, so as not to turn up the sod. I always manage to have my bean field so that I can plough around the entire lot so as to avoid back furrows and dead furrows. After I get over the field one way I turn and cultivate obliquely, and if I don't get it to suit I turn and cross it; then start the roller ahead of the planter, with coverers working independent of the rest of the machine. The planter throws up a ridge over the beans, so that when the beans come up they are up out of the way, and are not liable to be covered up in cultivating. I always start the cultivator up as soon as possible after the beans are all up nicely. I follow the cultivator with men enough to hoe and keep up, taking pains to stir this ridge of dirt around the beans, thereby killing all the weeds that have started. After the hoeing is through with, say in about two weeks, I cultivate them again, and then again just before they blossom. When they are fit to pull, I use a two-horse machine, which pulls two rows at a time, putting the two rows together; then I follow with the wheel-rake, going the same way, taking two of the double rows, making four rows of beans.

I HOLD THE LEVER IN MY HAND,

keeping the teeth out of the ground so that they will gather the beans as free from dust as possible. I rake them into small windrows, then keep men enough to keep them well shaken up; they are then left to dry. As soon as the stalk becomes dry and the bean hard, I draw them in, putting two men with a team driving between the rows, pitching on both sides loading, principally from the ground, as I do not like to tread them much, as it scatters or shells them and wastes them. In mowing, tread them as little as possible. I take two barrels, putting them equal distances apart, and mow around them, then keep drawing them up as we fill up, which leaves a place for the air to circulate. Now in regard to threshing. Sometimes I thresh with a machine, and sometimes I tread them out with horses. If I want to sell early I thresh with a machine, if not, I can tread them out in the winter for less money. My beans generally yield from twenty to twenty-five bushels to the acre. You want to know about the profits. Now, that depends altogether on the price. Now, my opinion is it costs about a dollar, all told, to raise and get a bushel of beans to market. So if you get twelve shillings, you have fifty cents for your labor. I consider the bean crop the hardest crop on the soil. It takes the cream from the land to produce a crop of beans, and I never allow beans to follow beans on my farm. I have heard the remark many times that such a piece of land was so poor that it wouldn't raise white beans. Now, I find that it takes the best land to raise good white beans.

## THE POULTRY YARD.

### Concerning Eggs.

Since the recent drop in prices eggs have ruled steady, though with amounts that are now daily arriving the tendency is toward lower figures. Eastern eggs are quoted from 17 to 19 cents per dozen, and Western firm at 17 to 18 cents. The best eggs are received from near-by points in Plymouth and Barnstable counties, also from Maine and Canada, though large quantities are brought in from the West which have a ready sale. Comparatively few arrive from the South at present, though during the recent scarcity in the market some lots were received from that section. Those brought in from near-by points of course are preferred on account of their freshness, but the quantity is so small that no price is quoted at wholesale. Limed eggs are out of the market, none having been offered since the first of the month. Dealers are confident of still lower prices in a few weeks, as the supply will probably be greater. Large lots are now being held at the West, owing to the sudden fall in prices, but as the receipts are likely to increase and figures remain steady, these eggs will be placed on the market, even if at a loss to the owners. When this transpires another falling off in prices may be looked for. The size of eggs, important to the consumer, still has no relation to their market value, they being sold, as from time immemorial, by the dozen, irrespective of weight or size. There being, however, considerable difference in eggs, hotel and restaurant keepers frequently contract with dealers to furnish them with the largest specimens, paying therefor a special price. This is not, however, a regular custom, and no definite figure is set upon sorted lots. There is a limited demand for ducks' eggs, and they sell for some three cents per dozen higher than hens' eggs. The call is not great, and so only a small stock is kept on hand. About Easter time goose eggs are considerably sought after on account of their size, and they

MAKE VERY PRETTY ORNAMENTS

when tastefully painted. But for other purposes they have no sale. There has been considerable discussion of late among dealers as to the best method for shipping eggs to market, so as to involve as little loss as possible. The bulk received in this market, particularly those from the East, arrive in cases, each egg being placed in a pasteboard compartment. This plan ensures the greatest safety, as the goods will undergo considerable hard usage without breaking. One disadvantage of this system is that the dealer must return the cases, after being emptied, to the producer, which causes a slight expenditure of time and money. This expense tends to lower the prices paid for cased-eggs, but the dealer is less liable to loss. Cases contain from thirty-nine to forty dozen eggs each. Eggs from the West generally arrive in barrels, containing seventy dozen or more, the goods being packed in cut straw or oats. If care is taken at the outset, eggs thus treated will stand a long journey unimpaired, and the dealer is not required to return the package. This latter method is preferred by many dealers in New York, but in this market casing is more generally followed. Quite a quantity of eggs are received here in boxes, but they come principally from near-by points. Owing to the smallness and shape of the package they are more liable to damage when transported long distances in this manner, and consequently either of the above methods are preferable when a very long journey is to be made. Both the prices and receipts of eggs are nearly the same now as at this time last year, though by next month figures will probably run lower than during the corresponding period in 1881. During the week ending March 18 there were received in Boston 659 boxes, 244 barrels and 3703 cases of eggs; and for the same week last year, 497 boxes, 883 barrels and 2052 cases. The receipts in this city for the year 1881 from all sources were 19,785 boxes, 8312 barrels and 189,761 cases.—[The Cultivator.

## ROOTS AND THEIR WORK.

### What is Most Needed is Warmth and Moisture.

A large portion of all agricultural plants is buried beneath the soil, and, being out of sight, is too often out of mind. The beauty of a waving green of a well-grown grain field leads one to forget the plant structure that is below the surface of the soil, upon which the visible portion of the plant rests, and through which it gains much of that which makes it thrifty and profitable. This last sentence, in fact the last part of it, sums up in brief the utility of roots, namely, the mechanical support which they give to the aerial portion of the plant, and the means through which the food elements in the soil are gathered up and sent to the leaves to be made ready for building up the substance of the plant. The formation of roots is one of the first manifestations of the germination of a seed—they seem to anchor the seed and make it firm by many stay ropes, so to speak, that it may send up its tall stem without danger of falling over or being blown down by any passing breeze. Take for example the corn plant—and I select it because the seed is a large one, and the roots are easily seen, and besides corn is one of the most important of our agricultural plants. Take a grain of corn, and "plant" it in moist cotton, and after a few days the thick seed coat will have broken open, and a number of long and slender roots will have pushed themselves out and turned downward, even before there is any sign of a stem to be supported by the anchoring roots. The foundation is firmly laid before any attempt is made to rear the superstructure. I say put the grain of corn in moist cotton rather than in earth, simply because the young plant can be more readily removed from the cotton than from the earth. The roots, with all their parts clean and unbroken, can be seen when the growth has taken place in the cotton. The question may rise here why it is that the growth can take place in cotton so long as it does not of itself furnish any of those substances that are required to be present in a rich agricultural soil. The cotton would not do for more than the first growth of the plant—a time when the young plant does not gather nourishment for itself, but grows upon the food which the mother plant has furnished it in the seed.

WHAT IS MOST NEEDED IS WARMTH AND MOISTURE,

that this storehouse of food may be drawn upon until the young plant is established, or, so to speak, has "set up for itself." How do the roots grow? This is a question of great importance. It is known that the stem is first a short and minute bud, in which several parts are present, though much reduced. The stem grows by the elongation of the axis of the bud, and the increase in size of its various parts throughout its whole length. At first the leaves on the young willow twig, for example, are close upon each other, but before the season closes they are separated by considerable spaces. The growth of the root is quite different from this; there is no true end at the extremity, and the growth in length takes place but a small fraction of an inch back of the very tip, practically at the end of the root. Why should it not elongate throughout the whole length instead of building on at the end? Why not increase in length as one might stretch a long india rubber tube, instead of lengthening, as in laying the tile drain, by successive additions at the end? A root does not usually grow very far before side or lateral roots are produced, and these in turn send out secondary ones from their sides. Now, should the roots elongate throughout their whole length, the amount of disturbance that it would make in the changing of the position of side roots is hard to imagine. The whole soil would either be in a constant state of pushing here and there, a continuous upheaval with the larger roots, or the growth of the root would be obliged to come to a standstill. There is not that freedom in the soil that the open air allows, and the method of growth in the confined conditions which the soil must give may very naturally be different from what is allowable in the open air. The roots push their way through a medium that offers them more or less resistance at every step. We have seen that the growth takes place at the end of the root. There is still another fact to be stated before the point is reached. Young growing tissue is always tender—the cells that are forming (and all growth is by the formation and increase in size of new cells) must therefore be near the most exposed part of the root. It is supposed that the tip of the finger is the most delicate and tender part of the human body, and it must be pushed through the earth, meeting with the sharp angles of the fine particles of the soil. The first thing that such a person with such work, with a finger thus constituted, would be to provide the finger tip with some sort of a protection—as a piece of leather to keep the tender flesh from being injured by contact with the soil. A similar protection is furnished to every root tip. The new growing cells are all kept from coming against the soil by means of a root cap which covers the entire end of the growing root. This cap can be easily seen on many roots with the naked eyes, while in others it requires the aid of the magnifying glass to discern it. This root cap is made up of hard-walled cells and is a growth from the growing point which it serves to protect. As the cells are worn away on the outside, new ones are formed upon the inside of the cap, and in that way the protection is reenforced and kept intact.—[Country Gentleman.

## THE CULTIVATOR.

### Stirring vs. Turning the Soil.

The alleged advantages derived by inverting the soil as with a plough instead of stirring it to an equal depth with some other implement are, I believe, in many instances more imaginary than real. Because the plough will more readily than any other tool we have, work in any condition of soil and to the desired depth, we often use it when some other implement would answer equally well and do the work in half the time and at half the cost. Several years ago I heard so good a cultivator as F. P. Root say at a farmers' meeting that he did not believe it to be always essential to good tillage that the soil be inverted, but that in many conditions it might be put in as good tilth by stirring to the same depth without turning. Of late years I have nearly abandoned the use of the plough, except when having either a turf, or coarse manure, to require being ploughed under. After corn, beans, potatoes or roots I used to till, to prepare the field for another crop, mostly with the wheel cultivator, but as that could not be worked deep enough to suit me, and as it was so hard on the teams, I made a long steel tooth about an inch in size, drawn to a point and projecting well forward, so as to enter and pass through the ground easily. Putting these teeth on to the wheel cultivator frame, instead of the heavy cast shank and its broad cultivator point, which give so large a surface of resistance and friction to be overcome by the team in working them through the soil; as a cultivator, I found that they were of lighter draught, when working even twice as deep as was practicable to work with other tools except the plough, and it would readily do a class of tillage which I had long felt the need of, instead of having to plough. For such work as the tilling of orchard and berry grounds and gardens, year after year, without ploughing, and for fall-ploughed land that had settled by spring too hard for the common drag or cultivator to put it in deep, fine tilth; for fitting corn or potato ground for a following crop,

AND FOR MANY OTHER OCCASIONS,

it proved very efficient for deep tillage. But if there are thistles and other foul growth the land will require the cultivator in some of its various styles, but those mounted on wheels are the most efficient. What is better is to till before such foul growth gets much start, and then the spring tooth harrow will answer the double purpose of harrow and cultivator, uprooting thistles, grasses and weeds in their early growth about as effectually as the cultivator, and twice as fast, while at the same operation doing good service as a drag. This, though one of our newest tools, seems to be a very practical one. The distinguishing feature of the smoothing harrow, as its name indicates, is to move lightly and slightly over the ground, levelling its surface, and it is the very best implement for dragging manure into the grass stubble in top-dressing meadows and grass land. Of the numerous other harrows, each one has its merits, and surely the farmer can now find styles enough to choose from. Besides all the common uses of the drag, I will mention some extra uses I have put it to. One is to drag the winter wheat and rye in spring, which, though it seems a harsh operation, is nearly always found to benefit the crop; besides, it is a great help to the young clover in getting a start. After sowing any grain with the drill I often drag, crossing the drill marks to obliterate them before putting on the grass or clover seed, and to mix the seed more in the ground. At other times, when a heavy rain has packed the ground soon after sowing, I drag to loosen it up, if I can do so before the sprouting of the seed. Many good farmers recommend using the drag on corn when it is young, but I never could quite have the courage to do that, though I have seen very good results from the practice.—[The Tribune.

## PRUNING.

### Valuable Suggestions.

The pruning-knife often injures as much as it benefits, and, hence, arises two schools in gardening—namely, those who prune on all occasions and those who prune not at all. As an instance of very bad pruning, we may go to many dwarf pear-grounds, and find them continually shortened in, till the end is like that of the injudiciously pruned maple trees along city streets. They die altogether, or present so poor an aspect that the owner concludes, not that he is a failure, but that dwarf pears are not worth growing. Much of the failure with the dwarf pear comes from bad pruning, though with the best of care there are few places where they succeed to such an extent as to warrant the extravagant encomiums showered on dwarf pear culture a quarter of a century ago. The dwarf pear delights more, perhaps, in the pruning knife than any other fruit tree, except the grape; but, instead of shortening in the vigorous shoots, which are the life of the tree, and leaving the weak and half-dead wood, it is this small trash that should be cut away. Then, again, we have to look at the questions of growth or fruitfulness. If a tree is already growing with great vigor, pruning will only induce a more vigorous foliaceous growth, which is antagonistic to fruitfulness. And, again, if not growing as vigorously as we desire, one good pruning may remedy this.

PRUNING IS A GREAT ART,

and yet one that is soon understood, if we reflect on a few fundamental truths. Grape-vines in the open air, on arbors and trellises, should have their pruning finished before warm spring days set in, or they will bleed. It does not injure them much, but it looks bad. The pruning must be regulated by the condition of the vine. If the vines are young and the shoots weak, cut them all back to make a new vigorous growth. If already a fair quantity of strong shoots of last season's growth exists, cut out the weaker ones, so as to leave enough of stronger ones. The cane system, slightly modified, is best for arbors and trellises in the hands of amateurs generally. This implies a new set of canes every year or two. If, as frequently happens from bad management, all the young and strong bearing wood exists only at the end of the vines, and these latter have become nothing but long, ropy-looking apologies for what a vine should be, the whole cane may be buried down in the soil to where the strong shoots spring, and the young wood of last season trained up from this. The plant will then recover its good appearance quite as well as by cutting down, with the advantage of not sacrificing a year's crop of fruit. Pruning of most kinds of fruits has been accomplished through the winter. It is customary, however, to leave the peach till toward spring, in order to cut out any wood that may be injured through the winter. In other respects the peach should have little pruning at this season, as it tends only to make it grow more luxuriously, and a too free vigor of growth is a fault of the peach in this climate. The only pruning admissible is that which has for its object the production of shoots in naked or desirable places.

## CORN CULTURE.

### Planting and Cultivation of Corn.

As soon as the weather has become settled and the ground is warm and dry, whenever that may be, corn should be planted. At the South the work is already begun and will be accomplished long before the bulk of the crop is planted in the Middle and Eastern States. Early planting, generally speaking, gives best results, hence, whatever the latitude when the weather and soil will permit, farmers ought to be ready to drop their seed. The ground must be rich and friable to produce paying yields of corn. Sod land was broken up last fall or during the early winter by experienced farmers. In localities where there were cornstalks to turn under, fall ploughing was also in order, as it was at the South, where cotton seed was sown as a fertilizer. Where spring ploughing is to be done the ploughs should be started as soon as the soil is dry enough to admit of it. Planting corn in drills is now the common practice. Flat culture is in order except on low lands, where cultivating in hills is still practiced. For large growing varieties of corn the rule is, drills from four to five feet apart, while for small corn a distance of three feet is sufficient. The plants are thinned to from three feet to eighteen inches in the drills, according as the variety may suggest. The seed should not be covered too deep; two inches are quite sufficient and more than enough in mellow ground. The use of the roller after the seed has been drilled in is very generally practiced by progressive farmers.

THE BEST WAY TO FERTILIZE LAND

for the corn crop is to sow broadcast good manure, and plough it in if it be coarse, or harrow it in if well pulverized and decomposed; where commercial fertilizers are employed, sow these broadcast and harrow in. While it is generally conceded to be a mistake to depend alone on concentrated fertilizers placed in hill or drill, these are often employed in connection with the manure sown broadcast, as they ensure an early start—a good point gained when planting has been delayed. When concentrated fertilizers are used in hill or drill care should be observed that the seed does not come in direct contact with these; let a covering of earth intervene. Cultivation ought to begin early and be repeated often enough to keep the weeds down and the ground mellow until the corn is in tassel, when it must cease. In the cultivation of this crop the cultivator has largely taken the place of the hoe. Under present modes of culture suckering is usually dispensed with, except from small portions of the field where seed corn is to be gathered. Root pruning, for a time advocated, has failed to gain favor, therefore, the seed, once germinated, shallow culture is in order. The importance of planting carefully selected seed, also seed adapted to the latitude and soil in which it is to grow, is too well understood to need urging here; but the caution to test all seed previous to planting, over which the shadow of a suspicion rests, may not prove amiss.—[The World.

## WHAT FARMERS SHOULD KNOW.

### General Notes.

We have green pease from May to August, fresh, picked daily, of uniform growth, for a single ripening pod injures the flavor of the whole; and from August to May we have the canned "La Favorita" variety, which, as we get it, is next door to the fresh garden picked. It is little trouble now to grow one's own pease, early, medium and late varieties. Given a fair soil with some well-rotted manure if it is needed, and our programme runs thus: Just as soon as the snow is off and deep freezing not expected, and the ground dry enough to work at all, in go the pease even if the first heads starting do get a frost nip—pease will stand that. We plant some "Improved Daniel O'Rourke," and some "Alpha;" also some of the "American Wonder" and some "Champion of England," all on the same day. The first named is comparatively poor, but cooked in milk with a trifle of sugar added it goes very well—far better than none. The "Daniel O'Rourke" is early and prolific but needs a little brush as it grows three-feet stalks. By the time the "O'Rourke" and "Alpha" are eaten, in comes the "American Wonder," and a wonder it is for its prolificness, dwarf stems, no brush needed and its superior eating quality—the only very early dwarf wrinkled pea, and "wrinkled" applied to pease is almost synonymous with good quality. By the time these go, along comes the king pea, "Champion of England." There are others like it claimed to be better; this is good enough for us, and seed is abundant and cheap almost everywhere now. But after the first sowing, and for two weeks, new sowings of the Wonder and Champion should be made every four or five days, to keep up a constant succession. After two weeks or so, follow with very frequent sowings of the Champion, or if without brush, the Wonder, so as to have a daily supply far into summer. As fast as the pease are off, other crops, as cabbage, turnips, etc., may occupy the ground. Always save enough of the earliest and best pods to ripen for next year's seed. Sow such medium-growing kinds as Daniel O'Rourke in rows 2½ apart; the Wonder, rows 12 to 15 inches apart; Champion, 3 feet apart, and provide plenty of brush, or some kind of trellis, for it, 3 to 4 feet high. Cover pease 2 to 3 inches deep.—[The Agriculturist.

There are two methods of growing sage. The New England cultivators sow the seed where the plant is to grow late in May or early in June. Land free from stones, in good tilth, but only moderately manured, is worked as fine as possible, finishing with rakes after the harrow; the rows are marked at fourteen to eighteen inches apart, and the seeds covered an inch or less, using about five pounds of seed to the acre. The crop must be carefully weeded, especially when the plants are young, but when well established they require less care. The growers near New York follow an entirely different method. The seeds are sown in a seed-bed, just as cabbage and other plants are raised for transplanting. The bed being well prepared, the seed is sown broadcast, to be, as near as may be, half an inch apart, evenly raked in and the surface well patted down with the back of the spade. The seed is sown the last of April or the first of May, and the young seedlings kept clear of weeds. In July the plants are set upon land from which an early crop of cabbages, beets, etc., has been taken. The rows are made one foot apart, and the plants are set eight or nine inches distant in the rows. In New England the crop is harvested in autumn, cured and baled for market. The New York growers send nearly all of the crop to market green, there being always a sale for it when bunched in this condition. If any is left unsold, it is spread thinly to dry, and marketed in winter. When the plants are large enough to cover the ground, those in every other row are cut out and marketed in September, and in another month the plants in the remaining rows spread and cover the ground before frost checks vegetation. Thyme is grown in a similar manner in all respects, and the bulk of it is also sold green, the demand being about equal to that for sage.

A first authority in American grape culture prefers and practices the annual renewal system—that by which one or two new canes are grown up from the ground or near it, every year for bearing next year, and the bearing wood of last year is cut away. The treatment is thus made as simple as that of a raspberry stool, only that the raspberry bearing cane ceases growth of itself, and in the vine it is checked by pinching back closely to two leaves beyond the cluster of fruit and rubbing out all non-bearing shoots excepting the two left for bearing next year. The vine is preserved from exhaustion by overbearing by thinning out small, imperfect or crowded bunches; the retained ones then become large and handsome, and ripen evenly and completely. Larger clusters and juicier berries are obtained in this way, the circulation being short, open and free through the roots, protected in the soil and the new wood. This low culture is convenient for the pruner and for laying them down in November if each shoot is started with a slight horizontal inclination so as to bend down readily without fracture. It is a method better adapted to vineyard culture and close planting than to house-yard uses where arbors or trellises are often desired as shade to windows or walks. But it is generally, and with reason, believed that the grapes from a long, old cane are finer flavored than those in which the sap comes directly from the roots to the leaves without traversing much wood.

Sawdust, and especially pine sawdust, has been denounced time and again by farmers who are too lazy to use it, or who are too set in their own opinion to investigate any subject. We do not claim great manurial value in sawdust of any kind; where it is carried down streams below saw-mills, and is deposited in thick coatings over wet meadows, where it must rot slowly, if at all, it often does much harm. The soil of good land, washed in large quantities upon mowing fields, also sometimes does much damage, as farmers living upon rivers learn to their sorrow, but it does not necessarily follow that good soil is of itself poisonous. We have used pine sawdust very freely for years as bedding for cattle and to absorb the liquids, and we have yet to learn that it is not a great deal better than no bedding absorbent. We would use only about enough to retain the liquids. A little care is needed, if using it green, that it does not heat and drive off the gases of the manure. Horse manure and sawdust will heat freely, and should be spread often, or kept tramped hard by hogs. It is well to use horse manure to absorb the liquids of the cattle stables. Dry loam is worth more perhaps than sawdust as a manure, but it is not so cleanly to use as bedding. Each farmer should use such absorbents as can be procured most readily in his vicinity, but he should certainly use something to save all the liquid manures.

Our best success has been in scattering the seed over growing wheat on a cool morning early in April, when an inch depth of frost opens the ground in cracks into which the seed fall and is lightly covered by the thawing earth. Both this and the wheat, but especially the clover, are usually benefited by a broadcast sowing of ground plaster in May. So marked is this sometimes that one can write his name in large letters with plaster sowing and the letters will be distinctly visible in the more luxurious green, when the clover plants, at first protected from the sun by the wheat plants, have a chance for full growth after the wheat is cut. The experience of many who raise much clover is that a good catch is most certain if the seed is not sown until the soil is warm and mellow. The clover starts into growth at once, and strong plants are quickly obtained. The chief danger of delay is that the still feebly-rooted plants may be caught by dry, hot weather and killed. While plaster is a good top-dressing for clover on most soils, if one's own experience or that of his neighbors does not indicate this, other light top-dressings may be useful—some soluble fertilizer, as superphosphate or muriate of potash. Clover responds to any attentions of this kind, and makes a good return in the mass of foliage and rich material it gathers from the soil and air—material that, when ploughed in, richly prepares the soil for other crops.

As soon as the young tobacco plants make their appearance, and in order to be sure of enough plants, the bed should be resown with about half as much seed as was sown at first. This will ensure a good stand should the first crop be injured by the fly. Another precautionary measure which should not be neglected is that of giving the plants, as soon as they appear, a top-dressing of gypsum, in which rags saturated with coal oil have lain for several hours. Only a light dusting will be required after each rain. One-sixteenth of an ounce of strychnine dissolved in one bucket of water and sprinkled over the plants is also said to prevent the ravages of the fly. A heaping tablespoonful of paris green, mixed in a little water and then stirred into a bucket of water, would answer the same purpose. One gallon of Peruvian guano dissolved in one barrel of water serves an excellent purpose in stimulating a rapid growth of the young plants, which is a good preventive remedy against the attacks of the fly. A more simple plan, and one now much practiced in the tobacco districts of Clarksville, Tenn., is the tying of a hen, with young chickens six or eight days old, in the centre of the plant-bed. Ammoniated superphosphate of lime, sown broadcast at the rate of one and a half pounds to the square rod, is an excellent top-dressing for the plants.

If it is important to get a crop of fodder the present year, one ton of ground bone may be applied to each acre and well mixed with the soil; about the first of June sow on the two acres two and one-half bushels Hungarian grass seed. If the season is fair a heavy crop may be expected. The last of August cross-plough and apply to the two acres four cords of good barn manure and seed down to grass. If good wood ashes can be purchased for twenty-five cents a bushel, it would be better and cheaper to apply one-half ton of bone and sixty bushels of ashes to each acre instead of a ton of bone. Phosphates reduced by acids will show better immediate results than the bone, but will not be as lasting, therefore are not as good where it is desired to improve the crop for

# THE POET'S COLUMN.

## TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY ELAINE GOODALE.

Deep in the lonely forest,
High on the mountain side,
Long in the dreary winter,
Short in the summertide:
Just in the breath between them,
Pregnant with sun and showers,
Starts from the earth primeval
Fairest of northern flowers.

All through the sunny summer
Lavish with wealth of bloom,
She, too, hath shared life's fulness
Hid in her forest bloom:
Nurtured with dews and sunlight
Richly her buds are fed,
Fresh while the summer fadeth,
Fresh when its flowers are dead.

Then, when the rude winds seek her,
Threaten her buds to blast,
Fiercely assailed by winter,
Fearless she holds them fast;
Fast, till the spring draws nearer,
Fast, till the spring grows fair,
Fast, till the April showers
Quicken the chilly air.

Woke by the murmuring breezes
Kissed by the shining sun,
Up in a burst of transport
Starteth the prisoned one!
Blushing in fairy clusters,
Pressing a mossy bed,
Leaves of autumnal russet,
Over her soft couch shed.

Close to the damp earth clinging,
Tender, and pink, and shy;
Lifting her waxen blossoms
Up to the changeful sky.
Welcome! our springtide darling,
Fresh in thy virgin hue,
Long as the oaks stand round thee
Yearly thy charms renew!

## AN OLD MINIATURE.

"You showed me, Rob, the other day
A miniature so full of grace
That it hath stol'n my heart away—
I long again to see that face.

"Find it for me before I go.
The eyes had caught the heav'nly hue,
The proud lips gave you Cupid's bow,
The brow was steadfast, strong and true.

"A regal robe she seemed to wear,
In newest fashion of our day;
And on her neck, so nobly fair,
Splendid old-fashioned laces lay."

"I'll look, my boy. Was it this one?
(Her eye is blue as China ware;)
Or this? (Her face is like the sun.)
Stay! Here's the likeness I dare swear."

"No; none of those, Rob, none of those,
That's Lizzie Courtenay, this is Jane;
I know her well—and little Rose;
Good creatures, though they're rather vain.

"'Twas none of these did steal my heart;
For them I never breathed a sigh;
Or, sleeping, wakened with a start
From thrilling dreams that they were nigh.

"Oh, seek once more the portrait rare,
In yonder cabinet it lay;
Then breathe my lady's name, and where
Her knight may follow her today."

"Your fond impatience urges me
To seek the fair enchantress' face—
Yet here lies all my gallery;
Not one is absent from its place;

"Or only one, an artist friend
Begged as a loan from me last night;
It lies apart, half-packed, to send—
Glance at it ere we lose the light.

"What! That is she? Oh strange, weird fate!
My boy, your stricken heart lies low
Before the lovely Countess Kate,
Who died a hundred years ago!"

## A LESSON IN LAW.

Sire and son, for many a year,
The Browns had owned the mill
On the bank of the limpid stream that flows
By the foot of yonder hill.

Hard by is the farm the Whites had tilled
For threescore years or more;
Success had blessed their peaceful toil,
And thrift had heaped their store.

For all these years the neighbors lived
With naught to mar their peace;
Their friendship grew, and as time sped
Each saw his wealth increase.

There came a change. Not long ago
A hot dispute arose
About a narrow strip of land;
And now the friends were foes.

Neither would yield: and White and Brown
Forgot their former ties.
To law they went, nor would they brook
One hint at compromise.

As climbing birds pick fattest grubs
From rotten parts of trees,
So from our faults the men of law
Extract their richest fees.

The farm belongs to Lawyer Green,
Old Farmer White is dead.
His sons and daughters, scattered wide,
With strangers toil for bread.

The mill, the miller's homestead, all
Belong to Lawyer Gray;
But Brown works as a miller's man
At ninety cents a day.

When friends fall out they should not go
To law; it is not best.
Of what they have they'll little save—
The lawyers get the rest.

## THE VENETIAN GONDOLIER.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Here rest the weary oar!—soft airs
Breathe out in the o'er-arching sky;
And night!—sweet night—serenely wears
A smile of peace; her noon is nigh.

Where the tall fir in quiet stands,
And waves, embracing the chaste shores,
Move o'er sea-shells and bright sands—
Is heard the sound of dipping oars.

Swift o'er the wave the light bark springs,
Love's midnight hour draws lingering near;
And list!—his tuneful viol strings,
The young Venetian Gondolier.

Lo! on the silver-mirror'd deep,
On earth, and her embosom'd lakes,
And where the silent rivers sweep—
From the thin cloud fair moonlight breaks.

Soft music breathes around, and dies
On the calm bosom of the sea;
Whilst in her cell the novice sighs
Her vespers to her rosary.

At their dim altars bow fair forms,
In tender charity for those
That, helpless left to life's rude storms,
Have never found this calm repose.

The bell swings to its midnight chime,
Relieved against the deep blue sky;
Haste!—dip the oar again!—'tis time
To seek Genevra's balcony.

## COLIN AND PHEBE'S CUCKOO.

"In the fields, when to Phebe, one sweet summer's day,
I was making of love, and she making of hay,
On a sudden she leaned on her prong, and cried, 'Pray,
Hark! hark!—don't you hear? there's the cuckoo!'

Then my shoulder she tapp'd, and cried, 'Colin, I fear
No cuckoo this season before struck your ear,
So, if penniless now, you'll be poor through the year;
Dear heart, how unlucky a cuckoo!'

With a clasp, then, so close that she could not withstand,
Cried I, ''Tis in vain that my fortune you've scorned,
For if empty in purse, I've an angel in hand,
So I think I'm a match for the cuckoo.'

Then her head hanging down with sweet modesty's grace,
Like an angel to bless me, she nam'd time and place;
And she tells me she now never looks in my face
But it puts her in mind of a cuckoo.

## SONG.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Where, from the eye of day,
The dark and silent river
Pursues through tangled woods a way
O'er which the tall trees quiver;

The silver mist, that breaks
From out that woodland cover,
Betrays the hidden path it takes,
And hangs the current over!

So oft the thoughts that burst
From hidden springs of feeling,
Like silent streams, unseen at first,
From our cold hearts are stealing;

But soon the clouds that veil
The eye of love, when glowing,
Betray the long unwhispered tale
Of thoughts in darkness flowing!

## NO MORE.

In life, no more!—the leaves fell fast,
And all the heaven was overcast;
We looked into each other's eyes—
We kissed one kiss between our sighs—
It was the first kiss and the last.

In vain we wait with souls aghast—
No more across the silence vast
Come protests faint, come faint replies—
In life, no more!

No more in dalliance or in haste,
In April airs, or autumn blast,
We meet—and every heartache flies;
We kiss and all division dies;
No more!—the moment came, and passed—
In life, no more!

## "O EARTH, ART THOU NOT WEARY?"

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

O Earth, art thou not weary of thy graves?
Dear, patient mother Earth, upon thy breast
How are they heaped from farthest east to west!
From the dim north, where wild the storm-wind raves
O'er the cold surge that chills the shore it laves,
To sunlit isles by softest seas caressed,
Where roses bloom alway and song-birds nest,
How thick they lie—like flecks upon the waves!
There is no mountain-top so far and high,
No desert so remote, no vale so deep,
No spot by man so long untenanted,
But that the pale moon from its march on high
Sees over some lone grave the shadows creep!
O Earth, art thou not weary of thy dead?

"SIMPLY WONDERFUL."

The following is an extract from a letter received July 6, 1880, from which it will be seen that Compound Oxygen did a work which, to use the patient's own language, is "simply wonderful!" He says: "Since I wrote you last (about five weeks ago) I have gained fourteen pounds in weight, and my general health has improved accordingly. I have just finished the treatment which you sent April 12, and *the work which it has done is simply wonderful.* I did not tell you before that my physicians had just given me up. Such was the case. *Six weeks ago I was so weak that I could barely walk across the floor. The other day I walked three miles!*" Our treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, *sent free.* Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## SANITARY.

Difficult as is the question of sewerage for cities, there are still more difficulties that occur in towns and villages where no provision has been made for the delivery of the liquids and various solids that form the excretion or the offalling of household life. In the rural arrangements of a single household the question of old was quite simple. The kitchen slops were fed to the pigs, the dust or general sweepings thrown into the fire, and the dry contents of the privy went into the general compost-heap and upon the fields. Any variation from this was a negligence, and a filthiness so indefensible as to bring the family into disrepute as to cleanliness. But in close villages and larger towns much of this is impracticable. Where water is introduced into houses, the quantity of fouled liquid is so increased that there must be resort to some other form of carriage. The choice is between conveyance into the nearest stream, throwing here and there upon the ground, or in surface irrigation or subsoil irrigation or a cesspool system. Where there are but few houses, a common brook may answer for delivery; but hundreds of villages are illustrating how easily such small streams become fouled and how unsafe it is to trust to this method of riddance. Many of these streams are nearly dry in summer. Their flow is not rapid, and they have none of the advantages which attach to rivers of greater breadth, of stronger current and of varying depths of water. The limit to which these brooks can be used needs to be closely defined, and no village should long rely upon them.

SURFACE IRRIGATION

has more of an application than is generally accorded to it. If it means that the slops are to be thrown out of the same back window, it means foulness and disgust; but if it means that slops are conveyed away through some form of gutter to the end of a deep yard, and that at the end of this gutter the soil is so arranged in furrows as that, by the change of a board or the shifting of a loose end, the refuse can be made to flow one week in one channel and another week in another, it is surprising how much of such refuse a well-drained and well-cultivated plot of ground will take care of. But all depends upon this variation in supply to different furrows and upon such preparation and cultivation of the ground as has reference to the effective disposal of sewage by one of nature's methods. The third plan, that of subsoil irrigation, is the application of much of the same principle by furrows or tubes a few inches under the ground, so that the liquid can flow in various directions and leak out through the loose joints of the tile, and so supply the growing vegetation. To this plan what is known as the flush-tank is generally attached, in order that the flow may not be by dribbles, which would fill up the tubes, but by intermittent gushes, so as to flush the tubes and keep them open. This plan is found to work well, and has been applied on a large scale at Memphis and at Lenox, to the seminary at Princeton, and to various private houses with success. It is sometimes known as the Waring plan, but is much older. The third most common and most objectionable plan is that of a cesspool.

THESE ARE PITS FOR THE STORAGE OF FILTH.

First of all they ignore the fact that, while most excretions and liquid refuse, if gotten clear of in twenty-four hours are harmless, the storage thereof provides for vile decompositions, which always mean pollution of air, and sometimes mean the production of specific poisons. It is true that, if far distant from houses and wells, and if kept from that heat which is necessary for fermentation, they often last long without causing sickness. It is also true that, as a rule, on the top of them should be printed in large black letters: "Extra hazardous." These cesspools are built in two ways. One kind is made tight, like a cistern, so as to hold all that comes into it, and it is then emptied, each year or oftener, by an odorless excavator or some other form of pail or apparatus. This means a good deal to empty, where a water-closet system in houses is in use; yet, if a cesspool must be had, this is the safest and best. But the usual cesspool is made to leak off the liquid matter into the ground, since thus they do not fill so fast. If the ground is porous, if its trend or lower strata incline away from buildings, and if now and then the cesspool is cleansed, such an arrangement often lasts without harm for a long time; but, unfortunately, we are not always able to calculate the risks. Filth lodged in little streamlets several feet below the surface does not quickly lose its foulness; the power of ordinary undrained ground to purify filth is generally overestimated. After a time it will lose its capacity of change, and the ground becomes filth-sodden, without any evidence thereof upon the surface. We have recently had an instance of thirty cases of enteric fever in a well-kept institution of 300 inmates, where two large privies and a large cesspool and water-closet system were within a radius of 130 feet. For over seven years there had been no emptying. The theory was that all soakage ran away from the building, and inasmuch as most of the liquid drained off, there was no need of cleansing; but nevertheless, the soil became tainted. A hot cellar furnace deep in the ground served as a warmer for the soaked ground, as well as for the sightly buildings. Large hotels, colleges, or close villages cannot afford to have such death-traps.—[The Independent.

## "THE BRIDAL PACKAGE."

### The $20,000,000 Which is Handled by Young Inspectors of the Treasury Vaults.

Nearly every bridal couple that comes to Washington—and Washington is the national bridal Mecca—visits the treasury vaults. The young and invariably interesting couple want to closely inspect Uncle Sam's plentiful shekels. When they enter the vault the man in charge of it, after a few preliminary words of explanation, hands down a package of notes from a shelf and tells the bride to take it in her hands. He then explains that this package contains $20,000,000 in United States treasury notes. The young lady is delighted to be able to go away and say that she has held so much money in her own hands. She is just too utterly pleased. The groom also wants to handle the package. They are further told that the notes are all of the denomination of $10,000. They constitute what is known as the "Bridal Package." Young married tourists having heard of this package often ask to handle it just as soon as they enter the vaults. This is all very pretty. But it is a fraud on the young people. The treasury here does not hold that amount of money. The bulk of the money is in the subtreasury at New York. That "Bridal Package" is a gay deceiver. It does contain, however, notes of the denomination of $10,000, which would, in the aggregate, represent $20,000,000 if they were only signed. But they are worth no more in reality than the paper on which they are printed, being minus the necessary signatures.

### The Garfield-Guiteau Clock.

Mr. S. Holton, a jeweler and watchmaker of Middlebury, Vt., has recently constructed a curious clock, which acts out to perfection the assassination of President Garfield. The machine is a common cuckoo clock, under which is a miniature depot. At one window is a ticket agent dealing out tickets, while at another a telegraph operator is seen busy at his work, and truckmen, porters, train despatchers, etc., are all flying around as natural as life. All of these figures are of wood, about two inches long. At the end of each hour the cuckoo announces the fact, and immediately Garfield appears on the platform on which the scene is enacted, accompanied by Mr. Blaine. Guiteau is seen to follow him, having just alighted from a truck wagon, and as he fires at the president the latter falls. Just then a train of cars comes dashing in, and in the confusion all the principal actors are carried into the depot out of sight. After the train despatcher has given the signal and the train has gone a small door at the left opens and a priest appears, book in hand, in the act of reading a funeral service, while at the same time another door at the right opens and Guiteau appears on the gallows. The priest retires, and shortly after the gallows disappears with Guiteau, and the doors close. This is acted out at the end of each hour, and takes about three minutes.

### Rhode Island Girls to the Front.

[Washington Capital.]

Every day we hear of some bright American woman distinguishing herself in some field hitherto untrod by feminine feet; and now comes Miss Chace, the young and brilliant daughter of the congressman from Rhode Island, and stands in the front rank as a student of political economy. When charming women in high places, with youth and beauty as weapons, set forth to conquer in the intellectual fields, it seems safe to predict that the days of the mere butterfly are numbered; she cannot exist when men desert her meaningless chatter for the more earnest and sparkling conversation of her cultivated rival, and without adulation she has no longer any raison d'etre, and must naturally disappear from social walks. Blessed prospect!

### Reform Rampant in Redskin Politics.

[Little Rock Gazette.]

The particulars of the recent election for chief of the Osages in Indian Territory were received today. Two tickets—one known as the National and the other Union—were in the field. The former was headed by Joseph Pawneopashe and the other by Hard Rope, both well-known and popular Osages. The result was the election of the National candidate by a majority of four votes. Strike Ax, also a National, was elected second chief by six majority. The successful candidates represented the progressive element of the tribe, and the election is interpreted to mean that the Osages have taken another long stride toward civilization. The election passed off very quietly.

DYSPEPSIA, the bugbear of epicureans, will be relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

# THE LADIES' BAZAAR.

## The Question of Extravagance in Dress.

### Which Costs More, the Dress of Women or of Men?

### Papering—Shall There Be a Dado, and What Shall the Paper Be?

The Bazaar chanced not long ago to be present at a meeting of a literary society situated somewhere within a radius of 100 miles from the gilded dome where the question discussed was that women are more extravagant in dress than men. And, apropos of the recent discussion in this column as to whether or not lines of distinction can thus be drawn between the sexes, we have concluded to relate for the benefit of our readers the main portions of the discussion. As the question was announced the Bazaar began to feel much interest, for here was something within our immediate domain the discussion would have a double interest, that arising from the question itself, and that coming from its relation to the Bazaar. For the Bazaar, feeling a warm interest in all that relates to the welfare of women, physical, mental, moral, financial, or in any way, foresaw that doubtless in the course of discussion there would be brought out many facts and conclusions which would throw light upon these intricate questions. And so, as became an impartial Bazaar, it listened to the discussion with mind open to conviction on either side, while ladies and gentlemen did logical and elocutionary battle, each for their own sex.

The meaning of extravagance was quite generally agreed to be whatever exceeds the needs of personal comfort and as much of luxury as will be well within the limits of the individual purse. The first speaker placed the limit of a man's ordinary expenditures for clothing at $500 per annum, whereat a murmur of astonished disbelief was heard to arise from the assembled ladies; but, as if firmly convinced that his statement was indisputably true, the speaker went on and showed that by no possibility could the average expenses of a woman's wardrobe be kept within this sum. He was followed by a lady, who triumphantly proved that love of display in dress is not an inherent characteristic of the feminine sex and its absence an invariable feature of the masculine, by comparing some well-known biblical and historical characters, and drawing a comparison between the style of dressing adopted by Queen Victoria and that of foreign ambassadors to this country and the often-described elaborate toilets of some foreign potentates. And as to inflexible adherence to style, in which women are supposed to be the greatest sinners, she made a good little hit about "the sepulchral appearance of a room full of gentlemen in full dress." On this point it may be possible that some time gentlemen will learn that it is the part of wisdom for them to keep silent until their own attire is more varied than it is at present. This lady also shuffled the responsibility of woman's extravagance in dress, whenever she is extravagant, upon those gentlemen who like to see her well dressed, and will always bestow their preferences upon the woman who is well dressed, and told about how women reduce their expenses by various economical practices entirely unknown to the masculine toilet and unguessed by the masculine brain.

Next came a gentleman who would prove the question by arguing from effect to cause, although he found it necessary to assume the effect to be true. His various assertions were greeted with unfeigned delight by the gentlemen, and even the ladies could not repress an occasional smile at the very absurdity of his argument. His line of argument was that insanity among men is confined almost entirely to married men, and that the only cause to be found for this is the mental distraction accompanying the effort to supply wives and daughters with the money necessary for their extravagant tastes. And of whatever extravagant expenditure men may be guilty, he good-humoredly and unconcernedly shuffled the blame upon the shoulders of the aforesaid extravagant tastes, while he also disputed the idea that men are in any wise to blame for woman's love of beautiful, even if extravagant, dressing, by reference to certain religious sects as notable for their many domestic virtues as for their quiet dressing.

Then followed other argument by several speakers embodying much the same proof upon each side as that already quoted. One lady declared that man's coarser physique will not harmonize with much display in dress, and that if it would men would be seen decked out in as much finery as women ever put on.

But after all, the conclusion to be drawn here, as in almost all cases where classification would be made between men and women, is that it is a matter of individual difference, not of general classification. There is so wide a difference between the tastes of individuals in each sex that even if it were possible to make an average of the whole, classification would even then be scarcely possible.

### FASHIONS OF THE SEASON.

#### What to Wear and How to Wear It.

The millinery this spring is simply lovely. Straws of every description and color are in vogue. The imported lace and Manilla straws will be worn for dress bonnets; and late importations have opened to us the Parisian "love of a bonnet," in white, cream, pale pink and blue crape. It is many a year since crape bonnets were worn. We predict great popularity for them.

In straws, the satin porcupine is a novelty, and will take. It is very light in weight, and, being satin-finished, requires no extra facing, which adds greatly to the weight of a hat, and is specially felt in the summer-time.

These straws come in the natural tint, wine, blue, brown and black, and in the rolling brim turban, the sugar-loaf, round hat, pokes and gypsy, ranging in price from $1 75, untrimmed, to $3.

A stylish imported hat in fancy straw, known as the "Hazel," is a lovely shape. It costs $3 untrimmed. Can be trimmed in the latest style, with ribbon and flowers, for $9 50.

Rougher straws are in every description—the fretful porcupine or hedge-hog straw of last season; satin straws with lace braid inserted; fine, old-fashioned Leghorns and English straws in great variety.

Nearly every fashionable color is found in straws, and great care will be taken to match costumes in the bonnet or hat and trimmings, especially for travel.

Full dress bonnets will usually be in the capote or Fanchon, and to many of these this season is added a coronet. Bonnets in these small shapes have the frame covered with colored silk or satin, and then Spanish lace is used in the same shade.

Favor is divided between beaded and flower crowns; the latter, if of delicate rosebuds, are very pretty. The ties are of the Spanish lace, and are oftener caught together with a delicate lace-pin than tied in loops.

Jet-lace bonnets have the novelty of narrow velvet ribbon ties.

Bonnets and hats are profusely trimmed with flowers inside and out. The "Hazel" has the brim raised and indented on the left side, to be filled in with soft loops of silk or of flowers. Full wreaths of flowers fill in the scoop front, or roses are placed in one side of the brim. Much depends upon the shape of face.

Ribbons are lovely, and seem to grow wider as the season grows warmer. Two widths are, however, used, the narrow one for ties.

Lace ribbons are new. These have one edge in an elaborate open-lace pattern of the silk, the rest of width either in satin and gros-grain blocks, or delicately watered.

Children will wear the sugar-loaf in the same straws described above, the gypsy and poke. Flowers and bright ribbons will be profusely used, but we must beg that the little ones are not tortured with strings tied under the chin in hot weather. Give them head-gear as cool as possible.

Cashmere and French bunting is the favorite material for early spring costume; watered or brocaded silks mostly used for combinations. Striking contrasts are left to other materials, in the shape of pipings, in bright silk or satin embroidery, etc.

Embroidered cashmere and camel's hair will be greatly in demand—those embroidered in elaborate designs of self-colored silk selling from $65 to $100. A lovely, soft wool material is imported in delicate colors, and a few blue, brown and green, in dark shades. These have one selvage, in a wide, elaborate applique pattern of embroidery in lace and overwrought designs. The material is forty-six inches wide, selling for $3 per yard. Dressmakers say these goods cut to better advantage than the regular "patterns," that have cuffs, vest, etc., outlined.

In wash goods, the Chamberys and zephyr, with the open embroidery on the selvage, in white floss, are selling rapidly. The colors are really choice and delicate, while among them is found dark blue, brown, wine and black, embroidered with white. The latter will make lovely, cool summer dresses for ladies in mourning.

Skirts of dresses are gradually widening, some modistes making them three yards at bottom. The new cotton satines are used for linings, and a novelty in finish for the edge, taking the place of the so-long-used narrow-plaited ruffles, is four lapping tucks or folds of satin, about three inches wide.

Skirts tucked their entire length will be worn again this season, and a novelty is the skirt tucked lengthwise, the bottom falling over a double puff of the material.

Shotted silks are among the novelties. They have been in other seasons, but, for some reason, they are soon shot out of the market.

Long silk half-gloves and mitts, as well as guipure woven mitts, are to be very popular. These come in all colors, and the silk lace mitts are really lovely, and, we are told, quite durable. It is said these half gloves and mitts will take the place of kids altogether in hot weather.

Three, four and six-button kids and undressed gloves are sold at quite a reduction—four buttons, in splendid kid, selling for $1 15.

Lace and embroidery that imitates lace are the leading trimmings.

Demi-toilets are now frequently made of faille, black faille being the preferred fabric. The return of this silk to favor is hailed with satisfaction. The favorite black faille costume is made with a short skirt trimmed with plaited flounces shirred at the top. Over this is looped a short tablier that forms a pouf in the back under the jacket bodice. This bodice is double-breasted and is fastened with a double row of buttons. Every style of trimming is allowable on such dresses, but black lace and jet are preferred.

The dolman visite remains the popular spring wrap. Those exhibited by the Co-operative Dress Association of black satin merveilleux, black brocade and black moire, and ranging in price from $25 to $50, are trimmed with black lace, fringes, passementerie and fourages. They are of medium length.

The English walking jacket in cloth, cheviot and light wool cloaking stuffs, continues to be the leading utility wrap.

Worth arranges trains in fan plaits. Dusuzeau affects the long, plaited court train. For bridal robes, trains are the rule.

A pretty toilet, worn at an Easter wedding by one of the guests—a young married woman—was of sapphire blue satin, with all its trimmings of the same material. The train and bodice only were of satin, brocaded with flowers of moire; the train was lined and turned up with revers of the plain satin. The bodice was deeply vandyked back and front. The buttons were of imitation sapphires set in silver filagree.

Knox's gentlemen's driving-gloves are of Cape goat-skins lined with chamois. The colors are Chaudron shades, double stitched with scarlet silk. The wrists are of two-button lengths, but are fastened with only one large gilt button.

The prevailing colors for gentlemen's gloves for day wear are dark shades of tan, bronze and Chaudron. Evening gloves come in shades of pale copper, terra cotta, amber and buff. They are stitched with self-colored silk as a rule, but a contrasting color, scarlet or dark brown, is also admissible.

Jacque roses and violets are the popular flowers. The calla takes its place beside the sunflower with the æsthetes. More callas have been sold this spring than ever before. So say the florists.

The "open D'Orsay's curl" of Knox's hats, with the crown a little more bell form than last season is the accepted style for gentlemen's silk hats, opera hats and ladies' riding hats. Gentlemen's hats must be 6 1-16 inches deep in the crown and from 1½ to 2 inches wide in the brim, while ladies' hats must be 5⅜ inches in the crown and 1⅛ inch in the brim.

Among English walking hats for ladies is one copied from an old portrait of Queen Elizabeth in an archery costume. The hat is small, semi-conical, brimless, and with the crown deeper in the back than in front. It covers the back of the head, while the front looks like a small helmet with the visor raised. The only trimming for this hat is gold cord or braid on the visor, knotted in the back over a flat tassel. On the left side is placed jauntily a single stiff feather from the wing of an eagle or wild turkey or a blue heron. It will probably be the archery hat of the coming season.

English walking hats are, as a rule, in very large sizes. The shapes are eccentric but picturesque, being copied from the portraits of the beauties of of the days of Vandyke, Rubens, Sir Peter Lely and Sir Joshua Beynolds. They are trimmed with feathers only, no flowers.

English walking sticks, novelties, have knobs of Mont Blanc quartz crystal, of porcelain, tortoise shell and agates of fine quality. Some have crutch heads, others shepherd's crook heads of silver, of walrus and hippopotamus teeth and buffalo and buck's horn tipped with gold or silver. The sticks are of Irish blackthorn, ash-root, snake wood and bamboo.

Riding canes for both ladies and gentlemen are of whangle and bamboo, blackthorn, Malacca thorn and rhinoceros horn, beautifully polished and shaped. Some have a small spur in lieu of a lash at the tip; most of them have only a chamois loop. The heads are of gold, silver, quartz crystals, agate, shell and porcelain.

At the opening of the spring and summer dress goods of the Co-operative Dress Association, the first important opening of the season, the display of silks, veilings, cheviots, cashmeres, suitings, ginghams, satines and percales embraced every variety and style, beside many stuffs belonging to the indescribable, no-name shades and combinations that are now classed as æsthetic fabrics.

Manila straws will be the popular hats for men's summer wear. They come in four different shades, copper, gold, olive and natural color, and in five different shapes, suitable for all ages.

Among coming ornaments are the yellow flowers and deep green leaves of the pumpkin vine reproduced in plush. Small fruits of all kinds, including tiny oranges and Ogeechee limes in all the "greenery, yallery" tints, are found among the artificial flower, fruit and leaf productions of the season.

One of the prettiest shades æsthetic is produced by a mixture of pink, pale green and wood and dead leaf shades. The result is an indefinable flush resembling nothing in nature or art so closely as the appearance of trees in early spring when bursting into leaf and blossom. It might be termed the spring bloom shade. Perhaps the Easter tint would describe it better.

### FANCY-WORK.

#### A New Lace.

Cast on eleven stitches.

First row—Knit seven, over twice, narrow, knit two.

Second row—Thread around needle, purl two together, knit two, purl one, knit seven.

Third row—Knit five, narrow, over twice, knit two, over twice, knit three.

Fourth row—Thread around needle, purl two together, knit two, purl one, narrow, knit one, purl one, knit six.

Fifth row—Knit five, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit two, over twice, knit three.

Sixth row—Thread around needle, purl two together, narrow, purl one, knit two, narrow, purl one, narrow, knit four.

Seventh row—Knit six, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, knit three.

Eighth row—Thread around needle, purl two together, narrow, purl one, narrow, knit one, purl one, narrow, knit four.

Ninth row—Knit seven, over twice, narrow, over twice, knit three.

Tenth row—Thread around needle, purl two together, narrow, purl one, narrow, purl one, narrow, knit five.

Eleventh row—Knit eight, over twice, narrow, knit two.

Twelfth row—Thread around needle, purl two together, narrow, purl one, narrow, knit six.

Begin again at first row.

#### Wheat Ear Edging.

Cast on five stitches.

First row—Two plain stitches, thread over, one plain, thread over twice and purl two together.

Second row—Thread over twice, purl two together, four plain.

Third row—Knit three plain, thread over, one plain, thread over twice, purl two together.

Fourth row—Over twice, purl two together, five plain.

Fifth row—Knit four plain, over once, one plain, over twice, purl two together.

Sixth row—Over twice, purl two together, six plain.

Seventh row—Knit six plain, thread over twice, purl two together.

Eighth row—Over twice, purl five together, three plain, then commence again at first row. This edging may be made from fine wool, German town or cotton yarn; quite pretty made of linen thread, No. 40, bleached or unbleached.

### OTHER MATTERS.

#### Spring Papering.

Concerning that annual plague, that phœnix that rises out of spring sunshine and warm days, that perennial visitation that seems to have some sort of incomprehensible but indivisible connection with budding trees and greening grass, the spring cleaning, the current number of Harper's Bazar has some bright and timely words with special reference to that particular portion of it which always receives the housekeeper's longest thought and most careful consideration, and is even harder to decide than the question of how the furniture shall be rearranged, namely, the repapering. It treats of these momentous questions, shall there be a dado, what shall be the tint of the paper, and what shall be the figures, saying: "In most modern houses it is supposed now that the dado is built in; when that is not the case, and a paper dado is used, it is divided from the upper wall surface by a little hand-rail or moulding, either painted or of hard wood, to match the rest of the woodwork of the room. The preference, however, is, this season, given to an entire surface, ending just above the base-board in a narrow border some four inches wide, or, better still, in no border at all below, but with a contrasting frieze for a top border, ten inches or more in depth, according to the height of the room, and just above the picture rail. This frieze is, to our thinking, best when it seems to take the idea of the body of the paper below, and elaborate and finish it; but many are sent to the market intended to make the strong contrast indicated. The patterns on papers are in great variety this year, but in desirable ones; wherever any natural limitation is allowed, it is on a perfectly flat background, often of gold; and a certain arrangement of design made that would hardly be seen in nature, the flowers sprinkled over a diaper, or represented in tints that heighten and idealize their own, seeming more like a beautiful strange dream of the flower than a real sight of it, and the colors mingling to the eye at a little distance in a bloom. Palm branches and tropical shapes in general, especially bursting pomegranates, are to be found in all sorts of brilliant and delicate tintings, and they bring a sort of reminder in them of the old-fashioned landscape papers, without the landscape; others represent a sheeny damasked or calendered expanse; and there are others in tangles and tangles of spiders' webs or fish nets, either in sheets of gilt lines or in dark tints, in grays and maroons. The dull maroon, neither so light nor bright as the Pompeiian red, is found at last to make an excellent wall and background for pictures and statuary, broken by unnoticeable blossom-shapes in gilding or neutral tints. But the paler tints are in preponderance, and there are many lovely designs in the Pompadour pinks and blues; olive greens are also given, verging, as they pale, into sulphur and many singular combinations of vivid tints that do not make a vivid whole. In selecting our papers we should pay more heed to the outlook and situation of the rooms to be dressed in them than it has been usual to pay. A room full of sunshine can afford a paper that absorbs a great deal of light, and so looks in every way better from an artistic point of view, and there is usually in the end found the most comfort to the senses in a well-covered and dark paper. It is not advisable, however, to choose a preponderance of purple tints, as they fade more rapidly than any other. A northern room, on the other hand, wants all the lightsome gayety and variety it may have, and the pale yellows light up such a room with a mock sunshine that goes a long way in promoting its cheerfulness. Whatever the paper chosen, unless the room is to be repainted, it must be sure to harmonize or else contrast with the body color of the existing paint, and not make a discord and confusion with that and the upholstery—a discord which forever teases the nerves in a sensitive person; and as the carpet of the room is but seldom to be renewed, that also must throw its weight into the discussion of the question."

# SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

### Novel Levers on Railroads—Mathematics and Geology—The Petals of Flowers—The Copyright Law—Malarial Germs, Etc.

W. C. Shaeffer claims to have invented a system of levers on railroads which makes it impossible for trains to approach within two miles of each other, even if the train hands and engineer are drunk or asleep. The essential features of the apparatus are a current of electricity, generated by dynamo machines and sent along one rail for any given distance, and a return wire strung on poles to complete the circuit. The current along the rail is interrupted by boxes containing a magnet and an armature, placed every mile along the track. With these the return wire is connected. The magnet in each box connects by a wire and rods with a lever at the side of the track, and another lever in the engine depresses this one by the track as it passes over, breaking the circuit that was before closed and depriving the magnet of the attractive force that had drawn the armature to it. The armature then falls away from the magnet, the train rushes by, and the lever by the track springs up again. But the armature, by falling away from the magnet, has thrown out a danger signal by the side of the track, and at the same time locked a catch which holds the lever by the track rigid, so that it cannot yield to the pressure of the lever on another engine that may happen along. Instead of yielding, it forces up the engine's lever, which is always movable, though less so than the one by the track before the first had passed. The lever thus forced up, by its simple mechanical connections automatically blows the whistle, shuts off steam and applies air to the brakes. Meantime the first train passes on, practically safe from a rear collision; but at the end of a mile it reaches another lever which it automatically locks as it did the first one. When it reaches the second mile there is another box and lever, and the latter is locked as before. But here an ingenious device, worked by the agency of electricity, unlocks the lever two miles back, a projection on the rear car forces down a lever on the other side of the track, which, thus forced down, closes the current in the returning wire, the magnet in the box two miles in the rear is given back its attractive power, the armature is drawn home, and the first lever unlocked. A following train can now pass this point without interruption, but as it passes, it again locks the lever, and is secure from collision in the rear. The levers, it is claimed, can be electrically connected with others two miles ahead of, as well as two miles behind the train, preventing a collision with trasns coming toward it.

#### The Petals of Flowers.

Botanical text-books often tell us that "the petals of flowers are of no physiological value." Modern discoveries show this to be not strictly true. There are, to be sure, many flowers which perform their function without petals; but it does not follow that those which have petals would do as well without them. Not perceiving their direct physiological value, some modern observers have regarded them as mere signal flags to attract insects, in order to secure cross fertilization, and in this connection it is interesting to note that it is the colored flowers which are what are known as entomophilous, while apetalous, colorless flowers are anemophilous, or wind lovers, in the matter of pollenization, and thus just as likely to be fertilized by pollen from the same tree as from distant ones. But it now seems there is a use for petals beyond all this. It has been noted in this column from time to time, last year, that there is an accumulation of heat in the flower-bud before expansion. In the larger floral envelopes, such as in aroids and palms, the temperature has been found as much as 10° warmer in the spathes than in even a summer heat outside the closed bud. This enclosure and consequent accumulation of heat, no doubt, has some physiological value. Just what this value may be we now have an inkling of by a paper by Raphael Sherfey, son of the Sherfey in whose peach orchard one of the hard battles of Gettysburg was fought, and which we find in the recently-published "Proceedings of the Pennsylvania State Board of Agriculture." The paper is given as the simple observations of a practical peach grower, but has not less scientific value for that. There are, as every one knows who has seen a peach orchard in flower, two classes of peach trees. One has very large petals, the other very small ones. Mr. Sherfey finds that in early spring, when the late frosts often destroy the fruit prospects, the large petaled flowers enclose the stamens and pistils longer than those with small petals, and that, in cases where a day or two makes all the difference between a crop or no crop, these large-flowered kinds have the organs preserved from frost, when those unable to get protection, from the small petals, are destroyed. It is a novel and good illustration of the value of petals. They enclose heat.

#### Malarial Germs.

M. A. Laveran has found in the blood of patients suffering from malarial poisoning parasitic organisms, very definite in form and most remarkable in character; motionless, cylindrical, curved bodies, transparent and of delicate outlines, curved at the extremities; transparent spherical forms provided with fine filaments in rapid movement, which he believes to be animalcules, and spherical or irregular bodies, which appeared to be the "cadaveric" stage of these, all marked with pigment granules. He has also detected peculiar conditions in the blood itself. During the year that has passed since he first discovered these elements, M. Laveran has examined the blood in 192 patients affected with various symptoms of malarial disease, and has found the organisms in 180 of them, and he has convinced himself by numerous and repeated observations that they are not found in the blood of persons suffering from diseases that are not of malarial origin. In general, the parasitic bodies were found in the blood only at certain times, a little before and at the moment of the accession of the fever, and they rapidly disappeared under the influence of a quinine treatment. The addition of a minute quantity of a dilute solution of sulphate of quinine to a drop of blood sufficed to destroy the organisms. M. Laveran believes that the absence of the organisms in most of the cases (only twelve in the whole 192) in which he failed to find them was due to the patients having undergone a course of treatment with quinine.

#### Mathematics and Geology.

Professor Thomson, the acknowledged master of applied mathematics in Great Britain, startled the geologists a few years ago, by affirming that they must restrict the long terms in geology, for the earth's age could not exceed 100,000,000 years, and had not, perhaps, reached 50,000,000. He computed the age, by mathematical laws, from three different kinds of data—the effect of the tides on the earth's motion, the sun's heat and the cooling of the earth's internal heat. Professor Huxley and some of his associates protested that the mathematician's conclusions could not be accepted as certain. But since then they have admitted their force, and the claims of untold ages for the formation of single strata have been modified or abandoned. The mathematicians are pushing their victory farther, and now assert that the so-called uniformitarian theory, which Mr. Lyell spent his life in demonstrating, must be given up. This theory claimed that the same forces which are now operating to change the earth's surface operated in the same way in the earliest ages. The mathematicians assert that these forces have changed greatly; that the moon, for instance, was once much nearer the earth, and the tides, dependent upon its action must have been hundreds of feet in height, and swept over the earth with prodigious power. The denudation of strata, hitherto unaccounted for, can be easily explained by such action. It is evident that geology is not yet one of the exact sciences, and perhaps its arrogant tone may yet be tempered by a new-born humility.

#### The Copyright Law.

An applicant for a copyright must state distinctly the name and residence of the claimant, and whether the right is claimed as author, designer or proprietor, inclosing with such statement a printed copy of the title of the book, map, chart, dramatic or musical composition, engraving, etc., for which copyright is desired, and send by mail or otherwise, prepaid, addressed "Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C." This must be done before the publication of the book or other article. A fee of fifty cents for recording the title of each book or article must be inclosed with the title as above, and fifty cents in addition (one dollar in all) for each certificate of copyright under seal of the librarian of Congress, which will be transmitted to you by return mail. Within ten days after publication of each book or other article, two complete copies must be sent prepaid, to perfect the copyright, with the address, "Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C." Without the deposit of copies above required, the copyright is void and a penalty of $25 is incurred. No copyright is valid unless notice is given by inserting in every copy published, "Entered according to act of Congress, in the year ——, by ——, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington," or the words, "Copyright, 18—, by ——." Each copyright secures the exclusive right of publishing the book or article copyrighted for the term of twenty-eight years. Six months before the end of that time, the author or designer, or his widow or children, may secure a renewal for the further term of fourteen years, making forty-two years in all.

#### Durability of Car Wheels.

Forty-five thousand miles used to be considered an exceptionally good record for a car wheel, when the ordinary chilled wheels were the only ones in use, and the life of the average wheel, figured by miles, not days, was between 35,000 and 40,000 only. With the present steel-tired wheel 300,000 miles' wear is not unusual, and certain ones have been known to live through 600,000 miles of service. One of our New England railroads has 1900 of these wheels in use, and their average life is 122,000 miles. From these 1900 wheels 666, which had been longest in use were selected, and the record showed an average mileage of 215,578; among the number were 126 which had run over 250,000 miles each; 35 had run over 300,000, and two had travelled 490,915 miles. It is not generally known that railroads keep a record of every wheel in use. Each one is numbered, and at the end of every trip a mileage record is put down in black and white. Steel-tired wheels cost more than the chilled, but are cheaper in the end. The ordinary chilled 33-inch wheel costs from $13 to $14, the steel-tired wheel of the same size costs about $55, and the 33-inch paper wheel about $75.

#### The Blue Color of Water.

The Photographic News states that Mr. Aitken has been studying the blue color so characteristic of the Mediterranean and the Lake of Geneva, and his conclusions are embodied in a paper presented last month to the Royal Society. Mr. Aitken begins by saying that two solutions have been offered of this puzzling problem—the one explained the color as due to the reflection of small suspended particles, which did not reflect the lower rays of the spectrum, and the other that the color was the result of the absorbent action of the water itself upon the white light, before and after reflection of these particles. The latter theory Mr. Aitken holds to be the true one. The smaller the number of white reflecting particles the darker or greener the water appears to be, Mr. Aitken having been successful in turning the still green water of Lake Como into a bright blue by scattering finely divided chalk in the middle of the lake.

#### The Fastest Ocean Trip.

The steamship Alaska of the Guion line now stands at the head of the list of fast ocean vessels. The recent trip across the Atlantic was accomplished in 7 days 6 hours and 43 minutes actual time. She sailed from New York on March 21, and passed Fastnet at 5.20 p. m. on the 28th. The fastest voyage which had been made previous to this was by the famous Arizona, also of the Guion line, which crossed the Atlantic in 7 days 7 hours and 48 minutes. The weather is not reported to have been unusually fine.

# THE FLOWER GARDEN.

### House and Garden Plants—Succession in the Flower Garden—Cultivating Pansies—Abutilons.

Those who cultivate house and garden plants may now commence preparations for securing a supply of plants for the summer garden. Many who have saved over some varieties of bedding plants from last season may very readily propagate a few in the house, especially of those kinds which can be increased easily. But there are some plants which it will not pay the amateur to attempt to propagate in the house on account of their slow growth and the difficulty of rooting the cuttings. Tea roses and camellias are among the most difficult kinds to propagate successfully, and can be purchased of large growers more cheaply than they can be raised. But cuttings of many of the varieties of soft-wooded bedding plants can be easily rooted by placing the young growth or "tips" in any kind of light soil or sand, care being taken to keep it constantly wet. Happily for the amateur, the kinds which can be most easily rooted in this way are the most popular bedding plants. Geraniums, coleus, verbenas, heliotropes, lantanas and achyranthes are all very easily rooted, and none are superior to these for making a display of flowers and foliage in "massed" beds or ribbon-line gardening. For making a gorgeous and constant display of bloom, combined with an ever fresh and attractive foliage, nothing excels the zonale geranium, and of all the varieties of this popular plant which we now have, none is more popular than the old and tried General Grant. Many of the newer varieties have larger and finer blossoms and handsomer foliage; but that which makes the General Grant the most popular variety of its class for massing and ribbon-line planting, is the fact that it combines a very brilliant blossom, a flower truss of enormous size, very profusely borne, and foliage of brilliant green, contrasting finely with the rich scarlet of the flower. At a sale of plants last season in New York

PLANTS OF GENERAL GRANT BROUGHT TEN CENTS EACH,

while plants of the same size of the fancy novelties would not bring more than half that amount. Verbenas, if propagated now for planting in the flower-bed, should be kept nipped, as the shoots continue to elongate, to induce a stocky growth. A long, slim-stemmed verbena plant is a very poor one for out-door planting. Verbenas should also be kept as cool as possible and well exposed to the sunlight. This produces a tougher stem and thicker leaf, which enable the plant better to withstand the change on being planted out in open ground. Heliotropes and lantanas require a good brisk temperature and plenty of water while the young plants are growing. These are the main requirements. Never allow a heliotrope or lantana to become checked or stunted in its growth, as it takes a long while to recover from the effect. After cuttings of geraniums, verbenas, etc., are well rooted, they should be potted off singly in pots not larger than two and a half or three inches. These will usually accommodate the young plants until planting-out time. But at all times the plants should be kept in a healthy growing condition, and to aid in this the pots should be plunged in damp sawdust or moss, to prevent the plants from drying out. No bedding plant roots more easily from cuttings or grows more rapidly than the coleus, and for this reason it can be conveniently raised in the house. The great diversity in leaf-coloring and marking found in the new varieties of coleus introduced from year to year is truly wonderful; but I think the climax has been reached, and many of the newest sorts are not really superior to some of the older kinds. For ribbon-line planting three or four of the old varieties are used in largest quantity. Coleus have not been extensively used in garden decorations more than a dozen years; but of all the different varieties introduced since coleus have been grown none is so popular today as the old verschaffeltii. Probably ten plants of this kind are planted to one of any other, and in all large gardens and floral designs, this variety predominates. In the window-garden or greenhouse pelargoniums,

IF THEY HAVE BEEN MAKING A THRIFTY GROWTH,

will now be showing flower buds, and should be encouraged in developing them by giving them plenty of sunshine. But the temperature should be kept rather cool and the air moist. About 45° to 55° at night, and 60° to 70° during the day will answer. These remarks will also apply very well to the management of blooming plants of zonale and double geraniums, verbenas, pansies, sweet alyssum and bulbs intended for blooming in the house or greenhouse, such as hyacinths, crocus, tulips, lily of the valley, etc. If blooming plants of geraniums, verbenas and plants of like nature are kept cool, the blossoms will remain in good condition for a much longer time than if kept warm. Pelargoniums should be closely watched to see that they do not become pot-bound. Although closely allied to the geranium, the pelargonium is of a more shrubby nature, and every possible means should be taken to keep it in a vigorous, growing condition. Geraniums which have been kept in the cellar during the winter may now be repotted in fresh soil, well pruned back—if not done in the fall—and brought into a cool, growing temperature. If the roots are strong and vigorous the plants will be well covered with foliage by spring, and will make fine plants for garden decoration, but should be "hardened off" after taking from the house and before setting in the open ground. Last year all our geraniums were set in a square mass, with a rough frame around them to keep off the wind, and allowed to remain so until the time of setting out in the open ground, with no other covering than a slight protection of mats on cool nights. This was done April 25, and they were nicely "hardened" in a few weeks. The Mrs. Pollock and some other kinds of fancy-leaved geraniums must not be subjected to very cold atmosphere, as it will destroy the leaves. Neither will these varieties withstand very hot sun and winds, which will scald and curl the leaves and check the growth of the plants.

#### Succession in the Flower Garden.

A constant succession of flowers in the ornamental garden from early spring till autumnal frosts, from plants which are hardy enough to endure exposure at all times in open ground, is capable of affording much pleasure to all country residents who have a taste for refined improvement. More commonly only a few of the brilliant bloomers are planted, which make a show for a brief season only, and are then gone. There are many perennial plants which continue year after year with little care, and some of the bulbous roots remain as long. Annuals require more attention, but are important helps to a brilliant succession. The following dates show the average commencement of the blooming season of the several plants named in the latitude of central New York. Snowdrops appear the first or second week in March—the earliest spring bloomer (after the Christmas "rose"), and so hardy that the bulbs will continue year after year, with no care except to keep other growth from shading them. A week later, more or less, the golden, purple and white crocus follow the white masses of the snowdrops. Nearly at the same time the clear liquid-blue Siberian squill, the yellow Eranthus, and the purple, pink and white Hepatica, from the woods, give a profusion of variegated ornament. About the first of April we have in flower the Bulbocodium, the Persian iris, the Claytonia primula, and the pink Mezereon. Pansies are in bloom all along this period, as well as through the whole season, if they have plenty of water. During the last half of April, the wild Erithronium sanguinaria, the delicate Anemone thalictroides, the blue Pulmonaria, and the phlox of the woods (P. divaricata) are in full bloom; while of the throng of

FLOWERS STRICTLY OF THE GARDEN,

are the hyacinth, the several species of narcissus, Phlox stolonifera, the moss pink phlox, iris pumila, sweet violet, daisy, early tulips, crown imperial, etc.; and among the flowering shrubs and extending into May, are the double-flowering almond, cornelian cherry, crimson currant, and yellow Forsythia. A little later follow the Japan quince, Missouri currant, Persian lilac, and Weigela. Among the more brilliant perennials in May, are Dicentra, the tulips, Aquilegia, early pæonias, several species of iris and of Spiræa, and Phlox maculata. Some of the June bloomers are the later species of iris, Polemonium, the magnificant pæonias, Baptisia cærulea, Dictamnus, the pent-stemons, Digitalis, Clematis erecta, Lilium canadense, etc.; while among the shrubs may be named the Philadelphus, Calycanthus, bush and trailing honeysuckles, silver bell, barberry, and, eclipsing all else, the brilliant, profuse and fragrant June roses. Later in the summer the following perennials are less frequent, but among them may be named the several hardy lilies, Silene regia, scarlet Monarda, the several large-flowered clematis, tiger lily, orange Asclepias, the later phloxes, and Yucca flaccida. Bignonia radicans is a fine, late-blooming climber, and Hydrangea grandiflora fills a large space at the end of August. As the perennials become fewer in number towards autumn, their places may be filled by several beautiful annuals, which are easily raised, among them asters, Drummond phloxes, petunias, and such bedding plants as the verbena. There are many other ornamentals which florists will add to the above list; but these are given to show what continued bloom may be obtained, with little labor, after such plants have been established, without resorting to greenhouses or windows.

#### Cultivating Pansies.

For summer blooming plants sow seed in the house in March or April. Cigar boxes are very suitable for sowing seed. Put in a layer of coarse sand for drainage, then one of horse manure for bottom heat. Fill with rich, mellow earth sifted and mixed with one-third silver sand, or finely pulverized leaf mould. Have it moist but not drenched. With a narrow strip of board, make tiny furrows about one and a half inches apart, and in these carefully drop the seed one by one an inch distant. Cover slightly and press the soil firmly, then lay a piece of old soft flannel folded once or twice, and wrung lightly out of warm water, carefully over the soil which will keep it damp. Cover with glass and keep in a warm place. In a few days see if the covering is dry, if so, damp it again and watch for the seedlings. When they appear, remove the flannel, but still keep on the glass, not, however, so close as to exclude all air. Gradually inure them to the sunlight, and as soon as they have made four or five leaves it is best to transplant every other one, so that they may have room to grow. Great care is needful with tender seedlings to keep them from damping off. If too wet, they will do this, or if kept too shady. Good judgment is essential for success. As the weather becomes warm, expose them at first an hour or two to the outdoor air, and thus prepare them for early bedding out. Being hardy plants, living out of doors during the winter, with slight protection at the North, they will bear transplanting sooner than many other seedlings. A rich, moist soil, and somewhat cool and shaded situation, are best adapted for their growth. For winter flowers, sow seed the last of August or first of September, in a frame or boxes kept in a shady place.

#### Abutilons.

In bedding out abutilons it is better to have them in pots, plugging the hole, or setting the pot on a stone or piece of brick, so that the roots may not go astray, for if plunged directly in the ground they throw out many roots, and the plant becomes too large for repotting to advantage. If, however, they are planted in the earth, in August they should be cut around the stock so as to bring the roots within due bounds, and the plant can be pruned in the autumn. This method is applicable to all strong plants that run largely to roots. They should be cut off sufficiently to leave only a ball of earth of convenient size to set in the pot when the plant is transplanted.

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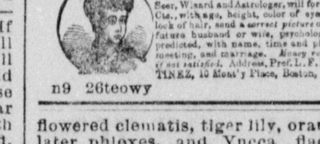

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# Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1882.


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## DUNN BROWN AND HIS DOUBLE,

BY OLIVER OPTIC, will begin April 25. It was written expressly for THE GLOBE, and will be the most successful of his works. Will every reader of this announcement please canvass his neighborhood and secure at least one new subscriber; in this way the circulation of THE GLOBE may be doubled and its attractiveness increased. Every subscriber is respectfully requested to increase the circulation in his town; sample copies for distribution will be furnished free at his request.

The bailiff who guarded Howgate to his house and considerately made himself comfortable in the parlor while his visitor took a stroll around the block may be more fool than knave, but the chances are that he isn't. Howgate is credited with having salted down a pretty fair slice of his plunder, and gold has very winning ways.

The New York Commercial says: "The new Chinese bill introduced by Mr. Page is an improvement on the vetoed bill, but whether it will be approved is another thing." Quite another thing, in very truth. President Arthur intimated very plainly in his veto message that he would approve such a bill as Mr. Page has introduced, but whether the politician President will keep his implied promise is another thing.

The bicycle is a great institution, and considerable of an improvement on the crutch as an aid to locomotion, but it has not reached that stage of development which will make it a successful rival of the iron horse in point of speed. The New Jersey man who tried to ride a bicycle over a bridge ahead of a railroad train was laboring under such a delusion apparently. If he hadn't been killed so suddenly he might have realized his mistake.

The Chinese are not the only people in creation up in the practice of "tricks that are vain." Their laurels in that direction are liable to be torn from them by the editor of a little Republican paper in Connecticut, who was detected not long since in swindling his advertising patrons. His plan was to publish a dozen or so copies of his paper containing the announcements of out of town advertisers, in order to furnish them with voucher copies. Then the forms were taken off and local matter inserted in the place of the advertising for which he received pay. It is not every editor who can manage to obtain double pay for his space; most of them feel happy if able to collect it once. This enterprising genius, however, was soon detected by one of his neighbors giving him away, and came to grief.

The clause in the army appropriation bill which proposes to retire officers at the age of 62 is causing much discussion in military circles. While some generals think that it is a proper measure to pass, others stoutly maintain that it should be more elastic in its requirements, and give all officers who desire to leave the service or to be retired equal rights and inducements. Some suggest that generals should be retired at the age of 65, colonels, lieutenant-colonels and captains at about 62 and common soldiers at 45 years. One officer states that the present clause will not be satisfactory to the army at large, because there is "a great incongruity in keeping the colonels and captains at the wheel as long as the generals." It is urged that the inferior officers are worn out physically at the age of 45, while the generals, who have a "soft time," are robust until considerably past 60 years of age. If the present bill passes the total number of retirements during the first year will not be over forty-two, and will not exceed 119, all told, during the next five years.

The Mormons have just closed their annual conference of the faithful. About 11,000 saints gathered in the tabernacle and freely, yet calmly, expressed their determination to ignore congressional interference with their affairs. One correspondent informs us that "there was no rant, no affectation, no straining after theatrical effect, and yet the very simplicity of this great gathering of country folks was striking in the extreme and significant from first to last of a power that may not be trifled with by sentimental legislation." All the speakers counselled the people to pay no attention to outside matters, but to live their religion, leave the direction of affairs to their priesthood and the result in the hands of God. The people are reported as pleased with one feature of Senator Edmunds' bill, viz., that which legalizes every issue from plural marriages up to January 1, 1883. President Taylor naively said that they could not cast off their wives, because they "are bound to them for time and eternity." It is pretty safe to assume that while outwardly the Mormon leaders are serene inwardly they are cursing Congress, and will not sleep until they concoct some plan to evade the provisions of the anti-polygamy bill. The excitement over it has already died away, which gives them renewed confidence.

President Arthur said in his veto message that there was a distinct understanding between the American and Chinese commissioners that the suspension of immigration contemplated under the treaty should not exceed five years, and he based his assertion that the bill was in violation of the treaty wholly upon that alleged understanding. General John F. Swift, one of the commissioners who negotiated the treaty, says the time of suspension was thoroughly discussed and it was agreed that a suspension of thirty-three years, or one generation, would be necessary to remedy the evils complained of, and that the Chinese government would not have considered the faith of the treaty trespassed upon if it had been made fifty years or even more. Mr. Angell, another of the commissioners, has a totally different recollection of the matter. Taking all these conflicting statements, it appears that nobody understood anything clearly which was not plainly set forth in the treaty. This confirms the position taken by THE GLOBE that the President had no right to consider anything but the treaty itself in interpreting its terms. The Chinese bill which Arthur vetoed was not in violation of any provision of the treaty, and it is more than doubtful if the bill was inconsistent with an outside agreement that any two commissioners understand alike.

### CO-OPERATION ILLUSTRATED.

Life insurance is the ost successful illustration in the history of civilization of the benefits and blessings of co-operation. It shows the strength of union. And, while it demonstrates the benefit of such union to the individual, it also proves itself a boon to all concerned.

The underlying idea of life insurance is the money value of human life. When income and production, when support itself, is cut off by the hand of death, life insurance comes to the widow and children, and, so far as money may be able to do so, makes the loss good. It cannot assuage the anguish of affliction, nor restore the love and affection which have departed forever, but it does make good and restore in a measure the earnings—the income—which ceased with life, and so represents, or stands in place of, the money value of that life itself.

To the average man it is a long and arduous task to accumulate such a sum as shall be sufficient to maintain his family when the fruit of his toil by hand or brain shall cease; but by joining others in an established life insurance company, and paying yearly a small sum, he makes certain now to his family a fixed amount, no matter when death may overtake him, and thus procures at once what otherwise must be the result of years of saving and toil. To the man of means life insurance is equally attractive, for he knows "riches take to themselves wings," and that by availing himself of the benefits of this co-operation, should his wealth be dissipated, his insurance stands as an anchor in reserve, which in case of his loss will prevent his family from being blown on the jagged rocks of poverty.

Thus the savings of the many blended form a source certain and sure, from which each may draw when the evil day falls. From census tables, from the past experience of the life companies and other sources, mortality tables have been compiled with almost the unerring exactness of mathematical precision, which determine the precise amount to be paid yearly by each person taking a life policy, in order that each shall pay his equitable proportion, and that only; and with the life companies regulated, as in our own State, by law, which provides not only absolute security for all claims, but also gives to him who is unable to continue his payments to the end, his equitable share of the accumulations—giving to each individual full value for each dollar invested—life insurance is, as we have said, a grand example of the benefits of co-operation. For here the individual member receives not only all the benefit which union secures, but, at the same time, his individual rights are fully protected.

That life insurance is a success and appreciated the facts fully demonstrate. The last report of the insurance commissioner of Massachusetts shows that the twenty-seven life companies doing business in this Commonwealth have in force nearly six hundred thousand policies, covering insurance to the amount of nearly fifteen hundred million dollars. Six hundred thousand people banded together, each contributing from his yearly savings to care for those loved and dependent, and by such contributions providing a sum nearly as large as our entire national debt, every dollar of which, increased by still other savings and earnings, will sooner or later find its way to the families designated. Sixty million dollars is the sum now yearly distributed by these companies—each dollar of which is a benefaction, and the entire sum a golden wall yearly renewed and built out of unselfishness to stand between fatherless families and want.

From its small beginnings in this country in 1794 the stream of life insurance has gradually grown and swelled, till now, with its vast accumulations of over $400,000,000, it flows like a mighty river, strong, deep, yet noiseless, bearing its golden burdens of comfort to the bereaved, of help to the afflicted, and attesting with its irresistible facts the possibilities of co-operation.

### THE LAND LEAGUE CONVENTION.

The advocates of reform in the system of land tenure and land rental in Ireland must feel gratified over the result of the convention held in Washington last week. Both in its spirit and in the tone and temper of its resolutions that gathering gave forcible expression to the general sentiment of the best friends of Ireland on this continent. The presence of about one hundred clergymen showed that, however much the central authority of the Roman Catholic Church may be induced to sway the movement at home, it has not exercised much influence in the United States. As long as the Land League of America keeps itself free from the wildness of socialism and communism, and sustains the principles of the leaders on the other side, it will have the support of the Catholic clergy here and the sympathy of all honest and honorable Americans

THE GLOBE may properly felicitate the Irish citizens of New England on the influence their representatives exercised in the convention. General P. A. Collins of this city, as permanent president, directed the deliberations of the delegates, and from the reports that have reached us we should judge he performed his duty with distinction, and to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned. He was offered the presidency of the organization for for the next year by an almost unanimous expression of opinion and desire, but was obliged to decline the honor. It is unfortunate for the league that he is not to be at its head during the year 1882. But as he has accepted the position of first vice-president, the movement will be sure to receive his support, and the officers the results of his experience and the ripeness of his judgment.

It was eminently proper that the convention should be held in Washington. At the present time public opinion is in a state of unusual excitement owing to the arbitrary arrest and unwarranted detention of American citizens who have happened to be sojourning in Ireland since the passage of the Gladstone coercion act. Our minister to England has been palpably derelict in his duty to these men, and has manifestly misrepresented the American sentiment in this regard. The convention calmly and deliberately gave expression to the desires of the great mass of Irish-Americans on this subject, and formally requested the President of the United States to recall Minister Lowell and send to the Court of St. James a man who would protect American citizens at all hazards. The President is understood to have given assurance of his deep and intense interest in this question, and, as our Washington correspondent hints, will probably demonstrate very soon his earnestness by decided action.

The Land League of America has, since its inception, commended itself to the best judgment of all reasonable Americans by the temperate tone of its resolutions and public documents and by the conservatism of its official action. The Washington convention has given a fresh guarantee that this policy will be continued. All friends of Ireland should feel encouraged to renew their efforts to build up this grand organization. The time has come for Ireland to insist on a settlement of her grievances. If it is pressed, England cannot ignore the demand.

Ireland is not alone this time. She has as an ally a population of over 10,000,000 American citizens, who have never forgotten the miseries of their brethren at home while enjoying the blessings of freedom here. The Irish people in the United States have already compelled Congress to open a discussion on the rights of Americans abroad. They will compel Congress to take prompt action in the line of so amending existing laws and customs that no man, not even Mr. James Russell Lowell, can in future afford to sit down at the table of the British foreign secretary and drink his wine, while citizens of his own country, citizens whom he is hired to protect, are lying in jail untried, uncommitted, with no charge against them, and no intention on the part of her majesty's government to release them or afford them the opportunity to be tried by a jury of their peers. They will compel, by the force of their arguments and the justice of their cause, the President to so direct his course that justice will be accorded these poor fellows, and that every man, be he native or naturalized citizen, may have an opportunity to travel, without fear of molestation, in any part of the globe. This is as it should be. A government that is too feeble or too cowardly to protect its citizens abroad is not entitled to the respect or confidence of its citizens at home.

### THE LANDLORD IN IRELAND.

A large landowner in Ireland writing recently upon the land question maintained that landowing is quite as much a business as cotton spinning, and should be governed by the same general principles. "It is surely impossible in these times," he says, "that the dealings of landlords and tenants should rest generally on any other basis than that of contract."

This may be true, but only when the terms of the contract are equally well known to both parties signing it. The landlords in the upper chamber of Parliament are bitterly reproaching the government for their interference between themselves and their tenants in the obnoxious land act, but how about such cases as the one lately brought to light, which runs as follows:

On an application to break a lease by a tenant of Lord Gormanston, the landlord said he offered the lease as a concession, thinking that by so doing he would the more readily induce his tenants to fall in with the increase of rent. Under certain circumstances one would naturally expect this would be so—as for example, if the lease offered advantages to the tenant, and he were made acquainted with its provisions and not notified to quit in case he refused it. This course, however, does not seem to have commended itself to Lord Gormanston as either fair or necessary. He admitted that every tenant was obliged to accept a lease or quit, and his solicitor said that "he did not submit the lease or explain its provisions to the tenant who had no solicitor."

The lease contained all the vices possible, which the following provisions will sufficiently illustrate: In addition to the increase of rent the tenant was to pay all the county cess; 9 per cent. on any rent not paid within a month of its falling due; $15 penal rent for every acre of crops not dealt with in a particular manner; $100 every time bricks were burnt on the land or any earth used for the same. The tenant was bound to furnish his landlord with a horse and cart for two days in the year and to give one month's notice of any proposed improvements, for which he bound himself to claim no compensation, and so on. Such is freedom of contract in Ireland.

### THE DIFFERENCE IN PEOPLE.

Why is it that the citizens of one State should differ so radically in nature and temperament from those of another only a few miles away? The killing of the noted outlaw, Jesse James, in Missouri, after a lifetime of crime, at the hands of one of his own kind, instigated by State reward, suggests the thought. This State, which was his birthplace, has been the scene of the majority of the bloody outrages conceived in his fertile brain and carried out in horrible detail under his direction. For years the citizens of that State have passively submitted to his depredations, or at least have made no other resistance than to offer rewards for the capture of himself and his gang.

He boarded trains, and at his command passengers held up their hands while he rifled their pockets of their money and other valuables. It was hardly safe at any time to ride across the State lest the James boys should chance to be in want of funds, and conclude to improve the condition of their finances by cleaning out the train. This man has held the whole State of Missouri in his grip, and when he spoke the people were awed to silence. He became the bandit ruler of the Common wealth, and was not content, but, like the great warrior of old, longed for other fields to conquer.

With his chosen companions, including the three famous Younger brothers, he accordingly organized a raid into a quiet little town of Minnesota. At a given signal the gang on horseback rode into Northfield, the sharp crack of their revolvers rousing and startling the peaceful citizens from their ordinary pursuits. But for a moment only were these good people at a loss what to do. Before the robbers were aware of it, their random fire was being returned with such fatal effect that, as they hastily retreated towards the woods back of the town, they left two of their ruffian band dead in the street, while two more carried away bullets buried in their skins, as the result of the well-directed aim of the aroused and determined populace, who but a few moments before had no thought of war or violence, but who were, however, equal to the emergency. Following fast in the footsteps of the fleeing robbers was a small army of indignant villagers, determined on vengeance. On into the woods went pursuers and pursued, and after a campaign of three or four days all but two of the outlaw band were dead or captured. The prisoners surrendered to save their lives, and succeeded in doing so merely to spend the remainder of their days in the State prison, where they were soon confined.

They were surprised. Cole Younger, the eldest of the prisoners, remarked that it was the hottest time they ever had. The gang evidently had expected that there was no difference in the nature of the people of Minnesota and Missouri. One experiment of that sort was enough, however, to satisfy them. No more raids have been contemplated outside of their own State. The Northfield whirlwind wiped out all but two of their number, and how these two managed to escape was almost a miracle. Had they remained with their fellows, they would have shared the same fate, but they struck off in a different direction and by dividing the trail the two James brothers eluded their determined pursuers.

It is safe to say that had the people of Missouri entered on a campaign of extermination as vigorous as that instantly inaugurated by the people of Northfield the career of the James gang would have been summarily cut short. Such a result would have had a wholesome dissuading effect on other aspirants for bandit honors, and the history of robbery, depredation and murder, which will cling to the State of Missouri for years, would have been forever unwritten.

When Professor Goldwin Smith writes to the London Times that the great mass of the American people would applaud such measures in dealing with the Irish question as "the abolition of jury trial in agrarian cases, the collection of fair rents by summary process, the suspension of representation of rebel districts, the suppression of the press and special legislation concerning foreign emissaries," he displays the vastness of his ignorance regarding the American people. Probably Mr. Smith would not purposely tell what every American knows to be an infamous falsehood, but it is difficult to believe that his stock of misinformation and original stupidity is so unlimited that he does not realize what an insult he has put upon this country. No American worthy the name would do other than execrate the government that should adopt the damnable policy advised by Professor Goldwin Smith, and if Mr. Smith thinks otherwise we are sorry for his mental degeneracy.

### LET US REASON TOGETHER.

While Congress is engrossed in its frantic desire to air the rhetoric of its members on the subject of the purity of elections by an examination into the canvass of 1880 in South Carolina and Mississippi it had better do the job thoroughly and throw the calcium light of investigation upon several other questionable elections. Mr. Reed of Maine holds his seat by virtue of a returned majority so frail that it can hardly stand alone, and it is said that Mr. Anderson, his competitor, has in his possession a mass of testimony, which, properly exhibited, would entirely wipe it out and leave a liberal majority the other way. It would be interesting to see the fair-faced Thomas suspend the pleasing operation of "embalming flies in the liquid amber of his remarks" and explain to a waiting world some of the questionable methods by which the result of the election two years ago in his district was attained.

The people of the country would also be intensely interested in a description of the tactics employed in Indiana which resulted in the overturning of a legitimate Democratic majority and its sudden conversion into a Republican one. The New York Commercial Advertiser whose stalwartism is unquestioned, has already indicated the programme followed by its party leaders, which occasioned the great moral victory in Ohio, and intimates that the editor of the New York Tribune is capable of putting it so unmistakably plain that he who runs may Reid. It moreover dares the aforesaid editor to explain whether or not it is true, that he took to the hallowed village of Mentor, an immense sum of corruption money obtained from the famous Star route thieves, now under indictment for wholesale government robbery.

While the commendable fever for investigation is at its height, we might suggest quite a liberal amount of business for our Republican friends, enough possibly to engross their strict attention, to the neglect of other matters, for half a century, unless they proceeded more rapidly than they evince a desire to in the Brady and Dorsey cases.

We fear, however, that the true motive which instigates the present congressional election inquiries is not so much for the purpose of getting at the truth of the South Carolina and Mississippi matter as it is to oust as many Democratic members from their seats as possible and fill their places with the "truly loyal" in order to strengthen the very fragile party majority in the House. The fact is they rather expect a tornado in the political atmosphere this fall, which may wipe them out of power entirely.

### HOW TO SUCCEED.

It is the ambition, or at least ought to be, of every one in this busy world to succeed in life. Education is an important factor in this connection, but there are a host of prominent public men and private citizens who have accumulated wealth and gained a high standing in society who began life with little of book learning. Oftentimes the prosperity of these successful people is commented upon in a wonder-stricken manner by less fortunate individuals who began life even better equipped for its battle than they did. How did they climb the ladder of fame and fortune so rapidly? is asked. One thing is certain: they used what little talent they possessed to the best advantage. The common aim of mankind is to make money, but unfortunately it is a very uncommon ambition to save money. Successful men who had no education to speak of in their youth were wise enough to acquire subsequently a good practical knowledge of what was necessary for them to know in order to succeed in the life vocation they had selected. Then, instead of frittering away valuable time experimenting at this or that profession or business, they concentrated their energies upon one which was adapted to develop what ability they possessed. Perseverance, economy, good habits and honesty won the battle for them. Jacks-at-all-Trades never succeed. This question of how to succeed in life is a vitally important one. We have touched upon various phases of it from time to time. Now we observe with pleasure that the Christian Union in its current number begins the first of a series of articles upon it from the pens of able writers. As it intimates editorially the best success is that which achieves substantial results. There is too much of what may be called butterfly success in life which should not be emulated. The following is the Union's sensible definition of what success really is: "True success is achievement. To be a successful lawyer is to succeed in making justice surer and law more stable; to be a successful physician is to succeed in defeating the designs of death, and ameliorating the suffering of the sick; to be a successful politician is to succeed in guiding and governing the nation in a way to conserve its peace, promote its prosperity, encourage its industries, stimulate its intelligence and virtue, ensure its future; to be a successful minister is to promote a higher moral life on earth and to afford preparation for all the ills of life, for the hour of death, and for the day of judgment; to be a successful farmer is to succeed in compelling the reluctant earth to feed thousands of hungry; to be a successful manufacturer is to succeed in turning the cotton from the field and the wool from the sheep's back into clothing for the naked. Success is not fees, nor office, nor salary, nor land, nor machinery, it is results obtained: harvests reaped, garnered, distributed; humanity bettered; the nation improved; the world enriched. Every man who leaves his home, his village, his nation, better off for his thoughts and deeds has succeeded; every man who has not has failed."

A Norwich millionnaire, John F. Slater, wishes to give a million dollars for the education of freedmen, and has submitted to the New York Legislature a list of names from which to select the trustees of such a fund in the event of the passage of a bill of incorporation. There are some excellent names on the list, but among them is the name of a dishonest man, R. B. Hayes of Fremont, Ohio, who is named for president of the board. He may thus acquire the right to the title, but he cannot honestly earn the $200,000 in salary which he drew in advance in order to save interest while holding the office which belonged to another.

If we may be allowed to judge from the result of the municipal elections throughout the country it would appear that "citizens'" tickets were not generally attended with such delightful success as our Boston friends were favored with. The "Citizens' ticket" is generally nothing else than a Republican lion in the costume of a lamb, and as soon as the victory is won the bold beast stands forth in his pride ready to gather in the spoils while the beguiled voters appear sheepish. That little game will become played out one of these days.

A physician says that exposure plays a secondary role in the production of apoplexies, brain-softenings and the like, when compared with dissipation; that both in the higher and lower ranks of life, whilst work and worry count their victims by hundreds, dissipation counts its by thousands.

"ROUGH ON RATS."—Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bedbugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

### NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

The course Secretary Chandler takes with ex-Secretary Robeson will be watched with interest. Chandler is a match for Robeson, but will he squelch him?

The Mormons propose to boycot the Gentiles.

The cocoanut palm tree furnishes millions of people with almost their entire living. It produces milk in great abundance, a nutritious nut, which when pressed yields a rich oil. Its sap is very important and flows for months at a time in great quantities. When boiled it produces sugar, and when fermented palm wine.

There is an evident proclivity in public sentiment toward what may be called a system of national pauperism, and this is assiduously fostered and encouraged by Congress. Everybody seems to be figuring for a place on a payroll or a pension roll. Unless this movement is arrested we shall inevitably have in the course of time an enormous class of privileged persons who shall be supported by the government without rendering any adequate service in return.—[N. Y. Times.

An officer of the National Temperance Society charges that many colored ministers in the South are confirmed drunkards. One in Florida pedles out what wine is left after the communion service for five cents a glass.

"Where is the Christianity of this country?" asks Mr. Beecher. Give it up, but there isn't any of it in Brooklyn to spare.

The recent census gives France a population of 37,321,000.

New York legislators are studying to see whether grain and other "corners" can be prevented. They do an immense amount of mischief, but it is extremely doubtful if a remedy can be found, because speculators will gamble.

A bookseller asserts that people buy trash, read trash, exchange trash, and, if they get the chance, will steal trash.

The manager of the Pacific Mills, says the Lowell Times, had $83 a day, and reduced the operatives from eighty-three cents per day to sixty-eight.

If has been demonstrated that, beginning with a sound constitution and leading a steady life, it is possible to be a centenarian; but many men had rather go "round with the boys" a little, and not live quite so long.

This is an age in which charity has turned sour. Bergh weeps over a broken winded horse and wants to establish an asylum for kittens that are half orphans, but hungry children are nothing to him. Our sympathies run in strange channels. We are so tender hearted about spoiling the rod that we let the child spoil himself rather than use it.—[N. Y. Herald.

The Czar has done one meritorious thing during his first year of power. He has saved his country about $35,000,000, and prosecuted plunderers of the State property with the utmost severity. No Star routers could hoodwink him.

Minister Lowell will probably soon have a chance to resume literary pursuits. Won't some Massachusetts Republicans feel chagrined if he is recalled!

It is lucky for some shoemakers that they were not living in the time of Philip II. His son, Don Carlos, who had a pair of shoes made too narrow for him, cut them up, made a soup of them and compelled the shoemaker to eat the whole of it.

Inspector Byrnes of New York thinks that if the whole detective force can be brought under his personal command he can increase its efficiency. Such a system ought to prevail in all large cities.

Talmage of Brooklyn says that "if Christ should come it could be telegraphed all over the world, and in ten minutes every soul would know and believe." Talmage overestimates the credulity of the average telegraphic editor. In all probability he would dress it up with such a head as this: "Too Thin," "A Heavenly Hoax," "A Tough Tale," "The Latest Lie," etc.—[Chicago Herald.

Now we know why Henry Bergh has such a cadaverous and dyspeptic look. He says he is in the habit of eating his breakfast with the New York Tribune before him. No wonder his food does not digest.

Last year $19,219,172 worth of silver and gold were mined in Colorado. This represents the production of just 20,000,000 of mines, in each of which, as the prospectus tells us, there are lodes of 200,000 tons of solid ore within an inch of the surface, worth over $12,000,000 at the very least.—[Puck.

It is only a question of time when telegraph wires in cities will all be placed underground.

The Supreme Court of Georgia rules that voluntary drunkenness is no excuse for crime.

The Mormon elders say that they cannot give up their wives, but the wives don't dare to say whether they could give up their hubbies.

If instead of talking twaddle about liquor the temperance people would explain that the great risk in the use of any stimulant is that those who once have felt its exhilarating effects are sure to long for them again, and that all animal life, high and low, vulgar and refined, is alike in this respect, they would do more good and be less laughed at.—[New York Herald.

The American citizens in British prisons are M. B. Fogarty, Michael Boyton, Daniel McSweeny, Henry O'Mahoney, James F. Daley, — McEnery, Dennis O'Connor, Michael Hart, Joseph D'Alton. Boyton has been released.

Californians say that a Chinese bill with a five or ten years' limitation is very cold comfort for them.

The Pennsylvania railroad has opened a new office in its Philadelphia station. It is called the "Bureau of Information," and is very useful to travellers.

A New York judge rules that a lady who cured a person of rheumatism could not collect any pay for her services because she was not a duly licensed and recognized physician. She gave some sort of magical treatment.

"Gath" says: "It is always the misfortune of Mr. Blaine to be nursing a litter of promising young terriers, who no sooner get on their feet than they desert to the other dog."

Mr. Chandler has done what is called hard work.—[Harper's Weekly.] Yes, and in his hardest work—the stealing of the presidency in 1876-7—he had the unflinching and unquestioning support of Harper's Weekly. Both the politician and the journal thought it a fine thing to count one man into office as president when another man had been elected.—[N. Y. Sun.

Whiskey is the cause of much sickness which can only be cured by taking more whiskey.

Canadians are not all in love with their Queen. At an Ottawa press dinner the presiding officer expressed the sentiment that Canada should elect her own governor-general, and his speech was received with thunders of applause.

The Republicans would gerrymander "the Promised Land" if they got a chance.

It is rare that a dead man influences a State election, but the friends of Governor Crittenden say that Jesse James' death has so increased his popularity that his re-election is assured.

When he was secretary Congressman Robeson's worthless navy cost $170,000,000. Now he is on two or three naval committees or commissions, and up to his old tricks. Secretary Chandler ought not to chum with him.

The story is told of an American visiting Montreal, who gave a waiter a silver trade dollar as a fee. Said the waiter, "Sir, did you intend to give me a dollar?" "I did." "Well, sir, this coin is at a discount. I can only take it for 92 cents. Eight cents more, please."

The admission of Dakota as a State upon the record and history presented is the endorsement by Congress of repudiation so shameless and unquestioned that it can find no plausible excuse in this body or even in the community where it was perpetrated.—[Senator West.

Some old fogies seem to think that all the money spent in advertising is sheer loss. That is the reason why their places of business are unknown to the general public.

The fighting insurgents in Herzegovina are treating the Austrians in the manner in which the Boers lately fought Englishmen. They fight from under cover of rocks and trees and make it uncomfortable for their adversaries, who are handicapped by heavy uniforms and knapsacks.

Guiteau now says: "I had rather go to glory in June than to Auburn for life." He will soon want to take those words back.

Sir Stafford Northcote thinks it will be a good while before anything practical is done with the woman suffrage question. Just so. England ought to do something first to make free men and not slaves of the peasants of Ireland.

Speaker Keifer says that there is less public rascality to the population of this republic than in any other nation which ever did exist.

Two things Republicans should desire: I. The abolition of Speaker Keifer. He is a fool. II. The abolition of ex-Secretary Robeson. He is a knave. When a fool and a knave are the leaders of a political party, and the knave runs the fool, the party is likely to be damaged.—[New York Sun.

"Please, teacher, may I go home? I want to sell my bones," was the startling request preferred in a Lowell primary school the other day. Investigation disclosed the fact that the junk man was expected to put in an appearance that afternoon, and that the osseous collection which the youngster wished to dispose of was one of his own making, and not that with which he was provided by an all-wise Creator. The situation was thus relieved of much of its horror.

"The best friend I ever had," remarked the seedy-looking passenger, with a tinge of sadness in his voice, "left me ten years ago; went off with a handsomer man. Yes, stranger, he was a cashier; if I had him here now I would tear him limb from limb." "And your wife; what became of her?" "Wife! wife! Why, you darned gallumpus, if he had taken the old woman I would have gone down on my knees and thanked him, but he took my bank account—my little all."—[N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

A clergyman, whose Sunday school troubled him, asked a brother pastor if he could recommend to him an intelligent Christian deaf mute for superintendent. "No," was the reply; "if I could find such a one I should want him for my own school."

A writer in the Wasp says of the cow-boys of the West: "They are a strange lot. A man need have no trouble with them if he only treats them civilly and keeps them at their distance. I have travelled, eaten and camped with them for years and never had any trouble. Anyone who attempts familiarity and above all a 'tenderfoot' is likely to excite their interest."

The Boston tea-table organ says: "There is enough independence in Massachusetts to spare an abundant supply for New Hampshire." Oh, yes, we had "enough and to spare" of this sort of "independence" when Parker C. Chandler, a simon-pure Massachusetts lah-de-dah, came here in May, 1880, with his carpetbag crammed with scurrilous and lying circulars aimed at the gentleman recently honored with a cabinet portfolio, and which he took pains to have distributed among the members of the convention called to elect delegates to the Chicago Convention. Massachusetts might "spare" more of such "independence" and suffer no detriment, but New Hampshire has no use for it, even as a fertilizer!—[Concord (N. H.) Monitor.


# IT WOULD BE AN EASY MATTER

For me to cover an entire page of The Globe with testimonials from ladies relative to the curative effects of the Vegetable Compound in

## Chronic Female Weaknesses,

for I am receiving

**ONE HUNDRED**

letters per day from ladies from all parts of the country, from

## MAINE TO CALIFORNIA,

and all those that have given the medicine a trial are enthusiastic in their praise of it.

The Compound is prepared in three forms:

**Liquid, Lozenges and Pills.**

The dry form is just as efficacious as the liquid, and is often more convenient to take.

**A Lady in Breaux Bridge, La., Says:**

Your Compound is wonderful. I can scarcely express to you my thanks for the benefits I have already derived from its use. Inclosed are $5. Please send me six boxes of Lozenges.

**A Lady from Duluth, Minn., Says:**

Your Compound has made a new woman of me. My cramp pains have all left me. Please send me six boxes more.

**Kind Words from a Lady in Washington, D. C.:**

I cannot express to you the gratitude I feel in consequence of the relief afforded me by the use of your Vegetable Compound. For the last five or six years the pain had become almost unendurable, at times causing me to faint, at other times causing detrium. After taking your Compound two weeks I was out driving several hours. If it had not been for the Compound I should have had to be in bed at that time. I could scarcely believe my own senses, and made my friends laugh by saying, "I would like to walk barefoot to Lynn to thank you." I recommend it at every opportunity.

**The Effect Upon My Wife Has Been Truly Wonderful.**

MRS. PINKHAM—Dear Madam: My wife, having been an invalid for 12 years, has taken five bottles of your Vegetable Compound, and has received more benefit from it than anything else she ever took. We must concede to you the honor of having the best medicine for female complaints known to humanity. The effect upon my wife has been truly wonderful. She is now a new person. She can eat with pleasure what was almost death to her before. In failing, regularity of change and kidney trouble the benefit is surprising. Yours with gratitude. C. T. C.

Showshoe, Centre county, Pa.

**I Am Very Thankful That I Ever Read of Your Medicine.**

MRS. PINKHAM—Dear Madam: I received my box of Compound, and am very thankful that I ever read of your medicine. I am now well. I never feel any backache or any bearing down pains. The Compound has done me more good than all the doctors, and I have had seven different physicians. I had really given up all hopes of ever being well again. I am happy to recommend it. You are at liberty to use my name. Yours truly, A. M. KING.

54 Harmon st., Cleveland, O.

## LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

**Is Sold by All Druggists.**

SSuWwyly 84

**"Dragging Pains."**

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—My wife had suffered with "female weaknesses" for nearly three years. At times she could hardly move, she had such dragging pains. We often saw your "Favorite Prescription" advertised, but supposed like most patent medicines it did not amount to anything, but at last concluded to try a bottle, which she did. It made her sick at first, but it began to show its effect in a marked improvement, and two bottles cured her. Yours, etc., A. J. HUYCK, Deposit, N. Y.

DYSPEPSIA, heartburn, nausea, indigestion, etc., are always relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

# THE HILTON COLLAPSE.

## What Has Led to the Downfall of the House,

## Once the Best Paying in the Mercantile World.

### The Evening Post on the Withdrawal of the Firm from Business.

NEW YORK, April 15.—The announcement that A. T. Stewart & Co. had determined to discontinue their dry goods and manufacturing business and offer their stocks of merchandise and mill property for sale at attractive prices, caused much comment and great surprise yesterday morning, in spite of the statements of omnipresent wiseacres, who declared they had been looking for just such an event for some time past, and knew it was only a matter of time. The surmises as to the cause of such a decision on the part of the firm were almost as numerous as the persons giving them expression. Some claimed the house had been growing unpopular in business circles for years, and that its so-called downfall would cause universal satisfaction among business men. They claimed that the loss of the greater part of the immense business built up by the late A. T. Stewart was dislike for Judge Hilton, the head of the firm. Others considered the unpopularity of Judge Hilton among the Jews, on account of his famous order excluding Jews from the Stewart hotels to be the sole cause of the present state of affairs. One of this class said in conversation: "The big black eye that the house got, however, was in the Hebrew business. I remember that in the old days the Seligman brothers almost every day dropped in as they were on their way home from down town. Mr. Stewart always received them most cordially. They were among his most intimate business friends. In an open letter, at the time the Jews were excluded from the Saratoga hotel, Mr. Seligman made a prophecy, giving Judge Hilton five years

**To Dry Up the Business.**

The five years will not be up for two months yet. The Hebrew trade, which had been large in Mr. Stewart's time, dropped off almost instantly, and has never returned. During the past year nearly every big retail dry goods firm in town was approached on the subject of taking the business, but no purchaser could be found, so much was it reduced and so general had public antagonism become. The Chicago firm of Field, Leiter & Co. came in very close to the last moment, but backed out after a careful survey of the field. A special effort was made to sell the wholesale branch, but without avail, and the big down-town store has been empty for over a year."

A third and more conservative class said it simply came in the course of events; that the members of the firm were rich enough and did not care to go into the business extensively, and so sold out. One of this class, and an important employe of the firm, said: "The only explanation I can give of it is that Judge Hilton and Mr. Libbey both have money enough and do not care to be longer burdened with the responsibility and care of the details of such a vast business. Mr. Libbey is a very large owner of up-town real estate, and aside from such real estate which Judge Hilton holds, he owns the mills mentioned in the advertisement. The property offered for sale consists of the two stores in this city. There are three carpet and woollen mills at Glenham, which are still running; two mills at Leeds, Greene county; one each at Stuyvesant, Columbia county, Utica, Washington Mills, Little Falls, Woodstock, Vt., Holyoke, Mass., and Franklin, N. J. The down-town store has been for sale and to rent for nearly four years, the price asked for it, I believe, being $2,000,000, and the rent asked, $225,000. The value of the up-town store is about the same. The house has branches at Chicago, Manchester, Paris, Lyons and Berlin.

**The Business Continued as Prosperous**

under the management of Messrs. Hilton & Libbey as it had been under Mr. Stewart. Among the many absurd rumors was one to the effect that paper to the amount of $8,000,000 was now outstanding against the house, and that Mrs. Stewart had backed up the waning fortunes of the firm to such an extent that she was financially embarrassed.

Determined, if possible, to discover the facts in the case, or at least to satisfy himself as to the most probable of the many conjectures, a GLOBE reporter waited upon a gentleman at one of the principal city hotels—a gentleman who formerly occupied an important position in the house of A. T. Stewart & Co., and who should know of any one, the inside facts of the case. The gentleman was found, and immediately upon the subject being introduced, exclaimed, as he leaned back in his chair and blew a half-angry whiff of smoke toward the ceiling, "I am willing, of course, to talk with you on the subject, but I cannot see why in the world a man cannot sell out his business, after he has made money enough, without its being said he was obliged to do so. It isn't as though the firm was trying to swindle any one by the operation, or wouldn't pay one hundred cents to a dollar; but here they are, worth their millions, as able now as ever to do a business simply enormous, even in these days of gigantic enterprises, if they cared to do it, and yet people say they are forced to retire. Good heavens! what do these little pigmy concerns in New York and all over the country want? Do they want the firm to resume and push trade with the same vigor as in years gone by? Why, a retail business of $15,000,000 would be built up there as easily almost as the turning of your hand, and if it were not for them some one would suffer. I should think these smaller dealers would let well enough alone. This is just what they have been wanting, and now they are taking the best course to frustrate their own desires. Why,

**These Smaller Houses in New York**

have been built up in the trade that has gradually fallen away from A. T. Stewart & Co."

"There is just the point, What has been the cause of the gradually falling away of the trade?"

"That is easily and simply explained, and in the only way that has a particle of reason. All talk of compelling a firm with $25,000,000 or more to back it is simply poppycock. The way I look at it is this: The proprietors are wealthy; they are getting along in years, and wish no longer the burden and responsibility of business. They have the meat of the whole business in a nut shell. They didn't care to put the vim, the untiring energy, into their business that would make it an increasing and ever-increasing success. They thought at the time the business came into their hands: "We have a good business here, but don't care to push it. We will run it along comfortably, and if the time comes that it seems best to sell, we will sell." In that spirit the business has been carried on, and in that spirit it is offered for sale at the present, and why these smaller concerns cannot better see what is for their own interests than to take their present course I cannot say.

"Is it not a matter for some wonderment that the proprietors should feel as you say they did, coming as they did into the possession of such a business as that of A. T. Stewart's?"

"Not at all; not at all. You must remember that Judge Hilton is a lawyer, and not a dry goods merchant, by education, and there is nothing to be wondered at that, with plenty of money, he doesn't care to take upon himself the worry and anxiety that is inseparable from such an enormous business, unless one is brought up in it. The case of A. T. Stewart was altogether different.

**He Grew Up in the Business.**

By easy gradations his business increased until, while scarcely comprehending it, he was carrying a weight that would have crushed an Atlas. But you see he had got used to it, and did not mind it. Now, this enormous load was thrown upon Judge Hilton as the head of the firm, and it seems to me the most natural thing in the world that he should take the course he did."

"You spoke of New York firms being affected were the business of this firm pushed, would others throughout the country be materially affected?"

"I assure you they would, and much more than one would suppose at first. Firms here in Boston would lose no inconsiderable portion of their trade. It would be, as it has in years gone by; the ladies would wait if they wished to make extensive purchases till they went to New York, and buy at Stewart's."

"Has there been such a radical change in the management under the present proprietors as some have claimed?"

"I will tell you the facts, and you can judge for yourself. Of course, in Mr. Stewart's lifetime he was the one who pushed the business, who energized the whole concern, as it were, but Mr. Libby was the man who managed affairs. Mr. Libby has managed the affairs since Mr. Stewart's death. Judge for yourself about any radical changes. All the trouble has been, if trouble you call it when it is all premeditated, that the energizing force has been wanting. But I want to say right here,

**In Regard to These Personalities**

in regard to the members of the firm. Of course every business man will make more or less enemies, but there is no use in indulging in personalities of such a character as is often seen. Now, in the case of Mr. Libby, he is one of the whitest men you can find anywhere. He will come down in the morning looking the ideal of a gentleman. He is tall and stately, standing over six feet, well developed, well dressed, but never flashily, he has a keen, hazel eye and complexion as fair as a boy's. He is a man you "warm to" the minute you see him. I have worked with him for years, and I never saw him do an unjust act, but I have often seen him do a kindly one. In fact the firm has always been noted for paying large salaries and treating their help well, and when anything is said against them I almost feel as though it were being said against myself, although no longer in their employ. Whatever may be said about this affair, I sincerely hope no one will indulge in unjust personalities."

"One more question. What truth is there in the statement that Mr. Leiter talked of purchasing the business?"

"Just this much; Mr. Leiter was a wealthy man under 50 years of age. He said to himself: 'Here I am independently rich, and why will it not be the best plan for me to get out of business and enjoy the rest of my life?' He did so and is now, although not yet 50, enjoying life with enough and to spare. Is it any wonder he didn't wish to go into any new schemes after escaping from the cares of his own business? I think not; it would rather have been a most foolish move on his part if he had involved himself once again in the rush and worry of a large business."

"Then you say finally that the sale of the Stewart business was entirely voluntary on the part of the proprietors?"

"I should most certainly; it has all been brought about by their voluntarily refusing to push their trade, as they might easily have done. It only requires a little resumption and business tact, and there is a retail trade of $15,000,000 without the least doubt."

**Judge Hilton's Reasons for Selling the Stewart Establishment.**

NEW YORK, April 16.—In an interview yesterday, Judge Hilton said the only reason he and Mr. Libby sold out was that they were tired and willing to close out when they could without loss. When asked if the firm had been losing money, he said: "It is not and never was the custom of this house to tell what it was doing or going to do, and I will not begin now by telling money we have made, but I will say that we have each year made profits that were satisfactory to us. Since Mr. Stewart's death I have done no single thing in the conduct of this business that I afterward had cause to regret. As to the discrimination against the Jews, that did not hurt our business at all."

# JOHN F. SLATER'S PROJECT.

### A Fund of $1,000,000 to be Devoted to the Education of the Colored Race.

ALBANY, April 17.—John F. Slater of Norwich, Conn., has introduced in the Legislature a bill which has for its object the entrusting of $1,000,000 to a board of trustees, to be used in uplifting the lately emancipated slaves of the Southern States by conferring on them the blessings of a Christian education. A letter of Mr. Slater accompanies the bill and concludes thus: "I am encouraged to the execution of this charitable foundation of a long-cherished purpose by the eminent wisdom and success that has marked the endowment of the Peabody education fund. In a field of operation not remote from that contemplated by this trust I shall commit it to your hands, deeply conscious how insufficient is our best effort to provide for a future that is known only to God, but humbly hoping that the administration of it may be so guided by divine wisdom as to be in its turn an encouragement to philanthropic enterprise on the part of others and enduring means of good to our beloved country and to our fellow-men."

The bill incorporates Rutherford B. Hayes of Ohio, Morrison R. White of the District of Columbia, William E. Dodge of New York, Phillips Brooks of Massachusetts, Daniel C. Gilman of Maryland, John A. Stewart of New York, Alfred H. Colquitt of Georgia, Morris K. Jessup of New York, James P. Boyce of Kentucky and William A. Slater of Connecticut, as a body politic by the name of the Trustees of the John F. Slater Fund, and by that name to have perpetual succession, the original corporators electing their associates and successors from time to time so that the whole number of corporators may be kept at no less than nine nor more than twelve. The corporators may hold, invest and reinvest all property which may be given or transferred to them for the charitable purposes indicated, and shall in so doing, and in appropriating the income accruing therefrom, conform to and be governed by the directions; and such property and all investments and reinvestments thereof, excepting real estate, shall, while owned by said corporation and held for the purposes of said trust, be exempt from taxation of any and every nature. Rutherford B. Hayes of Ohio is to be first president of the corporation, and it may elect its own officers and fill vacancies in such manner, whether within or without the State of New York, from time to time, as its by-laws may authorize or prescribe. Said corporation shall annually file with the librarian of the State a printed report of its doings during the preceding year. The act is to take effect immediately.

### Sketch of John F. Slater, the Norwich Philanthropist.

NORWICH, Conn., April 17.—Mr. John F. Slater, who has just given $1,000,000 for the education of the colored freedmen, is widely known through his successful connection with the cotton manufacturing industry. He is a son of John Slater, an Englishman, who came to this country in 1803. Slater's uncle, Samuel Slater, who came over in 1789 (when it was impossible to obtain cotton machinery or designs on account of the stringency of English laws), designed and erected in Providence the first successful cotton cloth machinery in this country, and was the first person in the world to establish the manufacture of cotton sewing thread. The ancestors, John and Samuel, founded the manufacturing village of Slatersville, R. I., were largely instrumental in building in Webster, Mass., and practically established the Amoskeag Mills of Manchester, N. H. John F. Slater was born in Slatersville and came to Norwich in 1840. He is connected in various capacities with numerous banking and railroad enterprises, is owner of a cotton mill at Jewett City, is president of the Pomeroll Real Estate Trust, and of the Washburn & Moen Manufacturing Company of Worcester. He has made liberal donations in times past to the Norwich Free Academy, Park Congregational Church and other local charities.

# SCARLET FEVER IN A COLLEGE.

### Mount St. Mary's College Closed on Account of Malignant Disease.

BALTIMORE, April 17.—All the students at Mount St. Mary's College, near Emmetsburg, Md., have been sent to their homes and the college closed until May 18 on account of malignant scarlet fever which has recently broken out among the students. One hundred and fifteen boys and young men, comprising very nearly the whole number of students of the college, arrived here yesterday. They were in charge of Rev. Father Fitzgerald, vice-president of the college, who brought them here and then sent them by rail or steamer to their homes. Two of the students have died from the disease—Gramont Filhial of Louisiana and Peter Greenwald of Maryland. Filhial died two weeks ago and Greenwald this week. Although there was only one other student sick, he said a number of cases would probably develop after the students had left, and that the college would be dismissed. It is thought that only the members of the graduating class will return before next September. Two-thirds of the students belong in New York and the Eastern States, and left for their homes tonight. There are a number from the West, ten from New Orleans, and two from Mobile. The college authorities cannot account for the outbreak of the disease, but think it was brought into the institution from some outside source. In the seventy-four years the college has existed this is the first time it has been visited by contagious disease.

# FATAL STORM IN LOUISIANA.

### Sugar-House Blown Down and Eleven White Occupants Missing.

NEW ORLEANS, La., April 17.—During a terrific hail and rain storm Wednesday evening, on Gay and Daigre's plantation, on Bayou Morin-gonin, a sugar-house was blown down, and nothing can be heard of eleven white occupants. They were: M. Ovilon, his mother, brother's wife and child; Mr. Hopacker, his wife, two children and two unknown persons. Search yesterday showed that all the furniture was crushed, but no bodies were found. Their boats are missing, and it is hoped the people fled to the woods before the storm broke.

### An Entire Settlement Swept Away.

MORGAN CITY, La., April 17.—Wednesday evening this section was visited by a terrible storm. Five miles above here the entire settlement of Drews Mills, except one dwelling, was swept away. At Pass, ten miles above, two dwellings were wrecked and a man and his wife perished. In Berwick the schoolhouse was blown from its foundation. In Freetown several small houses went. Nearly every plantation from Morgan City to Franklin suffered heavily, and several bridges are reported blown away. Two colored men were killed by falling timbers on Todd's plantation and the place is a complete wreck. The destruction on Grand lake was equally bad.

# HAIL AND SNOW

### Visits Canada, and Inflicts Many Injuries and Works Great Damage.

MONTREAL, April 17.—Tuesday evening the city was visited by a terrific hail-storm and lightning, such as never were seen before. The lightning leaped from the clouds and the descending hailstones sounded like the fusilade of an army of riflemen. Runaway teams were goaded to fury by the ice. Thousands of dollars' worth of glass was destroyed, and numerous injuries were inflicted upon man and beast, none however fatal. Pargrenvine, a small town west of this city, was almost annihilated, one house was turned entirely over and the inmates badly injured.

### The Cold in the Provinces.

ST. JOHN, N. B., April 17.—In the provinces snow is plentiful all over the face of the country, and the cold is severe. The ice in the river St. John is as solid as any time during winter. Ice in Shediac harbor is still three feet thick.

### Reviving Before Burial.

POTSDAM, N. Y., April 17.—A few weeks ago Maggie Kingsley of Bombay, Franklin county, became ill and grieved at parting with her brother, who had just quitted home. At length she apparently died. Animation appeared to be wholly suspended, but as she had once before lain in a trance, burial was delayed. On the ninth day, her friends having given up hope, her body was prepared for burial. During these preparations life returned, and she is now recovering. Miss Kingsley is a niece of William C. Kingsley, the Brooklyn politician.

### Canadian Independence.

MONTREAL, April 17.—At the dinner of the Club National 150 persons were present, and the speeches all favored Canadian independence. No mention was made of annexation to the United States. The president of the club, Mr. Mercier, M. P. P., advocated the formation of a republic modelled after the United States system of government.

# LAND LEAGUE CONVENTION.

## Its Work Quickly, Harmoniously and Well Done.

## A Platform of Principles Demanding Just Rights.

### Treasurer Walsh's Report—The New Board of Officers.

WASHINGTON, April 13.—The Irish National Land League Convention has adjourned, and its delegates have gone home. The work accomplished cannot fail to increase the efficiency and strength of the organization, and to inspire the Irish people with fresh hope and courage in their great struggle for justice and a chance to live on the soil they till. Whatever differences cropped out during the two days occupied by the convention in determining its policy and choosing its leaders for the coming year were only differences of detail. The main point was never disputed, and no man could afford to sow discord in a gathering of men like these, where everybody was so anxious to do something towards strengthening the great movement that has held up the hands of the brave fellows on the other side and made passive resistance possible. Massachusetts controlled the convention, not by her numbers, but by her intelligence and the evident patriotism of her representatives. General Collins has reason to be proud of the reception accorded him and the universal sentiment of confidence and esteem expressed by representatives from all sections of the country and of all shades of opinion on the Irish question. The presidency was tendered to him in the most positive and emphatic manner, and he as positively and emphatically declined it. The fact that he accepted the vice-presidency showed how honestly and patriotically he was disposed to work in some way for the cause. The new officers are men of character and great intelligence, and the great Land League of America will not suffer in their hands. The convention was called to order at 10 o'clock this morning, and the business was started by a report from the auditing committee which set forth that the accounts and records of the treasurer and secretary were correct.

### Rev. Lawrence Walsh Then Submitted His Report

as treasurer. In abstract it shows that from October 10, 1881, to April 1, 1882, the total amount received was $83,560 94, as follows: Alabama, $50; California, $50; Connecticut, $1936 98; Canada, $406; District of Columbia, $200; Illinois, $1395 93; Indiana, $175; Iowa, $1233 75; Kansas, $96; Kentucky, $1208 25; Maine, $385 45; Maryland, $2027 50; Michigan, $820; Minnesota, $492 80; New Hampshire, $1056 20; New Jersey, $991 82; New York, $10,134 31; Ohio, $534 55; Pennsylvania, $5298 80, Rhode Island, $2810 50; Texas, $70; Vermont, $375; Wisconsin, $349 05; Montana, $200; Massachusetts, $4,317 62. When the contributions from Connecticut were announced there was a burst of applause; but when Massachusetts' handsome footing was read there was a moment of wild enthusiasm, and three cheers were given for the old Bay State. Father Walsh reported in detail his receipts since he entered upon his duties, May 1, 1881, the total up to the present time being $180,589 25. The total remittances to Mr. Patrick Egan and Miss Parnell have amounted to $169,267 82. The expenses have been $3564 06, and the treasurer has now in his hands a balance of $7612 37. The secretary's report showed that 940 branches were in sympathy with the movement and in correspondence with the central body. The committee on resolutions, through Mr. O'Reilly, reported the following strong and forcible resolutions, which were received with much favor and enthusiasm:

Whereas, the evil and long-continued English laws relating to the land in Ireland have kept the people of that country in constant poverty, subject to the terrible visitations of famine and rebellion which have been repeated afflictions; and

Whereas, the Irish people have at length resolved to abolish these unjust laws by public agitation and other legitimate means; and we recognize as an American as well as an Irish question the millions of Irish-American citizens of this country, having a deep and

### Natural Interest in Their Kindred in Ireland,

to whom, by their filial relations, they are compelled to keep sending annually an enormous sum of money to pay the rack rents of landlords and save their brethren from ruinous distraint and eviction; and the sufferings of the Irish people under this iniquitous system have been too often misunderstood by other nations, through the malevolent misrepresentations of the English press, which, as an excuse for English oppression, persistently maligns the character of the Irish people and their movements, suggested and fostered by the manufactured agrarian outrages; and the people of Ireland are gagged to silence by the suppression of a free press, by the imprisonment without trial of 700 of the most respected representatives of the people, by the constant threat of arrest levelled at every man who dares to criticise the injurious policy of the government of and press the people on their rights and duties; while 50,000 soldiers and 15,000 military police, under the absolute control of magistrates and paid by the government, overawe the people; while the cannon are planted in the public places of the cities of Ireland; while public meetings are prohibited and dispersed; while the police invade and search at will private dwellings and enter and remain at private meetings; while every man's liberty is at the mercy of spies and informers, who are encouraged by government proclamation; while among the political prisoners are four members of Parliament, one of whom is acknowledged to be the leader of the Irish people, and is suffering under the fifty-ninth savage coercion law since the year 1800, and no reform can be expected while over 10,000,000 acres of Irish land out of a total acreage of 14,000,000, are owned by less than 300 individuals, most of whom live in England and spend there the enormous revenue of £20,000,000, or $100,000,000, which they

### Grind Yearly from Their Irish Tenants;

while twelve of these monster absentee landlords are in possession of nearly 1,300,000 acres and 5,000,000 of Irish people own not a solitary acre; while for the protection of the proprietorial rig ts of these few thousand landlords a standing army of 15,000 military police is maintained at the expense of the impoverished and defenceless people; and

Whereas, the suffering Irish tenant farmers look to their kindred in America for sympathy with them in their efforts to better their condition and to explain the motives of their agitation and protect their good name before the world from the falsehood and aspersion of the English press; therefore be it

Resolved, That this convention of the Irish National Land League of the United States send to the struggling tenant-farmers of Ireland an expression of profound sympathy from the millions of their race in America, who are proud of their faithful and enduring adherence to the principles laid down by their brave leaders now in prison, and an earnest assurance that we will stand by them with continued moral and financial support until they have succeeded in abolishing their antiquated and destructive land system.

Resolved, That we heartily indorse the desire of the Irish people for a national existence, and as Ireland, first by force and again by corruption, was robbed of her national birthright, we pledge ourselves to do all that is consistent with American citizenship to place her once more among the nations.

Resolved, That we advise the farmers of Ireland to continue steadily and patiently in their passive resistance, which has already proved so effective a weapon; we exhort them to stand unflinchingly by the policy left them by their leaders now in prison and to keep fresh in memory these words of Charles Stewart Parnell, addressed to them before his imprisonment: "Let no man leave his post, continue your organization just as before, and have confidence that while the place of those who may be arrested." By this policy of passive endurance the Irish people command the respect of the world, and prove themselves worthy of freedom.

Resolved, That this convention instruct its officers to confer at their earliest opportunity with the council of seven chosen by the Chicago Convention as to the feasibility of uniting under one head all the Land League branches now organized in the United States.

Resolved, That we express

### The Gratitude of the Irish-American People

to the ladies of Ireland, who, like the women of Limerick, took the place of their husbands and brothers, and, assuming the risk of arrest and imprisonment, nobly upheld the flag of the Land League.

Resolved, That we are proud of the Christian forbearance of the Irish people under their dreadful exasperations, and while exhorting every man in Ireland to continue to use his influence in preventing even the least act of violence, we solemnly charge the British government with the responsibility of all crimes and outrages of an extraordinary nature occurring since the imprisonment of the chosen leaders of an indomitable and exasperated race.

Resolved, That, while we do not ask the release of any citizen who has violated the just law of the land, we demand of the proper authorities, not as a favor but as a right, the immediate trial or unconditional release of American citizens confined without accusation in foreign jails.

Efforts were made to amend in several instances, but defeated. A movement developed soon afterward to amend the constitution so that the central council should consist of seven men instead of three, but it was also defeated, after a long and interesting debate by a yea and nay vote of 122 to 104. The committee on the nomination of officers for next year sent in majority and minority reports, the majority favoring P. A. Collins for president, Thomas Flatley for secretary, Rev. Lawrence Walsh for treasurer, Rev. P. H. Cronin of Buffalo and T. Flanagan of California for vice-presidents; and the minority favoring James Mooney and J. J. Hines of Buffalo for president and secretary, the balance of the ticket the same as the report of the majority. Messrs. Collins and Flatley declined to serve further, and after eulogistic speeches by men from all sections on the retiring officers, the following were elected: President, James Mooney of Buffalo; vice-presidents, Patrick A. Collins of Boston and Thaddeus Flanagan of California; treasurer, Rev. Lawrence Walsh of Waterbury, Conn.; secretary, John J. Hines of Buffalo. Adjourned to meet next year at the call of the president.

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Louisiana floods are subsiding.

A freshet is feared upon the upper Mississippi.

The damage done by the flood at Fargo, Dak., is estimated at $100,000.

The largest butter factory in New England is now being erected in Granby, Conn.

The United Labor League is making preparations for a grand national convention.

M. B. Whites, treasurer of Newberry county, S. C., has absconded and is in default $8000.

The Cincinnati cooperage was destroyed by fire Saturday. Loss, $100,000; insurance, $90,000.

Six cases of small-pox have developed in the Harrisburg (Penn.) almshouse during the past week.

The Ottawa Senate has passed a bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, by a vote of 34 to 11.

One of the female camels of Forepaugh's circus, while exhibiting in Baltimore, gave birth to an infant camel.

The Osage, Sac, Fox, Cheyenne and Arapahoes are reported by the Society of Friends as civilizing rapidly.

Colonel George M. Chilcott of Pueblo, Col., has been appointed United States senator, to succeed Mr. Teller.

The Chicago Presbytery passed resolutions Wednesday thanking President Arthur for vetoing the Chinese bill.

The bodies of six dead negro babies, in a horrible state of decomposition, were found at Baltimore Friday night.

One hundred deaths from a malignant form of scarlet fever have been reported since the 1st of January at Boyertown, Penn.

Jacob Ellinger, founder and president of the Drovers and Mechanics' Bank, Baltimore, Md., died Thursday, in the age of 81.

The losses of drafts from the mails while en route from Colorado to New York are estimated at nearly $1,000,000 since December.

The hitherto strongly Republican town of San Jose, Cal., went Democratic on Tuesday, owing to the veto of the Chinese bill by the President.

Three children of Augustus Burghers were burned to death in the fire which destroyed his home in Madison county, Arkansas, on Tuesday.

Thomas H. McGraw of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has made a pledge of $50,000 for the permanent endowment of the president's chair at Amherst College.

Miss Carrie Romer, daughter of wealthy parents, was burned to death in Philadelphia Thursday. Her clothes caught fire from an open grate.

John Massett, a farmer 65 years old, living near Cambridge, O., in a fit of rage Wednesday shot his son John fatally, and then shot himself dead.

The pontoon bridge at Grand Forks, Dak., has been carried away, together with a large boom of logs. Two hundred families have been driven off the flats.

There are now due on the Pacific coast within the next ninety days, eight steamers and nine sailing vessels with coolies, besides the regular steamers of the two China lines.

The militia was called out at Sacramento last week to disperse a mob of 5000 that attempted to lynch Simon Raten, a Siberian, who shot and killed James Lansing, hotel keeper.

The shoemakers of Toronto, to the number of 400, struck yesterday. The strike of carpenters continues. The boss plasterers conceded to the demands of the laborers yesterday.

General H. Seymour Lansing of Philadelphia died at the Belden House, Burlington, N. J., Friday, at the age of 59. He was at one time a member of Fitz John Porter's staff.

J. W. Gavan, a colored route agent on the Mississippi & Tennessee railroad, was arrested Friday morning for robbing the mails of sixteen registered letters. He has confessed.

Irwin & Fisk, the men arrested in New York for having in their possession $100,000 in stolen St. Joseph city bonds, were handed over to St. Joseph officials and taken to that city.

The steamer Alaska of the Williams & Guion line arrived at New York Sunday from Liverpool, having made the quickest trip on record, her time being six days and twenty hours.

Mary Booth, colored, aged 14 years, arrested for the murder of Mrs. R. C. Gray and Travis Jones of Surrey county, Penn., by poisoning them with arsenic in their coffee, has confessed.

A Springfield man was told in New York the other day by the agent of a wholesale firm that they ship to China annually 400,000 yards of cotton cloth made in Chicopee and Holyoke.

Christine Taylor, an old colored woman, has been convicted of the murder of two small children named Miller on the farm of Joseph Fisher, near Washington, D. C., in August last.

The Winchester Arms Company, New Haven, Conn., has just completed two gold-mounted rifles, which President Arthur, it is said, will present to the Sultan of Muscat and Rajah of Tuluhan.

The schooner Clayton Belle was run into and sunk off Port Huron, Mich., Wednesday, and Captain Calvin, First Mate Nat Brotherton, Dell Brotherton, his son, and a woman named Kiverett drowned.

Mrs. Alfa Boynton, mother of Dr. S. A. Boynton, one of President Garfield's physicians, and only sister of Mrs. Garfield, the late President's mother, died Friday at her home at Hiram, O., aged 75 years.

Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock five masked robbers entered the sitting-room of a farmer named Bonds, ten miles west of Detroit, bound the whole family, ransacked the house for $2000, but found only $20.

The stock of the Bank of Montreal has depreciated 5 per cent. in consequence of the frauds upon Boston and New York Chinese importing firms. The managers, however, say the bank will not lose a dollar.

At New Bedford work has begun on the new Acushnet mill, and ground will be broken at once for the 62,000 spindles mill of the Grinnell Manufacturing Company. The Grinnell will be located northeast of the Wamsutta.

The respective chairmen of the executive committees of the two wings of the Democratic party of Tennessee Saturday issued a joint call for a State convention in Nashville, June 20, to nominate a candidate for governor.

At Cleveland, O., Tuesday, an audience of 1200 gathered in the Tabernacle to take steps for the formation of a law and order association for the protection of the Sabbath and the advancement of temperance and morality.

Goss, Sawyer & Packard of Bath, Me., are to build a clipper ship of 1000 tons for William H. Besse and others of New Bedford, to be employed in the San Francisco trade. The same builders have also laid the keel for a schooner of 750 tons.

The Wamsutta Mills, New Bedford, are known the world over. When Stanley visited the great African king in the centre of Africa he found the walls of his palace hung with Wamsutta sheeting. The mill has 152,000 spindles and 3350 looms.

Maggie Kingsley of Bombay, Franklin county, N. Y., was thought to have died. She was once before laid in a trance and burial was delayed. On the ninth day, while being prepared for burial, she recovered. She is a niece of William C. Kingsley, the Brooklyn politician.

George McNeil and wife of New Orleans, who sued the Louisville & Nashville railroad for $100,000 damages, in causing the death of their son, William R. McNeil, a brakeman on a freight train, whose skull was smashed while crossing Mencer bridge, have been awarded $20,000 by a jury in the civil District Court.

There is great alarm at Cressona, Penn., over the spread of a mysterious disease, pronounced by some to be scarlet fever and by others a complication of brain and spinal disorders. There were five deaths yesterday from the disease, and several new cases were reported. The public schools will be closed and houses quarantined.

As a result of the Ohio legislative investigating committee's report on bribery, the grand jury at Columbus Friday evening returned indictments against Messrs. Wright of Hocking and Black of Cuyahoga, members of the House of Representatives, and J. D. Watson, lobbyist.

William H. Vanderbilt, A. Vanderbilt, Augustus Schell and James H. Rutter of New York and Amos Townsend, have been elected directors of the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati & Indianapolis railway in place of H. J. Jewett, H. B. Hurlbut, James R. Keene, Walton Fergusson and Amos Townsend, whose terms have expired.

The quality of tobacco grown in Connecticut is such as to secure good prices, and is pronounced prime. Henry R. Chapin of Hazardville had an extra good lot of about two acres which brought over $700. An unusual feature about this lot was the presence of about 51 per cent. of perfect wrappers, which is 21 per cent. above the average.

An immense anti-Chinese meeting, the largest meeting that has been held since war times, was held at Philadelphia Saturday evening. Congressman Murch of Maine addressed the meeting, denouncing President Arthur for his veto of the Chinese bill, as did also Charles H. Zimmerman, statistician of the State Labor Bureau of New Jersey, and others.

Cashier Ruth of Washington, Penn., informed the directors of the Savings Bank last Sunday that he was a defaulter to the amount of $60,000. Ruth has lost heavily in grain speculations. Depositors are safe, as the stockholders are held individually liable. Judgments for $30,000 have been entered by the president of the bank against the cashier and his father.

DR. PIERCE'S "Pellets," or sugar-coated granules—the original "little liver pills," (beware of imitations)—cure sick and bilious headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait on government stamp. 25 cents per vial, by druggists.

# FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

## BOSTON STOCKS AND BONDS.

### REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

STATE STREET, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, April 15, 1882.

The money market during the week, although it had worked rather closely, has been fairly active, and the banks have found no difficulty in supplying the wants of their regular customers at about the same rates as existed last week. Good business paper has ruled at 5½@6 per cent., although ranging somewhat higher. The dealings in prime corporation notes and acceptances have been moderate, the holders asking 4¾@4½ per cent., while the bankers, as a rule, refuse to do anything better than 5 per cent., and are not anxious to have their offers at this figure accepted. Collateral loans on call are quoted at 5@5½ per cent. on government bonds, and 5½ per cent. up on other security.

The rate for balances between banks has ruled firm at 6 per cent. At the clearing house this morning the gross exchanges were $11,310,921, and for the week, $70,861,986; the balances this morning were $1,367,513, and for the week $9,153,641. New York funds continue to sell at a discount, the range today being 30@33c. per $1000.

Foreign exchange is quiet and closes at the ruling prices of Friday, which were slightly lower than those of last Saturday: Sight, 4.83½; sixty days, 4.86½; commercial bills, 4.84½; francs, sight, 5.13¾; sixty days, 5.18⅛.

In New York during the week the money market has been slightly easier than in Boston, which leads to the hope that the local market will also become easier. It was generally expected that the New York bank statement today would be a favorable one, and in this expectations were fulfilled. The following are the items:

| | |
|---|---|
| Loans decrease | $1,757,600 |
| Specie increase | 3,571,400 |
| Legal tenders increase | 1,825,100 |
| Deposits increase | 5,098,000 |
| Circulation decrease | 69,900 |
| Reserve increase | 4,144,500 |

Government 4 per cent. bonds have been, and are now, in good demand, which, together with a scarcity of offerings, has caused a rise in the price, closing today at 120⅝, against 119¾ last Saturday. Other bonds steady, showing no particular changes.

During the week the New York stock market, while not a quiet one, has neither been very active, and at times has been exceedingly dull. The sagging off in prices, which was observable last week, culminated in a general decline during the first four days of the present week, when it was considered by the "ring" had been withdrawn from where they had previously been driven in. There was a general desire to sell, but on Friday, however, there was a general rally, induced by a covering of shorts, and the fact that support was given to Lake Shore and Western Union. This morning prices opened strong and slightly above the closing of Friday; in the early dealings there was a slight improvement on the opening, the market being very strong, with indications of higher figures before the day closed; but a slight break in Reading, which carried the price from 60⅜ to 57¾, although the latter figure was quoted at 2:30, afterward declining to 58½, uns tiled the rest of the market, and the closing was ¼@1¾ per cent below the opening, except for Michigan Central, the Wabash stocks, Erie, and St. Paul & Omaha, which were from ⅛@¼ above. The weakest stocks and those showing a decline of 1 per cent or over, were Reading, Denver & Rio Grande, and Louisville & Nashville. The former stock opened at 61¼, then 60⅜, declining to 57¾, rallying, with closing sale at 58½. Notwithstanding the favorable bank statement and easy money, after 1 o'clock the market was extremely dull, and, although the market at the close cannot be called strong, in the main it was steady.

The street is now using treated to its annual crop reports, and, as usual, these reports are contradictory to a high degree. It is as yet too early to obtain any reliable estimates, but this does not prevent more or less belief in these statements. It is stated that the cliques generally do not wish to begin a bull campaign until they know more about the crops.

A point of discussion just now appears to be the question, "Was the recent exhibition of $54,000,000 a success?" The answer appears to be that it was a success so far as it went, but that it did not go far enough to suit the majority.

During the first part of the week, when prices were dropping off, there were the usual amount of depressing reports, but during the past two days, the tide of the market having shown symptoms of a permanent turn, a number of favorable rumors have become more favorable. From Wall street today we hear the following: "there are two indications that natural causes are at work to promote a bull market. One is the extraordinary demand for good bonds, the prices of which have advanced from five to eight points within a month. The other is the foreign buying of stocks. An agent of European bankers is now large purchases of stocks for foreign account. The shipments of securities today will be large. Tennessee bonds advanced on inside buying, stimulated by the knowledge that an extra session of the Legislature would be called to consider a refunding proposition made by the New York bondholders.

London prices this morning for American securities were fractionally higher than those in New York. Michigan Central has been depressed during the week, but good information is to the effect that the road is doing much better now than is generally believed.

"There were indications of Gould buying of Wabash yesterday, although operators supposed to have Gould information increased their short lines of the stock.

The Osborn party is gradually increasing its holdings in Denver & Rio Grande.

The shorts in Jersey Central were notified yesterday that a delay in deliveries would cause the stock to be bought in under the rule. Loans were made as high as ½, from seller's hears on the stock bought for cash and sold regular. Officer sof the company declined last evening to give any explanation of the intention of the letter's report.

Brokers supposed to be in the Gould interest have been buyers of Louisville & Nashville for several days.

The Boston stock market has been pretty dull, with no indications of any immediate change from this conultion. As usual, investment securities hold firm, but the "fancies" have been more or less depressed, although not showing any great changes. Taken as a whole, the market at the close does not wear a very satisfactory appearance. The general rise of a few weeks since has not held, but has made its lapsing into quiess, and prices generally look as if they were maintained with some exertion. Any great pressure to sell would probably cause somewhat of a decline from existing prices. Summer is rapidly approaching, and unless the market rallies pretty soon from present stagnation and heaviness, it is to be feared that it will lapse into the usual summer quiness.

On Wall street today money closed offered at 3, last loan at this figure.

### Prices of Stocks and Bonds at 2.30 P. M.

| LAND COS. | Bid. | Asked | RAILROADS. | Bid. | Asked |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Boston | 75¾ | 75¾ | Eastern | 39 | 39¾ |
| Boston W F | 5¼ | 5½ | Fitchburg | 125 | — |
| Boylston St | — | 1 | Northern N H | 109 | — |
| Maverick | 15⅜ | — | N Y & N E | 46¾ | 47 |
| BONDS | | | Old Colony | 129 | 130 |
| A T & S F 1sts | 118½ | 119 | Rutland pref | 23½ | 24½ |
| A T & S F guar | — | 113 |

# GAINES' MILL.

## A Battle the Turning Point in McClellan's Career;

### Where Thousands of Soldiers Marched, Fought and Died,

### During Six Hours of the Hottest Fighting of the War.

[Detroit Free Press.]

I spent the whole day riding over the fields of New and Old Cold Harbors. McClellan's first great battle with Johnston brought on his second with Lee. He fought Johnston at Fair Oaks in the last days of May—he confronted Lee at the Harbors in the last days of June. It is a country of farms and forests, and hills and plains. Autumn was dropping its ripe apples on the half-levelled breastworks erected twenty years ago, and the wild grapevines covered many a scar left on the trees by ball and bullet. Here are the swamps in which the dead and wounded were sucked slowly down by the treacherous ooze, as shot and shell flew above them—here the slopes and fields across which Death rushed with bloody hands to claim his victims by the thousand. At the top of this hill, where Federal cannon thundered destruction, a flock of sheep crop at the short, dry herbage. Down there where the little creek steals softly under the green banks and noisily rushes over the pebbles, the dead lay in heaps and the wounded crept to the stream in such numbers that the waters were dammed back and eddies of blood went circling round. Here behind Powhite creek, where Porter was massed, a school-boy would tell you that infantry would have a terrible advantage. All along this ridge is a grand sweep for cannon, and in the ravines below a whole division can find safe cover. Here are scars to make you wonder. Great limbs lopped off—trees cut in two—rocks broken and shattered—scars of bullets on every trunk and limb which was growing here on that June day. It is

**The Only Other Spot in the World**

resembling the place at Port Republic where the Federal guns were massed, and over which men fought and died like demons. There were thickets and jungles in the path as battle-lines moved that day. They are here yet. As I sit on the old earthworks along the Gaines' Mill road to smoke a cigar at noonday, down in those dark swamps the owls scold each other and the frogs call out as if evening had come. You would wonder that a farmer's horse could draw a cart over these fields, and yet it was here that batteries came into position at a gallop—whole divisions charged—thousands of men marched, fought and died. War may seek the green meadow or the dark jungle—the hill-top or the dense forest.

McClellan had been warned of the approaching hurricane. His cavalry pickets had been driven in from the left bank of the Chickahominy; Meadow Bridge had been seized by the enemy; the green grass at Beaver Dam had been wet with blood; Jackson was reaching out beyond the Federal flank. The bell had tolled its warning—a warning which rose on the air above the shrieks of the wounded and the roar of the musketry and cannon. The warning was:

"Fall back—shorten your lines—mass your artillery on the ridges—hide your infantry in the ravines."

McClellan had obeyed. Jackson had struck him like a thunderbolt, but he was not paralyzed. With a grim coolness he issued the orders which massed men and cannon where they could not be flanked. Down this winding road leading past the mill the

**Federal Picket Boiled Their Coffee and Munched Their Hard-Tack**

at noon on the 27th of June, with the birds singing in the trees and the air filled with the lazy hum of perfect peace. Jackson's cannon sounded in the distance, but here all was quietness and peace. The noonday meal is scarcely finished when strange figures appear in the road—in the fields—in the woods. It is the advance of A. P. Hill. In thirty seconds the peace is broken by the pop of musketry and the cheers of men. The Federal picket gives way, fighting at every step, and sounding the alarm—the Confederates push on with a confidence which proves that battle lines are following. From the McGhee house to Powhite swamp the alarm runs up and down the Federal lines—Lee is attacking! Here on this ridge was the artillery. The Federal line ran to the right to that farm-house half-hidden among the cherry trees—to the left to that bluff covered with trees and undergrowth, while cavalry were massed on either flank. Along the base of the ridge is a ravine—the bed of a creek now dry. A division of infantry occupied the ravine. Half way up the ridge I can still trace an old breastwork of logs. Behind this defence was a second line of infantry. On the crest of the ridge I can find the old rifle pits and the breastworks thrown up for artillery. On that June day the ground in front of this ridge was mostly clear. Here and there was a thicket—here a glade—there a swamp—here a few acres of forest—there five acres of open ground. To reach the ridge every Confederate must make a fair target of himself. He must meet

**The Terrible Fire of Three Lines of Infantry**

rising one above the other, and the cannon beyond will use nothing but grape and canister. It is a stronger position than Lee had at Fredericksburg—than Meade had at Gettysburg—than McClellan had elsewhere in his campaigns. Civil engineers have said it was the strongest position of the whole war.

A. P. Hill had the dash of Jackson in striking a swift blow. Hardly waiting to form a line of battle he pushed his troops to the front in assault. There was no spirit of recklessness in that move. He knew the Federal position and its terrible strength. It could not be flanked. Could it be carried by direct assault? The way to answer that query was to advance. There was no halting to parry and thrust and look for a weak link in the chain. Gathering his division in hand Hill flung it square at the ridge. Twelve thousand Confederates, 2000 of whom had never seen a Federal soldier, moved as one man—moved as the tornado which levels forests and blots out landmarks. The moment that gray mass swings into view 20,000 muskets open fire—fifty pieces of cannon shake the earth and send their echoes into Richmond and beyond.

Can flesh and blood stand such a fire? The air screams with its burdens of death, and the awful roar sways the tree-tops as in an autumn gale. There is a rush of feet—a cheer—and out from under the smoke-cloud that gray division dashes into the ravine—dashes up the ridge and over the logs—springs to the very crest and is among the guns. Neither storms of bullets nor walls of bayonets had checked it. It was only

**When the Living Wave Had Reached the Crest**

and actually captured some of the guns that the surprised Federals rallied. The recklessness—the cold-blooded abandon of that rush had so amazed the defence that many men stood without firing a shot.

Cheers of victory and shouts of defiance rose above the trees and floated down to Longstreet's men in reserve, but the sound died away in a wail. The Federal arm was uplifted—it swept through the air, and almost in a moment that gray division was swept back to its starting point—shattered—limping—blood-stained—and a fifth of its number lying dead behind it. It was one of the most gallant dashes of any war—it was a repulse so bloody that men shuddered at the sight. It was the men under Gregg who led that assault—it was the men under Morell and Sykes who hurled them back. The repulse was not enough. As the Confederates retired they were followed by the Federals with a rush which nothing could check for nearly half a mile. Back, back, back, and for a time it looked as if Hill would be annihilated. It seemed beyond human power to reorganize those shattered regiments, but it was accomplished, and Hill stood up and took his pounding like the brave man and stubborn fighter.

At Groveton Pope hurled Kearney at Jackson to pierce his armor. Kearney could fall back and endanger nothing. Hill had hurled himself at the centre of the Federal position and been repulsed. If driven too far, Longstreet would be taken in flank—Jackson's advance checked. Thus it was that when the great wave of blue had rolled over swamps and thickets and woods and fields until its impetus was weakened, it suddenly found Hill again in battle-line, with feet firmly planted.

**For an Hour the Firing Was Terrific and Murderous,**

but Hill would not budge a foot. By twos, by fives, by dozens, his men went down where they stood; but those unhurt held their lines against every assault.

The Confederate army was waiting for the arrival of Jackson, who had been recalled from a move on the Federal flank. He was coming, but his advance found a foe at every step. Hill would be wiped out in another hour unless relieved. Longstreet was ready to relieve him, not with fresh troops, but by making an attack on the Federal position higher up—squarely against Morell's division. He swept forward like a mighty wind, coming so suddenly against the Federal position that the scene of Hill's assault was re-enacted. At the first rush Anderson and Pickett's brigades were carried over the lines of blue and right among the smoking cannon. For ten minutes that rocky crest was a scene of dreadful carnage. Men used the bayonet—they clinched with bare hands—gunners wielded their rammers—cannon were discharged with the foe touching the muzzles. The mighty wind had struck a stone wall. The wall stood firm. Ten minutes of that awful fighting was enough for the Confederates, and a strong volley lifted them off their feet and hurled them back.

Warren's troops faced to the northwest, its left flank near the road running down across Powhite creek to Gaines' Mill and connecting with Griffin's right. A part of Longstreet's men advanced on this highway as the fight opened, but never a man lived to reach it. A Federal battery with

**Infantry Supports Lying in the Dry Roadside Ditches**

checked every dash. It might well have been said of the regiments pushed at this battery that every man had lost all consciousness of fear. As they swung out of a belt of forest they dressed their lines in the face of grape, canister and bullets, which cumbered the ground with dead before a man had advanced. When the order came they rushed forward with heads down, as if the shower of death was a snow storm. Over the open ground—across the bit of marsh—but no farther. Death met them there. It tore off legs and arms—it left headless bodies—it mangled human beings beyond recognition—it blotted bodies off the face of the earth, leaving only a horrible smirch of bloody atoms to tell that they had been there. Again and again these charges were made, but they only added to the awful sights in open field over which the Federal torrent of death swept unchecked. For an hour Longstreet thundered at Morell and Hill at Sykes, and then all of a sudden there came a dread silence, as if the voice of some man rising above the crash of 50,000 muskets and the roar of fifty cannon had commanded it, there was almost absolute silence. It was a time for the bravest to tremble. Nothing is so grim in war as a sudden silence falling upon a field of battle. Death is gathering its bloody robes clear of the ground to strike a new blow. Men refill their cartridge-boxes—lines are moved—the artillery wheeled about—blood-shot eyes peer into the woods and over the fields. What meant that silence there?

A shout rose on Hill's left and ran along the lines to Longstreet's right. Jackson had come up from Old Cold Harbor, D. H. Hill on his left, Ewell on his right. Each line was now almost a half-circle, but Jackson had scarcely got into position on the left before

**Slocum Came up to Strengthen the Federal Right.**

Mid-afternoon had passed. The thick spots of forest began to cast dark shadows. The whole Confederate army was up—McClellan could not give Porter another man. If he could not hold his ground with what he had, good-by to the entire Federal position before Richmond which had been reached at such a cost of blood and treasure. The cheers for Jackson subsided and then the woods were so still that men looked at each other in wonder.

From the Gaines' Mill road clear around to Old Cold Harbor a wave suddenly rises up and sweeps forward. The Federals hear it as it starts. It is a roar in which the voices of men—the tramp of feet—the rumble of wheels and the gallop of horses are combined. Jackson's whole corps, with the exception of the Stonewall brigade, is advancing. The roar increases—the tramp comes nearer, and almost at the same instant 30,000 streams of fire leap forward and 30,000 muskets crash into the same echo. Hood's Texans rush forward like a thunderbolt, but they are checked by a fire so rapid and destructive that men fall flat to escape it. Hill seeks to overlap Buchanan's right flank, but a swamp blocks his path, and in ten minutes he is not even able to hold his ground. Hood, too, is being pressed slowly back, when up thunders a score of Confederate guns to his relief, and now it is a death grapple all along the line. The roar of a dozen Niagaras would have been drowned in that crash of battle. Men do not hear; if they see the line moving to the right or left they move with it. They advance—fall back—load and fire.

**The Confederate Shot and Shell Cut Off Whole Tree-Tops—**

sever trunks of trees—send great rocks whirling through the air. Logs and limbs are torn out of the breastworks, and become agents of destruction. A shell bursts where a score of men are crowded together, and when the smoke lifts the spot is bare of life.

Hill's rush when first attacking was to be outdone. After the terrible cannonade had lasted half an hour the Stonewall brigade was advanced to reinforce D. H. Hill on the left. In half an hour more the sun would be down. If the Federals could hold the line an hour more they could hold it forever. The roar of cannon died away all at once and the whole Confederate army advanced. Hood's brigade of Texans formed behind a thicket, through which shot and shell from the Federal guns were mowing swaths four feet wide. As they moved out they rushed. Grape and canister were exchanged for shot and shell, but still the lines advanced, over ground into which men sank to the knees—over a deep ravine—over rocks and through thickets—death mowing them down at every step, and then they rushed. It was not a rush of men, but of devils. Their screams rose above the crash of musketry, and even as they rushed they fixed bayonets. Not a Federal moved out of the path of that advance. It struck the blue lines and melted them as liquid iron would melt snow. It cut a swath into the Federal position just its own width, reaching from ravine to the parrot guns on its crest.

It was just at sundown. Already the sombre shadows of approaching night were settling down upon hill and valley. The flash of every musket could now be seen—the

**Red Flames from the Cannon Made the Whole Field Blaze.**

Slocum had been put in across the highway which led to Gaines' Mill in one direction and towards Old Cold Harbor in the other. It was between Warren and Lovell that the Texans rushed. It seemed as if no body of men could live through such a hurricane of death. The fire of at least 8000 muskets and twenty pieces of artillery was concentrated on that one brigade leading the rush, but it came on and on and on, and it wedged itself in the Union lines and remained there. For ten minutes a mob of 10,000 men whirled round and round in that eddy of death, and then the Federals gave way—slowly, foot by foot, and fighting so desperately and dying so gallantly that every Confederate historian has lifted his hat to the dead and spoken in praise of the living.

When the Union lines began to fall back the Second New Jersey and Eleventh Pennsylvania refused to move. They were fighting desperately on flanks and front with McLaw's Texans, and though exposed to a merciless fire their lines could not be broken. Unable to break their front, the Confederates flanked them, and yet they fought on. Aye! and it is Confederates who tell it, too, those gallant men continued the fight after they were entirely surrounded, and their arms were only laid down when the Confederates, awed at such bravery, ceased firing. When it was seen that the Federal lines were breaking some one ordered a charge of cavalry on D. H. Hill's flank. Five hundred of the regular

**Cavalry Massed and Charged Into the Jaws of Death.**

They were swallowed up as a drop of water sinks into the dry earth—a useless sacrifice, and yet a forlorn hope. Night came down to still the boom of cannon and the crash of musketry—to hide the blood-stained trees and stones and grass—to give brief rest to men with blood-shot eyes and hoarse voices and exhausted bodies. Then, from hillside and ravine—from field and swamp—from thicket and open came the wails and groans of the wounded. Men crawled here and there—men struggled up to fall and scream out with new agony—they dragged themselves over the bloody ground to lap the red waters of the creek and gain strength for another shout for succor.

And there were thousands who neither cried out nor moved. As they fell and died so they lay, the soft dew of a summer's night falling upon white faces which war's glory would lighten no more.

McClellan's right was beaten. He must fall back—he must have more than the sagacity of a Napoleon to bring that army to the James as a body.

In these sketches Stonewall Jackson's battles have been taken in reverse. We found him first on the blood-stained field of Antietam—almost at the close of his career, instead of at the beginning. The world knows how he fought there. We found him at Kernstown fighting one to four—fighting, falling back—grimly giving way to fight again. We saw him strike the Federal armies right and left in the valley and fill Washington with white faces. We found him at Fredericksburg on Lee's right—at Chancellorsville in Hooker's rear—at Manassas behind Pope—on his flank—in his front. We have found him at Gaines' Mill.

**Fate Waited for Him Before Striking a Last Blow.**

It was the hammer in his grasp which shattered the Federal position. Without him Longstreet and Hill would have been pressed back—routed—annihilated. A Christian in his faith—a child in his sympathies—a general who cared not for the world's admiration so much as for the comfort of any single man who followed him in his wonderful marches. He had the courage of a lion and the heart of a woman. The pomp and glitter of war were not for him. His banners grew old and faded and shot-torn. His legions grew ragged and footsore and weary. No matter who faltered—Jackson had faith. No matter who hesitated—Jackson advanced. Fierce in the heat of battle, because it was his duty to kill, when the roar of cannon had died away the groans of the wounded reached a heart which had a throb for every groan.

Partisans may keep their bitterness of heart, but the world has spoken. The man whom they hated died forgiving all. Struck down at Chancellorsville amidst the roar of battle, he was removed to die amidst the softest peace. Strong men wept like children when they saw that his last hour had come, but if they had a feeling of revenge down under their sorrow, he had none. With malice towards none—with forgiveness for all, his life went out as his pale lips whispered:

"Let us cross over and rest under the green trees!"

And may he ever rest!

**Feathered Imitators of Sullivan and Ryan.**

[Selma (Ala.) Times.]

A curious and fierce combat was witnessed yesterday between a blackbird and a woodpecker. The quarrel was for a large worm that the red-headed bird had secured but dropped in his eagerness for mastication of it. No sooner had it touched the ground than the sable-hued garden destroyer pounced on it with the historic vigor of a duck on a June bug. Blackbird and woodpecker reached the prey near the same time, and each was bound to secure the prize. They fought with the skill and motions of thoroughbred roosters, and so intent did they soon become that both could have been captured. The fight lasted fully ten minutes and appeared to be a draw. Both birds flew away from the battle-ground with weighty wing and feeble stroke and seemed not over-inclined for any more. They were both satisfied.

# IMPROVING NATURE.

## Exciting Experiences of a Rock Decorator.

### Tricks of the Business---Working Neck-Deep in Water.

### Attacked by Bees, Pitchforks and Revolvers—Odd Adventures.

[Buffalo Telegraph.]

A bright-looking, brown-haired, brown-burnished young man, with an under jaw that denoted determination, and forehead and eyes that indicated experience and shrewdness, was sitting by the stove in the Bonney House enjoying a Havana when a Telegraph reporter called last evening. The reporter introduced himself, and then the young man gradually unbosomed and gave the information that he was the only "hote" of New York, known the world over as the liveliest duck that ever daubed paint on a farmer's fence or crayoned St. Jacobs Oil on a lonely boulder. Charles S. Houghtaling was his full name, and he wore it like a major.

"You must have had some curious experiences, Mr. Houghtaling," said the agitator of Fabers No. 2½.

"Yes, rather, but I've been written up by the papers until I steer clear of a newspaper man and shut down on my 'bazzoo' as soon as one commences to open up on me. I got three pages at one blast in Scribner's Monthly not long ago, and three columns of solid agate were fired at me by the New York Sun. I've been called 'a cross between an American eagle and a sky rocket' by the Chicago Times and 'an incarnate nature desecrator' by the Washington Star. But then it's all so much clear gain to me, and so I'll kinder unwind. The business is not what it used to be ten or fifteen years ago. Then all I did was to decorate rocks, give artistic touches to the farmers' fences, and illustrate nature till the whole world seemed but the title-page of an illustrated almanac. Times have changed, and being progressive, I combine with it the posting of snipes and distribution of dodgers and circulars in large cities. You see

**The True Secret of Medicine Advertising**

is to excite the curiosity first, then give, through circulars and the papers, something explanatory of the merits of the article. In large towns I do the paper work through the local bill-posters, but the painting has to be done by myself and a large corps of men."

"Where do you find places to paint in a town like Buffalo? You certainly don't get a chance at many fences here?"

"Don't, eh? Well, I should blush! If I don't spread acres of paint here in the next month you may put me down as no good. You wait. I'll walk up to a corner grocery in the suburbs, where they dabble in drugs. I'll say to the proprietor: 'See here, Mister, we're going to make you the depot for Kidney Cure, and we want to put a chromo on the north side of the building. It will be the making of you.' The idea will strike him favorably, and before he has a chance to change his mind we will have half his store covered with a Warner illustration that will startle the neighborhood for a week. You just let a man lend me his ear for thirty seconds and I'll take my oath he's a goner. Why, my dear sir, I believe I did more to educate the South—that is the colored population—during the early days of art advertising, than half the schools. Never made a sign but that I had half a hundred darks out spelling out the words. Great guns, but didn't I have dead loads of fun.

"Remember I was down at Columbus, S. C., laying myself out on a Gargling Oil Liniment ad. with four-foot letters. There was a crowd of nigs out as usual, spelling the letters as fast as I painted them. I had got GAR painted, and heard it repeated at least a hundred times, when a big, pompus, broad-cloth-dressed nig, who seemed to be looked up to by all the others, came up, 'G-a-r,' says he, pretending superior education, 'G-a-r,' says he,"

**But by This Time I Had the Sign Done.**

"'G-a-r,' said he, evidently repeating it after the others, but pretending all the time to possess superior knowledge. 'I say, Massa, what dat say?' 'Can't you read four-foot letters?' said I. 'Who are you, anyway?' 'I's a member ob de Souf Kairolina Legislatah, sah; a big man, sah; and I want no 'pertinence from white trash, either, sah.' 'Queer plum for a member of the Legislature, wasn't he?' 'Great dodges we used to work, but they're weakening nowadays. I remember up at Chicago another fellow and I were putting up a big St. Jacob's painting on the dead wall of the Adams' express building, which is eight stories in height. We had it all done but putting on the finishing strokes at the top, so we arranged for the grand finale. Toward dark we fixed it with two men and a hack driver to do their work, and, securing some cast-off clothing and straw, made two very fair-looking stuffed men. We had previously got two lime lights, and, taking our dummies up through the scuttle, we climbed down on to our swinging platform, and laying them down turned on the lights and became at once absorbed in painting. The crowd began to gather, until the streets were blockaded. When we were pretty sure that we could get no more around, out went the lights, we climbed onto the top of the roof and cut the rope to one side of the scaffold, and down went the straw men and scaffold into the street. The crowd scattered, the hired men picked up the dummies and put them in the hack and drove off like mad, while we went down, put on our clothes and went out and got a drink. Next morning the Times, Inter-Ocean and Tribune came out with double-leaded articles, telling how Charles S. Houghtaling and another man, who were painting a St. Jacob's oil sign

**Fell Eight Stories to the Ground and Were Crushed to Death.**

The reporters just threw themselves and told of the horrible agonies, etc., in a most harrowing manner. I'm sure, sir, that I've walked the whole length of the Hudson river six times, and scaled every bluff worth climbing. But the Hudson is no good any more. Another fellow and I were once painting on Breack-neck mountain away up at a dizzy height. We were grinding out a mammoth whale, a real live one, in the centre of which it said: 'Use Sozodont for the teeth.' My companion's name was Brad, and he was forever complaining that he never could get in the papers. I said: 'Brad, you get our pots and kettles together down at the station tonight, and when we go home you smuggle yourself and the pots on the engine or baggage car. I'll get on in some way. So when we went down at night I rushed into the telegraph office out of breath and penned a fifty-cent despatch to my mother, saying that Brad and I were painting at the top of the Breakneck mountain, and that the rope broke and poor Brad fell about 1000 feet, and that no pieces large enough to bring home could be secured. The operator opened his eyes and asked questions, and I gave him a great stall. The next morning the New York papers gave Brad all the space he wanted, and he never after complained that he couldn't get his name in the papers, for the accident was sent by Associate Press all over the country, and such headings as 'a nature desecrator meets his fate at last,' etc., didn't serve to make Brad happy. Brad was a cute old customer. He'd painted Kaiser's Bitters on the pyramids and done other like eccentric things. But I ain't far behind.

**I Got My Work in on Fort Sumpter**

in letters three feet high. Got a dark to ferry me over, and agitated my jaw a little to an Irishman in charge; called him captain, colonel and general. That broke him all up, and he weakened. Oh, I catch 'em every time. But, speaking of lively times, I shall never forget getting off at a little junction down in Georgia. Said I to myself, 'Hote, old boy, get off here and daub up Burdock Blood Bitters while the train waits.' So I piled off with brushes and pots, when toot! toot! and before I could get on again off went the train. 'Well,' says I, 'Hote, you're in a boat.' So I looked 'round a little. Nothing to be seen but the station. I was mad, but I made up my mind I'd paint something or know the reason why. I walked down the track and espied a house and a small, nice-looking wooden building near the track. 'Ah, ha,' said I to myself; 'here's a go.' So I laid out three-foot letters and commenced to get my work in. I got half through, when a man popped up from behind a fence and said, 'See here, stranger; stop that, or I'll charge on you.' He held a pitchfork in his hand, so I thought he meant business. I began to move off. But I wasn't satisfied. I hated to leave that sign unfinished. So I cautiously stole back, and had about got in the fancy work when up came the man again. Said he: 'Hain't you got away yet? I guess I'll move you.' 'Oh,' said I, 'you'd break my heart if you didn't let me finish that sign.' 'I'd break your neck if I did what I feel like,' said the man. Then he went into the building, and soon I heard something fall. I wondered what was up, when pretty soon b-u-z-z! b-u-z-z! went something, and then I knew that I had struck a bee hive. I got all I wanted that time, and some to spare. "I was shot at by an old photographer at Lookout mountain, where

**I was Daubing Sozodont on His Background,**

a high cliff, which the old fellow used to use in taking the boys' and girls' pictures, and I had to get out. I've stood in water neck deep to utilize a rock on some such patronized rivers, and scaled the highest cliff in the Rockies, when I had to use climbers and noose ropes to do it. I've had experience, you bet, piles of it. But the rock business isn't so good nowadays. Too many laws. How artistically decorating rocks can be considered desecrating nature is beyond me. But I'm a progressive cuss, and so I've become converted, and now spread my works of art on dead walls and paid privileges. I started with a pot and paint brush, graduating in two months from the sign painter to whom I was apprenticed and setting up a rival shop opposite him. I painted the first week an American eagle that broke the old man's heart. In 1858 I found business dull, and being possessed of the idea that to get one's name before the public it was necessary to put it there, I went up along Harlem Lane, painting my name or trademark as I call it, 'Hote, New York,' on the fences and rocks. A big medicine man saw the work, which I varied as much as possible, and soon I had plenty to do. Travelling I came in contact with the man Brad, whom I spoke of. We pooled our issues and became the leading nature desecrators in America. In 1879 and 1880 I did $200,000 worth of business, used up barrels of linseed oil and tons of white lead, employing a small army of artists and agents. My motto is: 'Don't be bashful, and never allow anybody to set down on you.' Well, good evening; didn't expect to say so much, but I'm blamed if I don't get interested myself when I sit down and think of the life I've lead."

# AN ENGLISH SEAPORT TOWN.

### Cosmopolitan Character of Its Population—Where Jack Tar Spends His "Shore Leave."

[Tinsley's Magazine.]

The inhabitants rise early. Between 6 and 7 o'clock many of the shops are open, and at 8 o'clock business in all directions is in full swing. The town is curiously built. At the eastern extremity, where the docks are situated, and which is called "Dock End," there is a large group of buildings, intersected by numberless short streets. The majority of these buildings are used for office purposes. At the western end of this group a street, called Store street, over a mile in length, stretches itself out. Every house in this street is a shop or a store of some description. Old-clo' dealers, new-clo' dealers, chemists, publicans, bakers, butchers, grocers, provision dealers, jewelers, marine-store dealers, nautical instrument makers, et hoc genus omne, flourish here. Several short side streets, containing dwelling-houses of various orders, may be found off Store street. At the western extremity of Store street another large group of buildings, known as "The Town," and resembling in form the "Dock End" group, exists, and in "The Town" are shops, houses and streets of the better class. Piersborough may be compared to a fourteen-pound dumb-bell, with the bar stretched out to an indefinite extent. Ships of every flag float in the docks and sailors of every nationality parade the streets, especially Store street. Shop-keepers, merchants and ship agents of every class and nation have their business places in "Dock End" or Store street. The sons and daughters of France, Italy, America, Turkey, Greece, Austria, Russia, Norway, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Denmark, England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales find in Piersborough either a temporary or a permanent haven. It will at first sight be difficult to say what nationality could boast of the largest number of representatives, but no doubt the home element—the English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh—is in the ascendant. Outside the limits of the town dwelling houses of various ages and sizes, without any attempt at regularity of construction or position, are scattered. In addition to the offices in "Dock End" there are several skittle alleys, a small music hall, an opium den and an endless assortment of gin-shops and restaurants. The skittle alleys are always crowded, masters of foreign-going ships devoting a good deal of their valuable time to the exercise of the skittle-bowl. The publicans, it is almost unnecessary to say, drive a roaring trade.

# MODERN MATHEMATICS,

### As Travestied by the Arithmetical Editor of the Detroit Free Press.

In a certain room there are eleven women sitting down. A lady passes the house with a new spring bonnet on. Find the number who got up and rushed to the window. (That's where you are fooled. One of 'em was too lame to get out of her chair.)

A dog starts out to overtake a cat. She has seventy feet the start and knows that he means business. At the end of every rod she slips back two inches and he gains four inches. How far must he leg it to overtake her and hush her yeowls forever?

A bank has $78,420 in its vaults. The cashier gets away with $60,382 and the bank settles with him for two-thirds. How much is the bank ahead, and what will the poor cashier do if next winter happens to be a hard one?

A man died leaving property valued at $17,000 to a certain relative. Eight other relatives wouldn't have it that way and contested the will. The property was then divided pro rata, and each one's share was found to be seventeen cents. What became—but, of course, you know that the lawyers got it.

A farmer takes four dozen eggs to town and exchanges them for two pounds of sugar at nine cents per pound, and when he returns home his wife gives him fifty-five cents' worth of "you infernal old sap-head!" Figure it all in and find how much he received per dozen for the eggs.

The scholars in a certain county school set out to "lick" the teacher. The number of girls who, of course, don't take a hand in is thirteen, and this is four-sixths of the number of the boys who got the worst shaking up they ever heard tell of. What was the exact number, coming as near as you can without halving up anybody.

A fond father purchased a set of tools for his boy, paying therefor the sum of $3 25. In a short time the lad bored six holes in the piano-case, sawed off six chair-legs, spilt two door-panels and amputated the sofa's left arm. Find what the exact sum was, and also notify your friends that the tools are for sale at one-third off.

A house painter consumes 48 minutes in lighting his pipe, 55 minutes in telling stories, 22 minutes in watching a kitchen-girl, 36 minutes in binding up a sore finger, and quits work nine minutes before 6. How much time did he beat his employer out of, and how long will it take him to work himself to death?

A boy who is sent on an errand stops to watch three dogs, plays marbles with four boys, climbs two shade trees, takes a short ride on a velocipede, makes up faces at three girls, and sits on a lumber pile for fifteen minutes to help another boy learn to smoke. What did he get when he got home, and how long did it take him to make his mother believe that he had come in two minutes ahead of chain lightning?

**Bits of Travel About Home.**

[Puck.]

H. H. writes in the Independent a very readable article, entitled: "Bits of Travel at Home." But it doesn't say anything about a man getting up in the night to travel down stairs in his bare feet, over raw oilcloth, to see if the front door is fastened. It doesn't say a single word in regard to the troubles encountered by a man when he goes down into the cellar, in the dark, to fetch a scuttle of coal. It doesn't say that he whacks his head against a beam, and falls over a barrel and lands on the coal so hard that for a moment he imagines he is taking lessons on the bicycle. It doesn't say a word about the annoyance incident to fetching from the garret an extension table that is just about two feet wider than the stairway, when every assistant has a soul full of laughter and a throat full of dust; and each one that wants to laugh is afraid to, for fear of getting hurt. And H. H. doesn't say anything about travelling eight miles over a small room to find a collar-button that you afterward discover to be in your vest-pocket. We like H. H. very much as a sonnetteer—especially when she writes on Indian-pipe and milk-weed, and brings in something about haze and heather; but we don't care for her when she strays into the province of travels, because when she does that she gets herself into that position which is best described, in the chaste language of the late Thomas Paley, as "left."

**Bret Harte as a Britisher.**

[Exchange.]

One of the most intense and unspeakable Englishmen I have seen since I struck London is Mr. Bret Harte. There was once an American of that name who wrote several stories and poems which were successful, and one or two plays which were not. There is a general belief in London that the Bret Harte who is over here is the Bret Harte who did all that fine writing in America. He doesn't look it. His hair is white, and his face is red enough to enrage the tamest bull in the world. He wears a section of a window-pane in one eye, and talks with a la-de-da accent that would infinitely amuse the friends of the Harte we used to know. This one trains with my lord this, and the earl of that, and talks big things of magazines he is going to start. He is a United States consul at Glasgow, or somewhere, and is just pining away with anxiety to live there. But, somehow, he is seen oftenest in London. I saw him in a box at the theatre the other night, looking quite too utterly too too, bored over a play in which I was plebeian enough to be interested in. It is the fashion over here to be bored—or to look it, if you're not. This Mr. Harte is very fashionable, and likewise very bored.

**Girls Fishing.**

[By the Fellow Who Baited the Hooks.]

"Oh, I see one!"
"Where?"
"Oh, my, so he is!"
"Let's catch him!"
"Who's got the bait?"
"You lazy thing, you're sitting on my pole!"
"Oh, something's got my hook!"
"Pull up, you little idiot!"
"Oh, murder! take it way. Ugh! take it away, the nasty thing!"
"How will it ever get off?"
"Ain't it pretty?"
"Wonder if it ain't dry?"
"Poor little thing! Let's put it back again?"
"How will it get the hook from its mouth?"

**A Sensible Sort of Sunday.**

[Oroville Express.]

There is no more chronic kicker in the universe than the Sunday law advocate when the newspaper carrier misses him on going his Sunday route, but still he thinks the Sunday law should be enforced, and does his utmost to enforce the same. For our part the Sunday law is a thorn in our side, and we wish the statute books had never been called upon to contain it. Our motto is: "Let every man (and woman and child) observe the seventh day of the week according to the dictates of their own conscience," which should never lead him into conflict with the tastes of his neighbor.

**The Rose of Jericho.**

The rose of Jericho, which frequents sandy places in Arabia, Egypt and Syria, when dry curls itself up into a ball, and is thus blown about till it finds a damp place, where it uncurls, the pod opens and the seed is sown.

# REGIONS OF ROMANCE.

## Scene of the Exploits of King Arthur of Old.

### A Stone Strangely Inscribed---Tregeagle's Torment.

### Last Battlefield of the Knights of the Round Table.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs forever,
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
—[Tennyson.

I have just concluded a memorable walk (writes a San Francisco Chronicle correspondent from North Cornwall, England)—a walk that has taken me through a region, the birthplace of the loveliest fairy romance extant, and over roads that were once trod by the noblest hero that ever dashed through the lists or mowed down the Paynim. I have stood on "the dark strait of barren land on one side of the ocean," on the other the sandy edge of the strange Doz Mere, on which the dying King Arthur was received by the mourning queens; I have halted on the battlefield where one by one the Knights of the Round Table went down beside their stricken king, and before the overwhelming force of Arthur's traitorous nephew, Modred, and his Norse allies, and have scaled the ragged and dizzy path that leads to Tintagil's ruined walls, over which the spy, Modreu, peeped to see what scandal he might light upon, and from which he was plucked by Launcelot "as the gardener picks from the colewort a green caterpillar."

I started on my tramp from the ancient borough of Liskeard, a convenient stopping place, by the by, from which to visit many peculiar localities in the neighborhood, among them being the Hurlers, the Other-half Stone, St. Neot's, St. Keyne's and the Cheesewing. The first is a congregation of stones of possible Druidical arrangement, but which the country people hereabout say were once hurlers who,

**For Playing on a Sunday, were so Metamorphosed,**

and which, say they, can never be twice counted alike; a peculiarity, I believe, also, of Stonehenge. The Other-half Stone is really two blocks of granite fixed in the ground—one nearly eight feet high, the other about four—both deeply mortised on top, both carved with diaper work, and the latter bearing an inscription, which may be only another "Bill Stubbs, his mark," which may mean nothing, but which for many hundreds of years have defied interpretation. As near as it can be imitated in type it is as follows:

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PROOCTI
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The name "Other-half Stone" was explained by the amiable and intelligent rustic who showed me this by the plausible story that it is placed halfway between Exeter and Land's End. The Cheesewing is a remarkable mass of granite rocks, eight in number, and forty feet in height, the three other blocks overhanging those in the middle so disproportionately as to appear momentarily in danger of toppling over. Yet there the granite cheeses have been wrung or pressed from time immemorial, and will continue to stand for centuries longer unless undermined by the quarries near by. St Neot's, the church to which King Alfred turned aside for devotion when he came to Cornwall a-hunting, offers an extraordinary display of stained-glass windows, every sash being illuminated with the life and doings of the dead saint. The well of St. Keyne, or St. Keen (the saint was a woman and changed her name), is much sought after by the newly-married people of Cornwall, its virtues being that whichever of the couple

**Drinks First of the Waters After Marriage Shall be Master for Life.**

It is Southey, if we remember aright, who tells in verse the story of the well, and of the swain who hurried from the altar to the well, and, after drinking there, returned only to find that his wife had been wiser than he, "for she took a bottle to church."

A stretch of bleak moorland leads to the bleaker hills of Brownivilly and Rowter, skirting which I came upon an extent of burnt gorse, in the middle of which bleakness and blackness Doz Mere lies shimmering in the low winter's sun. The spot cannot be called picturesque; it is uncanny. Surrounded by wild Cornish moors, a ruined church over there the only building near, no dwelling visible, no other sign of man's presence, no stream running into the pool, none emptying it, Doz Mere is a tarn to go shudderingly past on a dark night. Without apparent supply or exit, accredited with measureless depth, having inexplicable tides and encompassed with traditions of Arthur and Tregeagle, it is easy to understand the aversion with which Doz Mere is regarded. Now but about half a mile in diameter, it must have been of far greater extent when bordered with knotted water-flags. It was the home of the Nereid, who gave to Arthur and took from him Excalibur, and when it received him on its bosom in the barge with the three queens, who bore him away to the island valley of Avilion, to hold him there until he came again—for was it not the mighty magician Merlin's oath that the blameless British King should once more rule over his people, and do not the folk still speak of his second advent?

**A Totally Different Character Was the Great Tregeagle,**

whose howling spirit still haunts the confines of this pool. Tregeagle was a wicked steward, who oppressed the weak and ground the faces of the poor—a stony-hearted middle man of the middle ages. So wicked, indeed, did he become, that he was finally handed in body over to Satan, with authority to make this world a little hell for him who had done so much to make it one for so many. So the devil, after first severely scorching Master Tregeagle with his three-pronged poker, drove him down at its point to the beach at Bude, there to twist the sand into rope. Somehow or other, after many wearisome years of practice, Tregeagle got the hang of this rather unpromising manufacture, and was beginning to enjoy himself upon the yellow sands, when his persecutor found him lying ventre-a-terre one balmy June morning, idly crushing the air bubbles on the seaweed between his wicked old fingers. "Ho, ho!" said the devil, "this will not do," and giving Tregeagle a prod that made him think he had been stung by an iron-plated yellow jacket, he seized him by the beard and gave him a jerk that landed him here on the banks of Doz Mere.

"Dip that dry," said the devil, handing Tregeagle a limpet-shell with a hole in the bottom. With many a hollow groan, Tregeagle set about his task, and whenever the devil happened that way and found him halting in his hopeless task he gave him a sharp chase around the Mere as a fillip to his industry. One day, while being thus pursued, Tregeagle, in desperation, resolved, if possible, to escape from his tormentor, and

**Espying a Little Window in the Little Church**

over there, leaped for it. Attenuated as Tregeagle had grown by long fasting and much exercise, he was still too large for the window. He got his head and shoulders through and there stuck, roaring lustily. A saint was at his devotions within, and saw at once that some troubled soul was in jeopardy. Rushing to the rescue, he seized Tregeagle by the head, the devil outside grasped Treageagle by the feet, Satan and saint pulled for the mastery, the strain was prodigious, the bones of contention cracked, and poor Tregeagle broke all up and fell in two, the saint falling down with the fore half within the shrine and the devil toppling over with the hind half outside. Having the legs, moreover, the devil still chases them, while from the chapel the severed head and chest still cry so lustily that the country people hear him now amid the roaring of the winter's storms, and mothers put their babes to sleep lest the shrieks of Tregeagle should affright them.

It is an easy walk over the moors from here to the decaying town of Camelford—quere Camelot?—rising steeply from the little winding stream which now could be forded in half a hundred other places. But, unprepossessing as is this newer town on the older site, the neighborhood is almost hallowed; for upon the banks of this now insignificant river was fought that last dismal battle between Arthur and Modred, "leagued with the heathen of the Northern sea"; Arthur returning heart-sore from beleaguering Sir Launcelot's castle, and Modred marching on a successful usurper,

**Because of the Crimes and Frailties of the Court."**

Here it was that Modred took his death and Arthur his death wound, and that

The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof the world holds record

was that day unsoldered. It must have been a gruesome fight if the old chroniclers are to be believed, one of them setting the slaughter so great that

The bloody streame
Upswelling, overflows
His both side bankes, and to the sea
The slaughtered bodies beares.

The battlefield is marked with a memorial stone bearing the single name, Atry.

There is a village near Camelford called Alternunne, where are to be seen the evidences of St. Nunne's pool, once used as a "bowssening" place for crazy folk. The waters of the well being turned into a close-walled square plot, "the franticke person was set to stand upon this wall, his backe towards the poole, and from thence with a sudden blow in the breast tumbled headlong into the pond, where a strong fellowe, provided for the nonce, tooke him and tossed him up and downe, alongst and athwart the water, until the patient, by foregoing his strength, had somewhat forgot his fury. Then was hee conveyed to the church and certaine masses sung over him; upon which handling, if his right wits returned, St. Nunne had the thanks; but if there appeared small amendment he was bowssened again and again while there remayned in him any hope of life for recovery." The quoted description of this very energetic hydrophobic treatment is of antique mold, but the treatment has not so long gone out of fashion, and it is within the past half century that a woman suffering from fits was bowssened in the sea at Hayle, a little port of West Cornwall.

Leaving Camelford, my road next lies across a country so bleak and rugged, abounding in such pictures of desolation, that it seems like being

**Removed by Enchantment Out of the Realms of Civilization.**

Nor does this feeling pass away as I near the ocean, and finally stand upon a massive seawall of jagged rock that is 700 feet, sheer away down, from the camomile here at the top to the sea-churned bowlders below. Directly opposite this highest point, that bears the ominous name of Deadman's point, and as though riven suddenly from it, there lies a huge rock island, whose cruel cliffs are crested with the crumbling ruins of an old castle, once joined by a hanging bridge to the mainland. Its crumbling walls are those of Tintagil, the stronghold of the Pendragons, the home of victorious Arthur. The ruins on the mainland, though less preserved, are those of the principal buildings, and it is on the nearly severed peninsula that the principal remains are to be found. The drawbridge being gone, I trust my precious self down a steep and narrow descending path, and then up a still narrower, rockier and more dangerous ascent, winding up a cliff, against either side of which the waves thunder with a fury which, coupled with the insecurity of the greatest height, make the last few steps decidedly risky and trying to the head. Entering by what was the gate I find myself on a spacious grass plat, and in the company of a few hardy sheep, which scamper off down the path I have toiled up like so many goats. I had been told that I should find here a fountain or well, a chapel, and a grave in the rock which any man might fill. I see none of these, but I do find the relics of

**Encircling Walls That Must Have Been of Prodigious Strength,**

the crenalation, loop-holes and windows still preserved, thanks much to the character of the mortar, which not only still binds the stones together, but has so resisted the action of the weather that it bulges out beyond the level of the fretted rocks. "Impregnable to all but Time," is written upon the place, and even his effacing fingers cannot wipe out the memories or destroy the romance of the place. The name of one princely holder of this mysterious castle, his deeds of courage and charity, his faithful and faithless knights who sat at the magically-made round table, his mystic sword, his glorious death—if death it was—are known to all Christendom. The draw-bridge has rotted, the well is dry, and the posterns are unguarded, but the story of Guinevere, of Vivien, of Enid and of Elaine, who made these gardens gay with their trailing robes of samite, will never be forgotten. This is very fairydom indeed. In one of the windows of the church yonder, whose interior is a flush of bright tints, is the picture of the Western Hector, holding in one hand the famous brand and in the other the holy grail; Bude and Boscastle are up the coast but a little way, while down below is the very beach upon which Merlin stood

After tempest, when the long wave broke
All down the thundering shore of Bude and Bos,
There came a day as still as heaven, and then
They found a naked child upon the sands
Of dark Dundagil by the Cornish sea;
And that was Arthur.

# THE LITTLE CHILDREN'S WATCHES.

### Why an Arkansas Storekeeper Did Not Take Two Mutilated Coins.

[Little Rock Gazette.]

Yesterday an old man entered a Little Rock store, and, taking from his pocket an old buckskin pouch, he emptied two coins upon the counter, and then, after regarding the silver for a few moments, said:

"Mister, I want to buy some goods to make a dress."

"That money is mutilated, old gentleman. This twenty-five-cent piece has notches filed in it, and this fifty-cent piece has been punched. You see, they have been abused. I can't take them."

"Abused," said the old man. "Abused," and he took up the fifty-cent piece and looked at it tenderly. "And you won't take it on account of the holes. Heaven grant that I did not have to offer it to you. Years ago, when my first child was a little girl, I punched a hole in this coin and strung it around her neck. It was her constant plaything. At night when she went to bed we'd take it off, but early at morning she would call for her watch. When our John—you didn't know John, did you? No? Well, he used to come to town a good deal."

"Where is he now?" asked the merchant, not knowing what to say, but desiring to show appreciation of the old man's story.

"He was killed in the war. I say that when John was a little boy I strung this quarter around his neck. One day his watch got out of fix, he said, and he filed these notches in it. He and his sister Mary—that was the girl's name—used to play in the yard, and compare their watches to see if they were right. Sometimes John wouldn't like it, because Mary's watch was bigger than his, but she would explain that she was bigger than him, and ought to have a bigger watch. The children grew up, but as they had always lived in the woods they were not ashamed to wear their watches. When a young man came to see Mary once she forgetfully looked at her fifty cents. 'What are you doing?' asked the young man, and when she told him she was looking at her watch, he took it as a hint and went home. After this she did not wear her watch in company. Well, Mary and the young man married. John went off in the army and got killed. Mary's husband died, and about two years ago Mary was taken sick. When her mother and I reached her house she was dying. Calling me to her bed, she said: 'Papa, lean over.' I leaned over, and, taking something from under her pillow, she put it around my neck and said: 'Papa, take care of my watch.'" The old man looked at the merchant. The eyes of both men were moist. "Do you see that boy out there on the wagon?" he said. "Well, that is Mary's child. I wouldn't part with this money, but my old wife, who always loved me, died this morning, and I have come to buy her a shroud." When the old man went out he carried a bundle in one hand and the "watches" in the other.

**Negro Superstitions.**

A correspondent of the Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal summarizes some of the current superstitions of Kentucky negroes. If a person passes through a funeral procession he will die before the oldest one it. If a dog lies on its back and howls, it presages an early death in the family. If the longest snake killed in a day's search be suspended from a tree nearest a parched field, it will bring rain. If it be necessary to turn back after starting on an errand, the consequent bad luck may be averted by making a cross in the path with the left forefinger. A stutterer may be cured by creeping up behind him unawares and knocking him down with a raw beef tongue just taken from the beast by an unmarried butcher under 21. A bloody knife, a bottle of alcohol and a bag of live lizards are an effective outfit for bewitching an enemy; but the intended victim is often warned of the danger by an owl's screech close to his cabin. The recipient of a poisonous snake's bite drinks a pint of whiskey and then, if sober enough, kills the first black chicken with white tail feathers he can find, picks the feathers out and burns them.

**Learn to Write with Both Hands.**

[Providence Journal.]

"Writer's cramp," said a doctor, "can be cured in no way but by rest. If a man, be he a copyist, clerk or a telegraphist, sits down and writes for eight, ten or twelve hours a day as fast as he can, he must expect to suffer, unless he is unusually strong. We have muscular bands and nervous connections which are liable to be overstrained and worn out. If a wire used by a telegraph man gets out of order he sends his messages over another wire; if the owner of a few horses ride one till the animal can do no more work, he gives him a rest for a while. Just so, if a man suffering from cramp in the hand and arm wants to get cured he must rest. To think of effecting a cure by the use of liniments is nonsense. Nature, and nature alone, aided, perhaps, by bathing with cold water, which acts as a tonic, can restore a cramped or "tired arm. Why should not people who have a great deal of writing to do learn to write with both hands? Then when one needs a rest the other can be on duty."

**How a Scientist Gave Away a Fortune.**

The death of the venerable widow of Professor Henry of the Smithsonian, a few days since, recalls a singular circumstance in the career of the great scientist. He gave the formula of the well-known hair tonic, "Lyon's Kathairon," to Lyon, saying to him carelessly, "That's a good preparation for the hair." Lyon straightway went to manufacturing it, and made out of it half a million of money, while Professor Henry lived and died in moderate circumstances. It will be remembered by the antedeluvians that General Winfield Scott was bald, and his hair was restored by Professor Henry's preparation—a fact which the general embalmed in print.

**Wearing Shoes Made of a Negro's Hide.**

Dr. E. F. Fish, a prominent Milwaukee disciple of Esculapius, possesses and daily wears a pair of low-cut shoes made from the tanned hide of a burly negro named Samuel Steenberg, who was hanged near Albany, N. Y., not long ago. Steenberg willed his skin to Fish's father, who is a barrister, for defending him, when no other would undertake the task, so heinous and open was the crime charged upon him. That the Fish family made good use of the negro's corpse is self-evident in the pair of fine, soft shoes which the young man wears.

**Aged a Century and a Half.**

[Carson Appeal.]

Captain Joe, the local chief of the Washoe tribe, informs us that there is a squaw nearly 150 years old living on the outskirts of Carson. He says she has not been on Carson street for nearly twenty years, enjoys good health and eats and sleeps well. Her grandson, at the age of 60 years, was one of General Fremont's guides when he crossed the plains forty years ago. If Captain Joe is not mistaken in the squaw's age she is certainly the oldest person living.

# BRIC-A-BRAC.

**Spendthrift.**

[T. B. Aldrich.]

The fault's not mine, you understand;
God shaped my palm so I can hold
But little water in my hand,
And not much gold.

**Prudence is Wisdom.**

[The Judge.]

The imprudent man carries postage stamps in his pocket. The prudent man never does, for he knows very well that he can borrow of the imprudent. Moral—Prudence is wisdom—and gain withal.

**So Wags the World.**

[Nelly M. Hutchinson.]

Memory cannot linger long;
Joy must die the death;
Hope's like a little silver song
Fading in a breath.
So wags the weary world away
Forever and a day.

**Where History Assails Trousers.**

[Exchange.]

Kate Field says the "crusaders didn't go forth to the Holy Land in trousers." You're right, Kate. And it might be added that the Fiji Islanders never attend a barbecue of baked missionary in trousers. There are lots of arguments that might be adduced from sacred and profane history to show the utter ridiculosity of wearing trousers. But we shall continue to wear 'em. "And here, too," echoes Dr. Mary Walker.

**The Jester.**

[Charles Colmance.]

In tavern or on throne,
For me a welcome look;
My drumhead's of the skin
That binds Joe Miller's book!
My jolly bells are brass
And twinkle at late hours—
Say ye that flesh is grass?
I hold it should be flowers.

**Why Charley Smiled So Sadly.**

[New York Mercury.]

"Charley, what opera would furnish the most appropriate music for this entree?" asked a maiden of her lover at Barnum's circus yesterday, as an equestrian, astraddle on two horses, rode into the ring.

Thoughtlessly he answered:

"I don't know. What!"

"Stradella," she shyly responded.

Charley was too sad to smile. He was thinking of what married life would be with such a woman.

**The World Is Not All Sadness.**

[Anon.]

The world is not all sadness,
With bitter comes the sweet;
Your girl may not be handsome,
Your wife may have cold feet,
But ever comes the knowledge
That years of earnest work,
May some day make you able
To bluff a hotel clerk.

**The Wisdom of a Suckling.**

[Trenton Gazette.]

The sermon was duller than usual, and it was only here and there that a fully wide-awake member of the congregation could be seen, when a little fellow, whose uneasy twistings had aroused his father from a comfortable nap, piped up in a clearly audible voice: "Pa, what do we have to stay here for?" That simple, childish question injected more animation into the members of the church on that one evening than the pastor had aroused during his entire ministry.

**Every Year.**

[Taunton Gazette.]

There are glimpses of more freedom
Every year,
In the places where we need 'em,
Every year.
And the soul can stretch its pinions,
Freer from the carping minions
Who have fettered its opinions
Every year.

**Too Much Sister Already.**

[Chicago Tribune.]

Lillian McGuire had known Aristides W. Hennessey since the days when they were both little children, and not six months agone she had stood before him in all her regal beauty, her velvety eyes draped with a mist of tears, and while the soft, pearly flesh of her beautiful arms touched his neck with a pulsing warmth that would make your head swim, had said that she could never love him, except as a brother. As Aristides had three sisters, and had passed the greater portion of his life sparring with them, this statement did not strike him favorably, and he went away with a dull, dead feeling in his young, blithesome heart.

**"I Kissed Her, Anyway"**

[Fargo Bee.]

Her lips were cherries ripe to gather.
I wished to harvest them? Well, rather!
Behind the trees we left her sister.
I gazed, was tempted, fell—and kissed her.
A sudden cry of "Oh, you sinner!"
Told of the tumult raging in her.
She slapped my face. It raised a blister,
But what cared I—had not I kissed her?

**The Season Has Opened.**

[New Haven Register.]

We have been expecting him for some time. He came in this morning. He was about a yard and an eighth high, and an inch and a half thick (with dirt). He meandered through the door, and, sidling up to the table, said: "Say, mister, will you put us in the paper?"

"Well, my little man, what have you been doing that you want to be put in the paper?" we inquired, in the kindness of our heart.

"Been a' doin'. Well, we give 'em as neat a bunch of nine 'goose eggs' as ever"—

This was enough. His extreme youth didn't save him. Base ball was so clearly implied in his speech that he was tied into the copy "shute" and dropped four stories, marked "double lead."

**The Alder Tassel.**

[Marian Douglas.]

A half-heard sound like a pulse's beating;
The ceaseless click of the melting snows;
The new-born lambs in the barn are bleating;
The warm, sweet sap from the maple flows;
And ho! heigh ho! the gold brown tassel—
The daring flower of the alder-tree!
It swings around as the wild winds blow it.
The winter's over. Oh—now I know it—
The summer's coming again to me!

**After High Notes.**

[Texas Siftings.]

A countryman climbed out of a wagon on Austin avenue, entered a music store and said he wanted to buy a piece of music for his son.

"If your son is not very far advanced perhaps this would do," said the clerk, handing over a piece of sheet music.

"How much does it cost?"

"Fifty cents."

"Well, that's too easy for him. The last piece I bought for him cost seventy-five cents. I reckon he knows enough of music to play a piece worth $1 25 at least. A fifty-cent piece is too low. I want a high piece."

The clerk accidentally found an operatic piece that was difficult enough, and the proud father shelled out the cash.

**The Promise of Summer.**

[M. E. B.]

And never so fierce is the blast I hear
But a promise it brings to the spirit's ear,
Of bird-song and woodland murmurs low,
And the rippling laugh in the free brooks' flow;
Of swallows twittering under the eaves,
And the rain-kiss soft on the dripping leaves,
And the insect's hum, and the pine-harp's chord,
And the breath of clover and new-mown sward,
And the odors and sights and sounds that blend,
When the myriad voices of nature lend
Their power to her choral hymn of praise,
Through the summer nights and summer days.

**Putting the Girls on a Solid Basis.**

[Exchange.]

A Chicago father of several girls put fashionable thin-legged chairs in his parlor, and was annoyed by the frequency with which the frail furniture was broken. He asked the girls about it, and one of them said:

"I was sitting in the easy-chair by the fire, and Charl—that is to say, Mr. Smith—was sitting on the sofa by the window, when suddenly crack, down went the little rocking-chair that no one was sitting on at all. It must be the poor glue they use, or perhaps it was the frost."

The father studied the subject a few days, then he gave to each daughter a locket plainly inscribed with her name and weight, and on each chair riveted a silver plate bearing the words, "Warranted to bear up 125 pounds." Calling in the girls, he said: "Now, if there's any more chairs broken, it is because your young men can't do a sum in simple subtraction, or else because they are bent on malicious mischief and destruction of property."

**An Easter Egg.**

[H. C. Dodge.]

A man, like eggs, is "soft," they say,
And when he is, he writes a "lay."
His "yolk" is always "hard" to bear,
And he is sometimes "crushed" with care.
When he is "fresh" his "yolks" are "stale;"
He's "addled" when egg-nogs prevail.
A broken egg will stand alone;
A man that's "broke," too, stands a loan.
You "beat" a man when he is "bad,"
But not an egg—if you'd be glad.
An egg is on nest; man is not—
And both quite often "go to pot."
Both eggs and men in "shells" may float,
And both, too, have an ova-coat.
Eggs will hatch fowls; men foul things hatch,
And both make "cheek-'uns" hard to catch.
An egg will "poach;" so will a man;
And then he "scrambles" all he can.
In bowls of eggs some men take pride,
And yet their bowl-eggs they will hide.
Both eggs and men have "boils," and they
Are "set upon" and "laid" away.
Some men sell eggs and some eggs sell,
And some, when "egged," egg-hen will smell.
And some who are egg-salted high
As bad egg-samples often die.
But man is like an egg in fact,
When he is "henpecked" and is "cracked."

**"Sing, or Skip!"**

[Exchange.]

They have some queer girls in Colorado. One of them, who resides in the Cache la Poudre Valley, had been receiving the attentions of a young man for about a year, but, becoming impatient at his failure to bring matters to a crisis, she resolved to ascertain his intentions. When he next called she took him gently by the ear, led him to a seat, and said:

"Nobby, you've bin foolin' 'round this claim fur mighty near a year, an' hev never yit shot off yer mouth on the marryin' biz. I've cottoned to yer on the square clean through, an' hev stood off every other galoot that has tried ter chip in; an' now I want yer tu come down ter business or leave the ranche. Ef yer on the marry and want a pard thet'll stick rite to ye till ye pass in yer checks an' the good Lord calls ye over the range, jist squeal an' we'll hitch; but ef that ain't yer game, draw out an' give some other feller a show fur his pile. Now sing yer song or skip." He sang.

# A BOY HERO;

OR,

# FIGHTING TO WIN.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

AUTHOR OF "LOST ON THE PACIFIC," "PERSEVERANCE PARKER," "YOUNG PIONEER," "FIRE, SNOW AND WATER," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XXV.

A CURIOUS INTERVIEW.

If Fred Sheldon was astonished to receive a call from Cyrus Sutton, the cattle drover, he was literally astounded when he saw, from the manner of the visitor and his mother, that they were old acquaintances.

His first emotion was that of resentment that such a worthless and evil-disposed man should presume to smile, extend his hand and say as he advanced:

"This is a surprise, indeed; I had no idea that Mrs. Sheldon was you."

"And when I heard of Mr. Cyrus Sutton I never dreamed that it could be you," she answered.

She was about to add something more when he noticed her not to speak the words that she had reason to believe were on her tongue, and Fred knew not whether to be still angrier or more amazed.

Mr. Cyrus Sutton took the chair to which he was invited and began talking about unimportant matters which it was plain were of no interest to either and were all preliminary to something more important that was to follow.

This continued several minutes, and then Mrs. Sheldon asked her visitor to excuse her a minute or two while she accompanied her son to bed.

"My dear boy," said she, after they were alone in his little room, and he was about to kneel to say his prayers, "You must not be displeased at what you saw tonight. I know Mr. Cyrus Sutton very well, and he has called to see me on some important business which he wishes to discuss with me alone."

"But he's a thief and robber," said Fred, "and I don't like to have him in the house unless I'm awake to take care of you."

"You need have no fears concerning me," said the mother, stroking back his hair and kissing the forehead of the manly fellow. "I would be willing to talk before you, but I saw that he preferred not to do so, and as the matter is all in my interest, which you know is yours, it is proper that I should show that much deference to him."

"Well, it's all right if you say so," was the hearty response of Fred, who now knelt down and went through his prayers as usual.

His mother kissed him good night and descended the stairs, and in a few minutes the murmur of voices reached the ears of the lad, who could have crept part way down stairs and heard everything said.

But nothing in the world would have induced him to do such a dishonorable thing, and he finally sank to slumber, with the dim words sounding to him as they do to us in dreams.

In the morning his mother laughingly told him he would have to restrain his curiosity for a day or two, but she would tell him all as soon as Mr. Sutton gave his permission.

Fred felt all the eagerness natural to one of his years to know the meaning of the strange visit, but he was content to await his mother's own good time, when she could make known the strange story which he realized she would soon have to tell him.

This day was Saturday, and Fred Sheldon determined to use it to the utmost, for he knew that the singular incidents in which he had become involved were likely to press forward to some kind of a conclusion.

After breakfast and his morning chores, he started down the road in the direction of the village, it being his intention to pass through or rather into the wood where Sutton and Bud Heyland had held their meeting of the night before.

He had not reached the stretch of forest when he caught sight of Bud himself coming toward him on foot. The sombrero-like hat, the brierwood pipe and the big boots, with the trousers tucked in the top, could be recognized as far as visible.

The bully had not his whip with him, both hands being shoved low down in his trowsers pockets. He slouched along until close to Fred, when he stopped, and, leaning on the fence, waited for the boy to come up.

Fred would have been glad to avoid the fellow, but there was no good way of doing so, and he walked forward, whistling a tune, and made a move as if to go by, nodding his head and saying:

"Hello, Bud."

"Hold on; don't be in a hurry," said the other, "I want to see you."

"Well, what is it?" asked Fred, stopping before him.

"You want to play the thief, do you?"

"I don't know what you mean," replied Fred, a half-dozen misgivings stirring his fears.

"How about that $20 I gave you to get changed?"

"I declare I forgot all about it," replied Fred, greatly relieved that it was no worse.

"Did you get it changed?"

"Yes, and here are your $10."

Bud took the bill and scanned it narrowly, and Fred started on again.

"Hold on!" commanded the other; "don't be in such a blamed hurry; don't start ahead agin till I tell you to. Did they ask you any questions when you got it changed?"

"Nothing very particular, but changed it very gladly."

"Who was it that done it for you?"

"I told him the one who gave me the bill didn't wish me to answer any questions, and then this gentleman said it was all right, and just for the fun of the thing I mustn't tell anything about him."

Bud Heyland looked at the little fellow standing a few feet away as if he hardly understood what this meant. Finally he asked in his gruff, dictatorial way:

"Who was he?"

"I cannot tell you."

"You cannot? You've got to."

"But I can't break my promise, Bud; I wouldn't tell a story to save my life."

"Bah, that's some of your mother's stuff; I'll soon take it out of you," said the bully, advancing threateningly towards him; "if you don't tell me all about him I'll break every bone in your body."

"You can do it then, for you won't find out."

Believing that he would have to fight for his very life, as the bully could catch him before he could get away, Fred drew his knife from his pocket, intending to use it as a weapon of defence.

While in the act of opening it, Bud Heyland caught sight of it, and with an exclamation of surprise, he demanded:

"Where did you get that?"

"I found it," replied Fred, who saw how he had forgotten himself in his fear; "is it yours?"

"Let me look at it," said Bud, reaching out his hand for it. Fred hardly knew whether he ought to surrender such a weapon or not, but, as the interest of the bully seemed to centre entirely in it, he thought it best to do so.

Bud Heyland examined the jack-knife with an interest which may be imagined. One glance was enough for him to recognize it as his own. He opened the blades and shut them two or three times, and them dropped it into his pocket, with the remark,

"I'll take charge of that, I reckon."

"Is it yours?"

"I rather think it is, now," answered the bully, with an impudent grin. "Where did you find it?"

"Down yonder," answered Fred, pointing in a loose kind of way toward the old brick mansion.

"It was stole from me two weeks ago by a tramp, and it's funny that he lost it in this neighborhood. You can go now; I'll let you off this time, 'cause I'm so glad to get my old knife agin that was give to me two years ago."

And to the surprise and delight of Fred Sheldon, he was allowed to pass on without further questioning.

"I wonder whether I was wrong," said Fred, recalling the words of the bully: "he said he had it stolen from him two weeks ago by a tramp, and mother says that it isn't any proof that Bud is guilty because his knife was found there. Some one might have put it on the floor on purpose, and she says that just such things have been done before by persons who didn't want to be suspected."

"That agrees with what the constable says, too," added the boy, still following the same line of thought; "he is sure he has got the right man and it isn't Bud or Cyrus Sutton. Bud is bad enough to do anything of the kind, but maybe I was mistaken after all."

The little fellow was sorely puzzled, for matters were taking a shape which would have puzzled an older head than his. Everything he had seen and heard for the last few days confirmed his theory that Heyland and Sutton were the guilty ones, and now the theory was being upset in a most vigorous fashion.

Fred was in this mental muddle when he awoke to the fact that he had passed the boundary of the wood and would soon be beyond the place where he had intended to make some observations that day.

"Don't know whether there's any use in my trying to do anything," he said, still bewildered over what he had seen and heard within the last few hours.

Nevertheless, he did try hard, and we may say succeeded, too.

He first looked hastily about him, and seeing no one, turned squarely around and ran back into the wood. He did not remain in the highway itself, but cautiously entered the undergrowth, where it would be difficult for any one in the road to detect him.

"I noticed that when I spoke about coming here this morning, mother encouraged me, and told me to be careful, and so I will."

He now began picking his way through the dense wood with the care of a veritable American Indian stealing upon the camp of an enemy.

CHAPTER XXVI.

EUREKA!

This was the wood where Bud Heyland and Cyrus Sutton held their stolen interview the night before, and the bully was now in the immediate neighborhood, so that Fred Sheldon was warranted in believing something would be done in the same place before the close of day, or at most, before the rising of tomorrow's sun.

No one could have been more familiar with this small stretch of wood than was our young hero, who did not take a great while to move to a point much closer to the other side than the one whence he had turned back.

He was near the road which wound its way through it, but was on the watch to escape being seen by any one passing by.

Having reached this point, Fred stood several minutes, uncertain what he ought to do. Evidently there was nothing to be gained by advancing farther, nor by turning back, so he concluded to wait.

"I wonder where Bud has gone. There is something in the wood which he is interested in—"

The thought was not expressed when the rustling of leaves was heard, and Fred knew that some one was near him. Fearful of being discovered, he shrank back close to the trunk of a large tree, behind which he could hide himself the moment it should become necessary.

No doubt the person moving through the wood was using some care, but he did not know how to prevent the rustling of the leaves, and it is not likely he made much effort.

At any rate the advantage was altogether on the side of Fred, who, a minute later, caught sight of a slouchy sombrero and brierwood pipe moving along at a height of five feet or so above the ground, while now and then the motion of the huge boots was seen beneath.

"It's Bud, and he's looking for something," was the instant conclusion of Fred, fairly trembling with excitement; "and it won't do for him to see me watching him."

The trouble was that it was now broad daylight, and it is no easy matter for the most skilful detective to shadow a person without being observed; but Fred had the advantage of the shelter in the dense growth of shrubbery which prevailed in most parts of the wood.

However, he was in mortal dread of being seen by Bud, for he believed the ugly fellow would kill him should he discover him watching his movements, at this time and in this place.

It was this fear which caused the lad to wait a minute or two after Bud Heyland had disappeared, and until the rustling of the leaves could no longer be heard.

Then, with the utmost care, he began picking his way through the undergrowth, stopping suddenly when he caught the sound again.

The wood was not extensive enough to permit a very extended hunt, and when Fred stopped a second time he was sure that the end was close at hand.

He was startled somewhat when he found, from the stillness, that Bud Heyland was not moving. Fred waited quietly, and then began slowly straightening up until he stood at his full height, and looked carefully around him.

Nothing could be seen of the bully, though the watcher was confident he was not far away, and it would not do to venture any farther for the present.

"It is was only the night time," thought Fred, "I wouldn't be so scared, for he might take me for a man; but it would never do for him to find me here."

Fortunately the boy acted on this conclusion, and resumed a crouching posture, determined to wait a good while before moving away, unless compelled to do so.

The sudden ceasing of the rustling which had betrayed the passage of Bud Heyland a few minutes previous could not be anything else but proof that he was near by.

"Maybe he suspects something, and is waiting to find whether he is seen by any one. Strange that in looking around he does not look up," whispered Fred to himself, recalling an anecdote he had once heard told in Sunday school; "Bud looks everywhere but above, where there is that Eye which never sleeps, watching his wrongdoing."

A boy has not the patience of a man accustomed to watching and waiting, and when several minutes had passed without any new development, Fred began to fidget and grow uneasy.

"He has gone on further, and I have lost him; he has done this to lead me off, and I won't see anything more of him."

But the boy was in error, and very speedily saw a good deal more of Bud Heyland than he wished.

The rustling of the leaves, such as is heard when one is kicking them up as he walks along, aroused the watcher the next minute, and Fred stealthily crept until he was almost erect, and closely scanned his surroundings.

As he did so, he caught sight of Bud Heyland walking in such a direction that he was certain to pass close to the little fellow. Luckily the bully was looking another way at that moment, or he would have seen the white, scared face as it presented itself to view.

As Fred dipped out of sight and nastily crept behind the large tree trunk he felt that he would willingly give the two hundred dollars that he received in the way of a reward could he but be in any place—provided it was half a mile or more away.

It would never do to break into a run as he felt like doing, for then he would be sure to be discovered and captured, while there was a very slight probability of not being seen if he should remain where he was.

Shortly after Fred caught sight of a pair of huge boots stalking through the undergrowth, and he knew only too well what they contained. He shrank into as close quarters as possible, and prayed that he might not be noticed.

The prayer was granted, though it will always remain a mystery to Fred Sheldon how it was Bud Heyland passed so very close to him and yet never turned his eyes from staring straight ahead, when they most assuredly would have shown the frightened little fellow crouching behind the tree, but afraid to move around the trunk so as to keep out of sight lest the slight noise should betray his presence.

But the bully went on and vanished from sight, and in a few minutes the rattling of the dry leaves ceased and all was quiet. The sound of wagon wheels, as a vehicle moved along the road, was heard, and then all became still again.

Not until sure the fellow was gone beyond sight and sound did Fred venture to rise to his feet and move away from where he had been hiding. Then, instead of following Bud, he walked along in the direction he had come when advancing toward him.

"He has been out here to look for something and didn't find it, but I'm going to, if I can."

Looking down to the ground, the bright-eyed fellow was able to see where Bud had stirred the leaves, as he carelessly walked along, no doubt oblivious of the fact that his own thoughtlessness might be used against him.

"He's the only one who has been here lately, and I think I can track him through the wood. If he had been as careful as I, he wouldn't have left such tell-tale footprints."

The work of trailing Bud, as it may be called, was not such an easy matter as Fred had supposed, for he soon found places where it was hard to tell whether or not the leaves had been disturbed by the boots of a person or the hoofs of some quadruped.

But Fred persevered, and at the end of half an hour, by attentively studying the ground, he reached a point a little over 200 yards from where he himself had been hiding, and where he was certain Bud Heyland had been.

"Here's where he stopped and after awhile turned about and went back again," was the firm conclusion of the young detective, as he may be called; "though I can't see what he did it for."

It was no longer of any use to look at the ground, for there was nothing to be learned there, and Fred began studying the appearance of things above the earth.

There were a number of varieties of trees growing about him—oak, maple, birch, chestnut and others, such as Fred had looked on many a time before, and nothing struck him as particularly worthy of notice.

But, hold! only a short ways off was an oak, or rather the remains of one, for it had evidently been struck by lightning and shattered. It had never possessed a comely appearance, for its trunk was covered with black, scraggy excrescences here and there, like the warts which sometimes disfigure the human skin.

Furthermore, the lower portion of the trunk was hollow, the width of the cavity being fully a foot at the base. The bolt from heaven had scattered the splinters, limbs and fragments in all directions, and no one could view this proof of the terrific power of that comparatively unknown force in nature without a shudder.

Fred Sheldon stood looking around him until his eye rested on this interesting sight, when he contemplated it for some minutes more, with open eyes and mouth.

Then, with a strange feeling stirring him, he walked slowly toward the remains of the trunk, and stepping upon one of the broken pieces, drew himself up and peered down into the hollow, rotten cavity.

He had been standing in the sunshine but a short time before, and it takes the pupil of the eye some time to become adapted to such a sudden change.

At first it was all blank darkness, but shortly Fred saw something gleaming in the bottom of the opening. He thought it was that peculiar fungus growth known as "fox-fire," but his vision rapidly grew more distinct, and drawing himself further up, he reached down and touched the curious objects with his hand.

Eureka!

There was all the silver plate which had been stolen from the old brick mansion a few nights before. Not a piece was missing!

Fred Sheldon had discovered it at last, and as he dropped back again on his feet, he threw his flapping hat into the air and gave a shout, for just about that time he felt he was the happiest youngster in the United States of America!

CHAPTER XXVII.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

When Archibal Jackson, constable of Tottenville and the surrounding country, strode forth from the home of Widow Sheldon on the night of the call which we have described, he felt like "shaking hands with himself," for he was confident he had made one of the greatest strikes that ever came in the way of any one in his profession—a strike that would render him famous throughout the country, and even in the city of New York.

"A man has to be born a detective," he said, as he fell over a wheelbarrow at the side of the road; "for without great natural gifts he cannot attain to pre-eminence, as it were, in his profession. I was born a detective, and would have beaten any of those fellows from Irish Yard or Welsh Yard or Scotland Yard, or whatever they call it.

"Queer I never thought of it before, but that was always the trouble with me; I've been too modest," he added, as he climbed over the fence to pick up his hat, which a limb had knocked off; "but when this robbery at the Misses Perkinpines' occurred, instead of relying on my own brains I must send for Mr. Carter, and was worried half to death because he didn't come.

"I s'pose he found the task was too gigantic for him, so he wouldn't run the risk of failure. Then for the first time I sot down and begun to use my brains. It didn't take me long to work the thing out; it come to me like a flash, as it always does to men of genius—confound that root; it's ripped the toe of my shoe off."

But Archie was so elevated in the region of conceit and self-satisfaction that he could not be disturbed by the petty annoyances of earth; he strode along the road with his chest thrust forward and his head so high in air that it was no wonder his feet tripped and bothered him now and then.

"I don't see any use of delaying the blow," he added, as he approached his home; "it will make a sensation tomorrow when the exposure is made. The New York papers will be full of it and they will send their reporters to interview me. They'll do the same in Boston and THE GLOBE will print a sketch of my life and nominate me for governor, and the illustrated papers will have my picture, and my wife Betsey will find what a man of genius her husband—ah! oh! I forgot about that post!"

He was recalled to himself by a violent collision with the hitching-post in front of his own house, and picking up his hat and thrusting until it could gain full command of his breath, he entered the bosom of his family fully resolved to "strike the blow" on the morrow which should make him famous throughout the country.

With the rising of the sun he found himself more ambitious and courageous than ever. Swallowing his breakfast hastily and looking at his bruised knuckles, he bade his family good-by, telling his wife that if anybody came after him they should be told that the constable had gone away on very important business.

With this farewell Archie went to the depot, boarded the cars and started for the country town of Walsingham, fifty miles distant. He bought a copy of a leading daily, and after viewing the scenery for several miles, pretended to read, while he gave free rein to his imagination and drew a gorgeous picture of the near future.

"Tomorrow this papers will be full of it," he said, not noticing that several were smiling because he held the journal upside down, "and they'll want to put me on the force in New York. They've got to pay me a good salary if they get me—that's sartin."

Some time after, he drew forth a couple of legal documents, which he read with care, as he had read them a score of times. They were correctly-drawn papers calling for the arrest of two certain parties.

"The warrants are all right," mused the officer as he replaced them carefully in the inside pocket of his coat; "and the two gentlemen—and especially one of them—will open his eyes when I place my hand on his shoulder and tell him he is wanted."

A couple of hours later, the constable left the cars at the town of Walsingham which was in the extreme corner of the county that also held Tottenville, and walked in his pompous fashion toward that portion where Colonel Bandman's menagerie and circus were making ready for the usual display.

It was near the hour of noon, and the regular street parade had taken place, and the hundreds of people from the country were tramping back and forth, crunching peanuts, eating lunch and making themselves at home with the diluted stuff sold under the name of lemonade.

The constable paid scarcely any heed to these, but wended his way to the hotel, where he inquired for Colonel Bandman, the proprietor of the establishment which was creating such an excitement throughout the country.

Archie was told that he had just sat down to dinner, whereupon he said he would wait until the gentleman was through, as he did not wish to be too severe upon him. Then the officer occupied a chair by the window on the inside, and feeling in his pockets to make sure the warrants were there, he kept an eye on the dining-room, to be certain the proprietor did not take the alarm and get away.

After a long time Colonel Bandman, a tall, well-dressed gentleman, came forth, hat in hand, and looked about him, as if he expected to meet some one.

"Are you the gentleman who was inquiring for me?" he asked, advancing toward the constable, who rose to his feet, and with all the impressiveness of manner which he could assume, said, as he placed his hand on his shoulder:

"Colonel James Bandman, you are my prisoner!"

The other donned his hat, looked somewhat surprised, as was natural, and with his eyes fixed on the face of the constable, asked:

"On what charge am I arrested?"

"Burglary."

"Let me see the warrant."

"O, that's all right," said Mr. Jackson, drawing forth a document from his pocket and opening it before him; "read it for yourself."

The colonel glanced at it a moment, and said with a half smile—

"My name is not mentioned there; that calls upon you to arrest Thomas Gibby, who is my ticket agent."

"Oh, ah—that's the wrong paper; here's the right one."

With which he gave Colonel James Bandman the pleasure of reading the document, which in due and legal form commanded Archibald Jackson to take the gentleman into custody.

"I presume the offense is bailable?" asked the colonel, with an odd smile.

"Certainly, certainly, sir; I will accompany you before a magistrate who will fix your bail. Where can I find Mr. Gibby?"

"I will bring him, if you will excuse me a minute."

Colonel Bandman started to enter the hotel again, but the vigilant constable caught his arm—

"No you don't; I'll stay with you, please; we'll go together; I don't intend you shall slip through my fingers."

The colonel was evidently good natured, for he only laughed and then allowing the officer to take his arm started for the dining room, but unexpectedly met the individual whom they wanted in the hall.

When Gibby had been made acquainted with the business of the severe-looking official he was disposed to get angry, but a word and a suggestive look from Colonel Bandman quieted him, and the two walked with the officer in the direction of a magistrate.

"I've got this thing down fine on you," ventured Mr. Jackson, by way of helping them to a feeling of resignation, "the proofs of the nefarious transaction in which you were engaged being beyond question."

Colonel Bandman made no answer, though his companion muttered something which their custodian did not catch. As they walked through the street they attracted some attention, but fortunately it was only a short distance to the magistrate's office, and, having reached there, that official listened attentively to the complaints When made aware of its character he turned smilingly toward the chief prisoner and said:

"Well, colonel, what have you to say to this?"

"I should like to ask Mr. Jackson on what grounds he bases his charge of burglary against me."

The house of the Misses Perkinpine, near Tottenville, in this county, was robbed of a lot of valuable silver plate and several hundred dollars in money on Monday night last. It was the night before the circus showed in that town. Fortunately for the cause of justice the two parties were seen and identified, especially the one who did the actual robbing. A bright young boy, who is very truthful, saw the robber at his work and identified him as the ungrateful wretch who was given his supper by the two excellent ladies, whom he basely robbed afterwards. The description of the pretended tramp corresponds exactly with that of Colonel Bandman—so closely, indeed, that there can be no mistake about him. The account of his confederate is not so full, but it is sufficient to identify him as Mr. Gibby, there. When I was assured beyond all mistake that they were the two wretches I took out them warrants in proper form, as you will find, and I now ask that they may be held to wait the action of the grand jury."

Having delivered himself of this rather grandiloquent speech, Mr. Jackson bowed to the court and stepped back to allow the accused to speak.

Colonel Bandman, instead of doing so, turned to the magistrate and nodded for him to say something. That official, addressing himself to the constable, asked—

"You are certain this offence was committed on last Monday evening?"

"There can be no possible mistake about it."

"And it was done by these two?"

"That is equally sartin."

"If one is guilty both are; if one is innocent so is the other?"

"Yes, sir; if you choose to put it that way."

"It becomes my duty to inform you then, Mr. Jackson, that Colonel Bandman has not been out of the town of Walsingham for the past six weeks; he is an old schoolmate of mine, and on last Monday night he stayed in my house with his wife and daughter. This complaint is dismissed, and the best thing you can do is to hasten home by the next train. Good day, sir."

Archie wanted to say something, but he could think of nothing appropriate, and, catching up his hat, he made haste to catch the next train homeward, which he boarded without a ticket, and was never known to refer to his great mistake afterward unless some one else mentioned it, and even then the constable always seemed anxious to turn the subject to something else.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ALL IN GOOD TIME.

Between 9 and 10 o'clock on the Saturday evening succeeding the incidents we have described, a wagon similar to the one which was ruined the night before, drove out of Tottenville with two persons on the front seat.

The one who drove was Jacob Kincade, who, having safely passed the recaptured lion over to Colonel Bandman, secured a couple of days' leave of absence and hurried back to Tottenville, where he engaged the team, and, accompanied by Bud Heyland, drove out in the direction of the wood where matters had gone so unsatisfactorily when Bud attempted to manage them for himself.

"I was awful 'fraid you wouldn't come to time," said Bud, as they were fairly beyond the village, "which is why I tried to run the machine myself and got things mixed. Sutton insisted on waiting till you arriv, but when he seen how sot I was he give in and 'greed to meet me at the place."

"That was all well enough," observed Mr. Kincade; "but there's some things you tell me which I don't like. You said some one was listening behind the fence the other night when you and Sutton was talking about this very business."

"That's so; but Sutton showed me afterwards that the man, who was a short, stumpy feller, couldn't have heard anything that would le' him know what we was driving at. We have a way of talking that anybody else might hear every word and yet he wouldn't understand it. That's an idee of mine."

"But you said some one—and I've no doubt it's the same chap—was whistling round the wood last night and scared you, so you made up your mind to wait till tonight."

"That rather got me, but Sut says that no man that 'spected anything wrong would go whistling round the woods in that style. That ain't the way detectives do."

"Maybe not, but it makes me feel uneasy. Are you sure there ain't any of them detectives about?"

"Me and Sut have been on the watch, and there hasn't been a stranger in the village that we don't know all about. That's the biggest joke I ever heard of," laughed Bud, "that 'ere Jackson going out to Walsingham and arresting the colonel and Gibby."

"Yes," laughed Kincade, "it took place just as I was coming away. I wish they'd locked up the colonel for awhile, just for the fun of the thing. But he and Gibby were discharged at once. I came on in the same train with Jackson, though I didn't talk with him about it, for I saw he felt pretty mean."

"However," added Kincade, "that's got nothing to do with this business, which I feel a little nervous over. It was a mighty big load for us to get out in the wood last Monday night, and I felt as though my back was broke when we put the last peice in the wagon. Spose somebody has found it?"

"No danger of that," said Bud. "I was out there today and seen that it was all right."

"Sure nobody was watching you?"

"I took good care of that. We'll find it there just as we left it, and after we get it into the wagon we'll drive over to Tom Carmen's and he'll dispose of it for us."

Tom Carmen lived at the "Four Corners," as the place was called, and had the reputation of being engaged in more than one kind of unlawful business. It was about ten miles off, and the thieves intended to drive there and place their plunder in his hands, he agreeing to melt it up and give them full value, less a small commission for the same.

The arrangement with Carmen had not been made until after the robbery, which accounts for the hiding of the spoils for several days. It did not take long, however, to come to an understanding with him, and the plunder would have been removed the preceding night by Bud Heyland and Cyrus Sutton but for the mishaps already mentioned.

"You're sure Sutton will be there?" asked Kincade, as they approached the wood.

"You can depend on him every time," was the confident response; "he was to go out there after dark to make sure that no one else is prowling around. He's one of the best fellows I ever met," added Bud, who had become enthusiastic over his new acquaintance; "we've fixed up half a dozen schemes that we're going into as soon as we get this off our hands."

"Am I in?"

"Of course," said Bud; "the gang is to be us three, and each goes in on the ground floor. We're going to make a bigger pile than Colonel Bandman himself, even with all his menagerie and circus."

"I liked Sutton—what little I seen of him," said Kincade, "and I'm glad you've found him such a good feller."

"Oh, he's true blue—well, here we are."

Both ceased talking as they entered the shadow of the wood, for, bad as they were, they could not help feeling nervous over the prospect.

The weather had been clear and pleasant all the week, and the stars were shining in an unclouded sky, in which there was no moon. A few minutes after entering they encountered a farmer's wagon, which was avoided with some difficulty, as it was hard to see each other, but the two finally got by in safety, and reached the spot they had in mind.

Here Bud Heyland took the reins, because he knew the ground so well, and drew the horse aside until he and the vehicle were clear of any team that should come along, so that they might not be disturbed while waiting.

To prevent any such accident as that of the preceding night the animal was secured, and the man and big boy stepped carefully a little further into the wood, Bud uttering the same signal as before.

It was instantly answered from a point near at hand, and the next minute Cyrus Sutton came forward, faintly visible as he stepped close to them and spoke:

"I've been waiting here for more than two hours, and thought I heard you coming a half dozen times."

He shook hands with Kincade and Bud, the latter asking:

"Is everything all right?"

"Yes, I've had my eyes open, you may depend."

"Will there be any risk in leaving the horse here?" asked Kincade.

"None at all—no one will dare disturb him."

"Then we had better go on, for there's a pretty good load to carry."

"I guess I can find the way best," said Bud, taking the lead; "I've been over the route so often I can follow it with my eyes shut."

Sutton was also familiar with it, and though it cost some trouble and not a little care, they progressed without any serious difficulty. Bud regretted that he had not brought his bull's-eye lantern with him, and beyond question it would have been of great service, but Sutton said it might attract attention, and it was better to get along without it if possible.

The distance was considerable, and all of half an hour was consumed in making their way through the wood, the darkness being such in many places that they had to hold their hands in front of them to escape collisions with limbs and trunks of trees.

"Here we are!"

It was Bud Heyland who gave utterance to the exclamation, and in the dim light his companions saw that he spoke the truth. There was a small natural clearing, which enabled them to observe the blasted oak without difficulty.

The little party stood close by the hiding-place of the plunder which had been taken from the old brick mansion several nights before.

"You can reach down to it, can't you?" asked Sutton, addressing Bud Heyland.

"Yes; without trouble; it's only a little ways down."

"Hand it out, then," added Kincade; "I shan't feel right till we have all this loot safely stowed away with Tom Carmen at the 'Four Corners.'"

"All right," responded Bud, who immediately thrust his head and shoulders into the cavity.

He remained in this bent position less than a minute, when he jerked out his head as though some serpent had struck at him with his fangs, and with a frightful execration exclaimed:

"It's all gone!"

"What!" gasped Jake Kincade.

"Somebody has taken everything away—"

In the dim light, Bud Heyland at that juncture observed something which amazed him still more. Instead of two men there were three, and two of them were struggling fiercely together.

These were Cyrus Sutton and Jacob Kincade, but the struggle was short. In a twinkling the showman was thrown on his back, and the nippers placed on his wrists.

"It's no use," said Sutton, as he had called himself, in a low voice; "the game is up, Jacob."

Before Bud Heyland could understand that he and Kincade were entrapped, the third man sprang forward and manipulated the handcuffs so dexterously that Bud quickly realized he was a helpless captive.

This third man was Archie Jackson, the constable, who could not avoid declaring in a louder voice than was necessary:

"We've got you both, and you may as well take it like men. This gentleman whom you two dunces took for Cyrus Sutton, a cattle drover, is my old friend James Carter, the detective, from New York."

And such was the truth indeed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

As was intimated at the close of the preceding chapter, the individual who has figured thus far as Cyrus Sutton, interested in the cattle business, was in reality James Carter, the well-known detective of the metropolis.

When he received word from Archie Jackson of the robbery that had been committed near Tottenville, he immediately went out to the little town to investigate. Mr. Carter was a shrewd man, who understood his business, and he took the precaution to go in such a disguise that the fussy little constable never once suspected his identity. The detective wished to find out whether it would do to trust the officer, and he was quick to see that if Jackson was taken into his confidence, he would be sure to spoil everything, from his sheer inability to keep a secret.

So the real detective went to work in his own fashion, following up the clews with care and deliberation, and allowing Jackson to disport himself as seemed best.

He was not slow to fix his suspicions on the right parties, and he then devoted himself to winning the confidence of Bud Heyland. It would have been an easy matter to fasten the guilt on this bad boy, but the keen-witted officer was quick to perceive that he had struck another and more important trail, which could not be followed to a successful conclusion without the full confidence of young Heyland.

He learned that Bud was being used as a tool by other parties, who were circulating counterfeit money, and Jacob Kincade was one of the leaders, with the other two who composed the company in New York. The detectives in that city were put to work and captured the rascals almost at the same time that Bud and Kincade were taken.

It required a little time for Mr. Carter to satisfy himself beyond all mistake that the two named were the ones who were engaged in the dangerous pursuit of "shoving" spurious money, and he resolved that when he moved he would have the proof established beyond a shadow of a doubt.

He easily drew the most important facts from Bud, and thus it will be seen the recovery of the stolen silverware became secondary to the detection of the dealers in counterfeit money.

The detective was annoyed by the failure of Kincade to appear on the night he agreed, and was fearful lest he suspected something and would keep out of the way. He could have taken him at the time Fred Sheldon was paid his reward, for he knew the showman at that time had a lot of bad money in his possession, though he paid good bills to Fred, who, it will be remembered, placed them in the hands of 'Squire Jones.

Bud was determined to exchange bad currency for this, and waylaid Fred for that purpose, but failed, for the reason already given. He, however, gave Fred $20 to pass, which it will also be remembered fell into the hands of the detective a few minutes later, and was one of the several links in the chain of evidence that was forged about the unsuspecting youth and his employer.

Then Bud, like many beginners in actual transgression, became careless, and worked off a great deal of the counterfeit money in the village where he was staying, among the lot being the $100 which he paid the liveryman for ruining his wagon.

When Fred Sheldon came into the village to claim his reward for securing the estray lion, Cyrus Sutton, as he was known, who was sitting on the hotel porch, became deeply interested in him. He scrutinized him sharply, but avoided asking him any questions. It was natural, however, that he should feel some curiosity, and he learned that what he suspected was true; the boy was the child of Mary Sheldon, who was the widow of George Sheldon, killed some years before on the battle-field.

George Sheldon and James Carter had been comrades from the beginning of the war until the former fell while fighting for his country. The two had "drank from the same canteen," and were as closely bound together as if brothers. Carter held the head of Sheldon when he lay dying, and sent the last message to his wife, who had also been a schoolmate of Carter's.

An aptitude which the latter showed in tracing crime and wrong-doers led him into the detective business, and he lost sight of the widow of his old friend and their baby boy, until drawn to Tottenville in the pursuit of his chosen profession.

He reproached himself that he did not discover the truth sooner, but when he found that Mrs. Sheldon was absent he could only wait until she returned, and as we have shown, he took the first occasion to call upon her and renew the acquaintance of former years.

But the moment Carter identified the brave little fellow who had earned his reward for capturing the wild beast he made up his mind to do a generous thing for him and his mother; he was determined that if it could possibly be brought about Fred should receive the $500 reward offered for the recovery of the silver plate stolen from the Misses Perkinpine.

Circumstances already had done a good deal to help him in his laudable purpose, for, as we have shown, Fred had witnessed the robbery, and, in fact, had been brought in contact with both of the guilty parties.

Mr. Carter was afraid to take Fred into his entire confidence, on account of his tender years; and though he was an unusually bright and courageous lad, the detective was reluctant to bring him into any more intimate association with crime than was actually necessary from the service he intended to do him.

As he was too prudent to trust the constable, Archie Jackson, it will be seen that he worked entirely alone until the night that Mrs. Sheldon returned home.

Then he called upon her and told her his whole plans, for he knew that Fred inherited a good deal of his bravery from her, and thought it was contrary to his rule to make a confidant of any one, he did not hesitate to tell her all.

She was deeply grateful for the kindness he contemplated, though she was not assured that it was for the best to involve Fred as was proposed.

The detective, however, succeeded in overcoming her scruples, and they agreed upon the plan of action.

The boy was encouraged to make his hunt in the wood, for Carter had already learned from Bud Heyland that the plunder was hidden somewhere in it, and he had agreed to assist in bringing it forth, though Bud would not agree to show him precisely where it was, until the time should come for taking it away.

When Fred found the hiding place he was so overjoyed that for awhile he did not know what to do; finally he concluded, as a matter of safety, to remove and hide it somewhere else.

Accordingly he tugged and lifted the heavy pieces out one by one, and then carried them all some distance away, when he placed them on the ground at the foot of a large beech tree and covered them up as best he could with leaves.

This took him until nearly noon, when he ran home to tell his mother what he had done. Within the next hour James Carter knew it and he laughed with undisguised satisfaction.

"It was the wisest thing that could have been done."

"Why so?" asked the widow.

"Don't you see he has already earned the reward, and, what is more, he shall have it, too. He has recovered the plate without the slightest assistance from any one."

"But the robbers have not been caught."

"That is my work; I will attend to that."

"And what shall Fred do?"

"Keep him home tonight, give him a good supper and put him to bed early, and tell him it will be all right in the morning."

Mrs. Sheldon did not feel exactly clear that it was "all right," but the frank, good-hearted Carter had a way of carrying his point, and he would not listen to any argument from her.

So she performed her part of the programme in spirit and letter, and when Fred Sheldon closed his eyes in slumber that Saturday evening it was in the belief that everything would come out as his mother promised, even though he believed that one of the guiltiest of the criminals was the man known as Cyrus Sutton.

Mrs. Sheldon wanted to tell him everything that night, but the detective would not give his consent until the "case was closed."

When Archie Jackson was called upon late in the afternoon by James Carter, and told how matters stood, he was dumbfounded for the time, and could scarcely believe that the cattle drover was the famous detective; but he was convinced after a while, and then entered heartily into the plan by which the two criminals were to be caught.

Mr. Carter took pains to show the constable that the reward had already been earned by little Fred Sheldon, and Archie, with some show of grace, gave in. The detective hastened to assure him that he should be well paid for the extra services that were expected of him that evening, and a little judicious flattery convinced Mr. Jackson that it was impossible to capture the two desperate villains without his assistance. He was placed near the spot where it was certain Bud Heyland and Jacob Kincade would appear later in the evening, and at a preconcerted signal he sprang up from his concealment, and the reader knows that he did his part in creditable style.

CHAPTER XXX.

CONCLUSION.

The maiden twin sisters, Misses Annie and Lizzie Perkinpine, were making their preparations for driving to the village church, when they heard the rattle of carriage wheels and both ran to the window to see what it could mean.

They were just in time to see Cyrus Sutton spring out of the vehicle and tie a horse, while little Fred Sheldon seemed to be tugging with something on the floor of the wagon. The man went to his assistance, and then they made short work with it.

"My stars! Gracious goodness!" exclaimed Aunt Lizzie, throwing up her hands and almost sinking to the floor in amazement. "Don't you see, sister, it is our silverware? There are the whole six pieces—not one missing from the tea service—slop jar, sugar bowl, cream pitcher and all. They have found it. Now we can go to church and enjoy the sermon."

The massive service of solid silver, fashioned and carved and ornamented by the puffy craftsmen of Amsterdam during the days when Van Tromp was pounding the British off Goodwin Sands, a full two centuries ago and more, was carried into the house and placed on the dining-table, where for a minute or two the owners could only clasp and unclasp their hands and utter exclamations of thankfulness that the invaluable heirlooms had been restored to them.

The detective and the boy stood back a few paces and looked on smiling and scarcely less pleased than the ladies.

"Where did you get them?" asked Aunt Lizzie, addressing herself directly to Mr. Carter, who pointed to the blushing Fred.

"I didn't get them; it was that young man there."

"I found them in an old tree in the woods," said the boy, "and this gentleman helped bring them here."

"But it was you who found them?"

"I believe it was," laughed Fred.

"Very well, then, you shall have the reward. Today is Sunday, and it would not be proper, therefore, to engage in any business; but if you will call tomorrow the reward shall be given you, and I want to say," added the good soul, pinching the chubby cheek of Fred, "that there isn't a person in the whole world that I would rather pay it to than you."

"You will have to excuse us now," added Miss Annie; "we are preparing

## CHECKERS.

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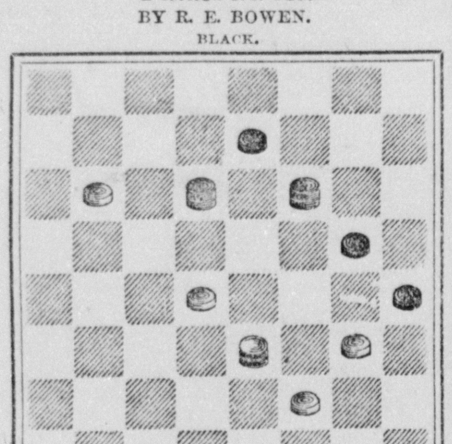
### Position No. 935.

BY R. E. BOWEN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

### Game No. 1378—Irregular.

The following three games were played at Providence, R. I., on April 6, 1882, between C. F. Freeman and C. F. Barker. Barker's move.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11..15 | 21..17 | 15..24 | 18..15 | 10..15 |
| 22..17 | 14..21 | 22..18 | 16..19 | 23..26 |
| 9..14 | 22..18 | 24..27 | 15..11 | 6.. 9 |
| 25..22 | 15..22 | 18..15 | 19..15 | 13.. 6 |
| 8..11 | 24.. 8 | 10..19 | 11.. 8 | 2.. 9 |
| 17..13 | 4..11 | 23..16 | 15..10 | 17..13 |
| 11..16 | 26..17 | 27..31 | 8.. 4 | 15..10 |
| 24..20 | 11..16 | 26..22 | 5.. 9 | 13.. 6 |
| 3.. 8 | 29..25 | 1.. 6 | 4.. 8 | 10.. 1 |
| 20..11 | 10..15 | 16..11 | 9..14 | 3.. 7 |
| 7..16 | 25..22 | 31..27 | 8..11 | 1.. 6 |
| 27..24 | 16..19 | 11.. 8 | 14..18 | 7..11 |
| 16..19 | 31..26 | 27..24 | 11..16 | 6..10 |
| 23..16 | 6..10 | 8.. 3 | 18..22 | 26..23 |
| 12..19 | 27..23 | 24..19 | 16..19 | Drawn. |
| 32..27 | 19..24 | 22..18 | 22..25 | |
| 8..11 | 28..19 | 19..16 | 19..23 | |

### Game No. 1379—Fife.

Freeman's move.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11..15 | 25..22 | 15..22 | 23..19 | 15..19 |
| 23..19 | 1.. 5 | 23..18 | 25..22 | 10.. 6 |
| 9..14 | 22..18 | 17..21 | 2.. 6 | 19..24 |
| 27..17 | 13..17 | 32 28 | 22..17 | 11.. 7 |
| 5.. 9 | 21..14 | 22..25 | 28..24 | 3..10 |
| 26..23 | 10..17 | 27..23 | 17..13 | 6..15 |
| 9..13 | 31..26 | 25..29 | 19..16 | 24..27 |
| 24..20 | 2.. 6 | 14.. 9 | 11..15 | 16..11 |
| 15..24 | 18..14 | 5..14 | 16..11 | 27..31 |
| 28..19 | 6..10 | 18.. 9 | 13..17 | 12.. 8 |
| 13..22 | 23..18 | 29..25 | 20..16 | 31..27 |
| 25.. 9 | 12..16 | 9.. 6 | 17..13 | 8.. 3 |
| 6..13 | 19..12 | 7..10 | 24..20 | 17..22 |
| 29..25 | 10..15 | 6.. 2 | 13..17 | 20..16 |
| 8..11 | 26..23 | 10..14 | 6..10 | Drawn. |

### Game No. 1380—Ayrshire Lassie.

Barker's move.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11..15 | 26..23 | 9..25 | 17..13 | 29..25 |
| 24..20 | 11..15 | 16..11 | 1.. 6 | 8.. 4 |
| 8..11 | 25..22 | 7..23 | 31..26 | 25..29 |
| 28..24 | 18..25 | 27.. 4 | 29..25 | 4.. 8 |
| 4.. 8 | 29..22 | 5.. 9 | 32..27 | 29..25 |
| 23..19 | 14..18 | 4.. 8 | 9..14 | A8.. 4 |
| 9..14 | 23..14 | 2.. 7 | 8.. 4 | Drawn. |
| 22..17 | 6.. 9 | 24..19 | 25..29 | |
| 15..18 | 20..16 | 25..29 | 4.. 8 | |

A—Six of one and half dozen of the other.

### Game 1381—New Fifteenth.

The following two games were played at Providence, R. I., on April 8, 1882, between Mr. R. E. Bowen of Millbury, Mass., and Mr. C. F. Barker. Barker's move.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 10..15 | 15..24 | 5..14 | 15..18 | 30..25 |
| 23..19 | 28..19 | 26..22 | 16..11 | 31..27 |
| 7..10 | 8..11 | 8..11 | 7..16 | 25..22 |
| 27..23 | 25..22 | 22..18 | 20..11 | 11.. 8 |
| 9..14 | 11..15 | 3.. 7 | 18..22 | 22..18 |
| 22..18 | 32..28 | 18.. 9 | 26..17 | 8.. 3 |
| 15..22 | 15..24 | 6..13 | 13..22 | 10..14 |
| 25.. 9 | 28..19 | 30..26 | 21..17 | 27..24 |
| 5..14 | 4.. 8 | 11..15 | 22..25 | 18..15 |
| 24..20 | 22..18 | 19..16 | 17..13 | 3.. 8 |
| 11..15 | 1.. 5 | 12..19 | 25..30 | 14..18 |
| 29..25 | 18.. 9 | 23..16 | 13.. 9 | 24..20 |
| | | | | Drawn. |

### Game No. 1382—Cross.

Barker's move.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11..15 | 4.. 8 | 1.. 5 | 7..11 | 10..14 |
| 23..18 | 29..25 | 18.. 9 | 18.. 9 | 15..10 |
| 9..14 | 8..11 | 5..14 | 6..13 | 7..11 |
| 18..11 | 25..22 | 26..22 | 23..18 | 10.. 7 |
| 8..15 | 11..15 | 11..15 | 11..16 | 11..16 |
| 22..18 | 24..19 | 32..28 | 31..26 | 19..15 |
| 15..22 | 15..24 | 15..24 | 16..23 | 14..18 |
| 25.. 9 | 28..19 | 28..19 | 26..19 | Drawn. |
| 5..14 | 7..11 | 3.. 7 | 2.. 7 | |
| 27..23 | 22..18 | 22..18 | 18..15 | |

### Solution of Position No. 933.

End game between Mr. G. D. Bugbee and Mr. C. F. Barker.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 29..25 | 26..23 | 16..11 | 14..10 | 11..27 |
| 14..21-1 | 12..16 | 21..30 | 6..15 | Drawn. |
| 7..14 | 30..26 | | | |

(Var. 1.)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 30..21 | 3.. 8 | 10.. 3 | 17.. 1 | Drawn. |

### Solution of Position No. 934.

BY R. MAR.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2.. 7 | 5.. 9 | 22..26 | 26.. 1 | 1.. 6 |
| 9.. 2 | 13.. 6 | 2..11 | 11..15 | B. wins |
| | | | | by second position. |

### Answers to Correspondents.

L. M. S——s, Derry Depot, N. H.—Position received and placed on file for examination; thanks.

C. A. M——r, Windsor Falls, Vt.—Position received; will be published in due time; thanks for same.

J. P. Simpson, Calvert, Md.—Your solutions are correct.

A. S——r, New York City—Your Postal received and contents noted; all right.

T. W. K——y, Greenford, O.—Games received, and will be published soon; thanks.

### Checker News.

THE CHAMPION AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Mr. Charles F. Barker commenced play April 5, at No. 38 Westminster street, where he gave a grand exhibition of his skill with the best players of that city and vicinity for four days to large audiences. His scores with the players at the close of his stay is as follows:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Barker | 0 | Freeman | 0 | Drawn | 6 |
| Barker | 2 | DeMun | 1 | Drawn | 1 |
| Barker | 1 | Hill | 0 | Drawn | 0 |
| Barker | 0 | Bowen | 0 | Drawn | 3 |
| Barker | 10 | Merry | 0 | Drawn | 6 |
| Barker | 6 | Bartlett | 0 | Drawn | 0 |
| Barker | 3 | Petter | 0 | Drawn | 0 |
| Barker | 2 | Snow | 0 | Drawn | 0 |
| Barker | 2 | Aldrich | 0 | Drawn | 0 |
| Barker | 39 | All others | 0 | Drawn | 6 |

Total—Barker, 65; lost, 1; drawn, 22, making 88 games played.

Mr. Barker plays in Pawtucket, R. I., Monday, April 10.

Mr. T. T. McFarline, a promising young player of Albany, N. Y., died there last week, of consumption, at the early age of 26 years.

Mr. Wyllie continues his tour through Canada with the same unvarying success. His score at London was: Winning, 174; losing, 1; and 19 games were drawn. At Wingham, he won 121, and 4 were drawn. Next week he plays at Thorold, and letters addressed to him at the Welland House will reach him.

Checker enthusiasm in Lewiston and Auburn has increased to such an extent that there is strong talk of engaging Professor Wyllie of Scotland, the champion player of the world, who is now in this country, to come here and play a number of exhibition games. The professor is now in the West. Horne, Irish, Day and other local champions are anxious to see how easily they may be beaten, and to gain a few points from Wyllie. One of our professional players posted a general challenge a few days ago, and was met by a non-professional. The challenger is one of our best players, but dark horse beat him badly, winning five games to the professor's one and two draws. The result of this match has been the staple topic for discussion in checker circles for several days.

And now the "professional" checkerist referred to comes forward, and while gracefully acknowledging that he was badly beaten by the "dark horse in the manner aforesaid, states it is no less true that he has since had another match with the same opponent and skunked him. Even the patrons of the noble and scientific game of checkers have their downs and ups.

### Checkers in Lewiston and Its Players.

A few days ago I read in the evening Journal that the local champions of these cities were Horne, Irish and Day. Assuming that neither party would have caused themselves to be hoisted into public notice, I concluded it would be worth while to examine the merits on which their claims were based. Mr. Day's record I find to have been a short and brilliant one. He bases his claims on the fact that he beat William H. Broughton one game the most in their first sitting. At their next sitting he could not score one win. He went up like a rocket and came down like a stick. Since that time he has retired from the arena as an active player; yet occasionally and reportorially appearing in print as a champion. He ventured forth to meet C. F. Barker of Boston in 1877, and was badly beaten. In November, 1875, he challenged a gentleman of this city to play him or any other man for $5, which was promptly accepted and won by the gentleman—six games to his one—Mr. Day bringing forward Mr. Horne as substitute, his own courage failing in his hour of need. Day not only lacked the courage to play with the gentleman himself, but persuaded Mr. H. to return him the V previous to play to save his bacon and take the curse off. Such a champion has a record to be proud of. He is known among players hereabouts as the champion won't player. Mr. Horne is a gentleman well and favorably known as a fair third-rate player. He is a genial, whole-souled English gentleman, and it is a delight and a genuine treat to be permitted to move the checkers against him. On account of his great geniality but few opponents care to get up victorious from the board, but allow him to win the most games. Mr. Irish lives in Auburn, and is conceded to be the best player in the two cities. He gained distinction by winning a few games of C. F. Barker and of H. Z. Wright—both of Boston, which I believe cannot be said of the other champions. There are several other rising young players in our midst, who will some day take the place of our present local champions: foremost among them is Mr. S——n, who, in his play with H. Z. Wright, drew one and did not lose any, while a customer was waiting in his stocking feet. We have all heard of the learned blacksmith who blew the bellows with one hand and held a book with the other. Mr. S——n takes THE BOSTON GLOBE, and at noon, going by his window one may see him with checker-board before him, THE GLOBE in one hand and a doughnut in the other, patiently studying out some problem from THE GLOBE checker column. One is forcibly reminded of Benjamin Franklin going through the streets of Philadelphia, munching a baker's roll. Mr. S——n's place is the headquarters of the champion fraternity; but few others are allowed in there—the secrets of their game being too valuable to impart to the vulgar herd. One other coming man must be written up before I close. Across the street from the postoffice, in a doctor's office, may be sometimes seen a thoughtful, earnest young man, with grim determination stamped all over him, bending low over a checker-board, pondering its intricacies. He is a student to the game. He does not play; no one ever sits opposite him over the board. Somewhere in the dim long ago he swore off from playing. It seems long for him:—only for a year; but did you ever know a checker player to swear off for as long as that? Only think how many heartaches are saved to him—how many rows are prevented—how many lies that the recording angel cannot put down! Ah! if he only knew when he was well off he would swear off for eternity.—[The Observer, Lewiston, Maine.

### Championship Challenge Medal Tournament.

A meeting of the New York checker players was held at the headquarters, Cafe Logeling, 49 Bowery, on Friday, 31st ult., as requested in the Turf, Field and Farm of March 31, for the purpose of organizing a draught tournament. The following articles of agreement were signed by all the players present.

NEW YORK, March 31, 1882.

We the undersigned agree to participate in a draught tournament to be held in New York City, as hereafter agreed upon by a committee of three to be appointed by the players present tonight. We also agree to abide by the arrangements come to by said committee, providing the entrance fee does not exceed $2. To this paper the following names were appended: A. J. Dunlap, C. Coakley, F. E. Pierce, Dr. Schaefer, Charles Kelly, H. L. Bain, Newark, N. J., William Davie, M. F. Clouser, F. E. De Con, A. J. De Freest, J. E. Grannan. Messrs. C. Kelly, M. F. Clouser and William Davie were elected as such committee. This tournament will commence May 8, 1882, and will be open to resident players of New York City and vicinity. Six games will be played with each and every player. The victor of each series will secure one point. The winner of the greatest number of points will be entitled to the first prize, a solid silver medal (valued at $30), which shall be emblematic of the championship. In the event of all six games being drawn the play will continue until a win is secured. All money received, in addition to the amount expended for the medal, will be distributed thus: 25 per cent. to the winner of the first prize, in addition to the medal; 50 per cent. for second prize, and 25 per cent. for third prize. The players will meet three evenings every week until the match is finished. The committee shall have jurisdiction in regard to all cases where players fail to appear. The medal will be held subjected to challenge by any subscriber to the present tournament, provided the challenger puts up $5 against the medal, or by mutual agreement they can raise the stakes to any amount. The match must be played within six weeks from the time of being challenged, but the holder may set his own time within the six weeks, providing the hour is between 7 and 10 o'clock p. m. The match to consist of ten games. The committee to sit in equity on all disputed points, a majority to decide in every case. The medal must be won three times by the same person in the annual tournament before it becomes his absolute property. Names of intending competitors should be sent to the Draught Editor Turf, Field and Farm, Draught Editor Scotsman, or Draught Editor of New York Weekly World, on or before the 15th day of April, as all entries will close on that date.

CHARLES KELLY, M. F. CLOUSER, WILLIAM DAVIE, } Committee.

### Word Hunt.

The great success which attended our word hunt of December has induced us to offer another array of substantial prizes for this month's competition, and we trust that the hunters will avail themselves of the opportunity to try for the prizes. For the three largest lists of words formed from the word BACHELOR we will award the following prizes:

1. Five dollars.
2. Three dollars.
3. One dollar.

CONDITIONS.

1. Only such words found in the body of "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary" will be allowed.
2. No letter must be used more than once in a word.
3. Abbreviations, biographical, geographical, proper names, nicknames and plurals are not allowed.
4. All lists of words must be arranged in alphabetical order, and in vertical lines.
5. Lists should be written on one side of the paper *only*. With each list should be sent a statement of how many words it contains.
6. In case of a tie between two or more contestants, other matter shall be considered in bestowing the award—such as the fewest number of mistakes in the selection of words, clearness, neatness and order in making up the lists.
7. All lists must positively contain a three-cent stamp, and be received on or before June 1, 1882.
8. Open to subscribers only, but subscriptions may be sent in with lists.

Address all lists to W. H. TODD, 14 Florence street, Boston, Mass.

### "Welly Good Man."

[Jacksonville Sentinel.]

A few days ago an old man named Griffith started over the divide between Sardine creek and Sam's Valley, Oregon, on foot, taking his shotgun with him. Reaching the summit of the ridge he sat down to rest, and in a few minutes heard something approaching. Thinking it might be a wild animal he brought his gun to a present, and in a minute a Chinaman's head popped up over the ridge. Both were startled, but the heathen was scared, and pulling out a gold watch he presented it to the old man with the assurance that he had no money. "You catchem watch, all litee; him belly good; no got money," said the poor heathen, who thought he had met a robber. The old man took the watch, examined it, and handed it back to the now delighted Celestial, who left ejaculating: "Welly good man, no lobom." It was some time before the old man realized how near he had been to the commission of highway robbery.

### Liver, Kidney and Bright's Disease.

A medicine that destroys the germ or cause of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney and Liver Complaints, and has power to root them out of the system, is above all price. Such a medicine is Hop Bitters, and positive proof of this can be found by one trial, or by asking your neighbors, who have been cured by it.

### Terrible Storm in Texas.

DALLAS, Tex., April 17.—The severest storm ever known here burst upon this city this morning. Immense torrents of water flooded the streets, overflowing the gutters and washed away obstructions. The damage by Thursday's hail storm and this morning's rain aggregate $100,000.

WRITE to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western avenue, Lynn, Mass., for names of ladies that have been restored to perfect health by the use of her Vegetable Compound. It is a positive cure for the most stubborn cases of female weakness.

A DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE of dry goods, published by Jordan, Marsh & Co., Boston, Mass., is in high favor with thousands of ladies who make their purchases entirely by mail. Write to them for one, and it will be promptly mailed to you, free of expense. Please mention this paper when you send.

## POLITICAL LIFE.

### Hon. T. F. Bayard's Advice to Young Americans.

### The Principles He Offers as Guides to Succeed By.

### Their First Duty to Maintain a Free Government of Laws.

The Christian Union has begun a series of articles, written by some of the best thinkers in America, upon "How to Succeed." Special topics under this head will be "Public Life," "The Ministry," "Medicine," "Mechanics," "Art," "Engineering," "Agriculture," "Music," etc. The articles are all copyrighted, but the editor of the Union adds to his enterprise the courteous permission for publication by us, and we herewith present the discussion by Senator Bayard of "How to Succeed in Public Life"

Rev. Lyman Abbott:

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR—I trust you will acquit me of any discourtesy in failing hitherto to reply to your letters asking me to contribute certain articles to the Christian Union, intended to instruct young Americans "how to succeed" in political life. My delay has been caused not merely by abundant and pressing duties, but from a distrust in the efficacy and value of such didactic essays in relation to a subject so difficult of definition, and in which action and example must speak so much louder than words; and in relation to which it is so much more easy to lay down doctrines than to adjust their application to the affairs of daily life. When after many years of official public life I am asked whether a man can succeed in American politics without disregarding those canons of punctiliously honorable action which are essential in the private lives and intercourse of men, I should be self-condemned if I failed to answer in the affirmative, and to say, further, that I believe whilst public duties and considerations frequently compel the postponement or overthrow of private inclinations and personal predilections, yet in this the obligations to honorable and unselfish action are but super-added to the code of upright private conduct. It is true that a sense of public duty frequently forbids the indulgence of personal and private desires, and

#### Prefers Public for Private Interest

in a mode not always advantageous to the latter; and substitutes a colder and apparently less amiable and generous class of virtues than those which private life admits and encourages; and that a subordination of many private virtues is compelled by the just execution of the trust of public power. Yet in all this there is no inconsistency between an upright, honorable and amiable private life and a pure, patriotic and faithful public life; each, in fact, is a natural accompaniment to the other, and each fortifies the other in its sphere. I do not believe that "success" is or ought to be the great object, for at times it may be the highest duty not to succeed; where success is to be at the cost of fidelity to those principles which may be termed "abstractions," but which are the ultimate, true and only foundation stones upon which human society can securely rest. The youth who inscribes no other motto than "success" upon his banner will be apt to trail it in the dirt of low conflict. Success in obtaining official place and political power, success in gaining wealth or fame, or that notoriety that sometimes passes for fame, may all be achieved by the sacrifice of every principle that keeps life sweet, and at the cost of manly self-respect, simple truth, modesty and personal integrity. We are not without examples of such "success," which have caused many worthy men to feel that "the post of honor is the private station." Here, in America, more than in any other country—and because of the responsibilities which always accompany opportunities—there is an ever-present demand for a high and noble public spirit in our people. There is so much less excuse for an American citizen failing to interest and occupy himself with public affairs than for private individuals in other lands and under different forms of government. The interests dependent upon public care and confided to the American people are surely of equal magnitude, of as great importance and equal delicacy as any ever known to mankind. They must be administered amid social and political forces that surge to and fro against the restraining banks of law and order as violently and perhaps with more freedom than under other forms of rule. Full as much is at stake, and amid as many dangers, and the call to constant and patriotic duty is as loud and clear to every son of America to lend his best powers to secure and maintain the

#### Great Ends of a Free Government

of laws, to elevate its administration, and secure for it public respect and willing obedience, as it is to any privileged and hereditary legislator under a monarchical and aristocratic system. While we have no rank or privileges established among our citizens, we have as much need as any for noble men to serve the country and oppose popular passion and error, to resist the usurpation of power in all its shapes, and expose and throttle corruption in its countless disguises. To meet and battle with such dangers and abuses may not result in "success," but it will accomplish something better: "Duty!" a word I greatly prefer. If any young American seeks to do his duty as a citizen, either by obtaining political position for himself or bestowing power in the hands he believes most worthy of the trust, he may embark upon such a career without fear of deterioration in his personal character; indeed, if he keeps clearly in view the great objects of government I believe he will be enlarged in soul and elevated in spirit. The discovery of much weakness and unworth may often pain and disappoint him, and he may weary of the work and long for rest; but his hands can be as clean and his soul as white at the end of the journey as when he set out upon it. Now in all this I am conscious that I have verified my belief that I should say nothing of practical value, nor added a new thought to the general stock. Nevertheless at your request I have borne my testimony, which you asked of me in so kind and courteous a manner, and which is written not without much hesitancy by

Yours truly and respectfully,

T. F. BAYARD.

United States Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C.

### Yankee Notions.

A man in Wells River, Vt., recently put a $10 gold piece in the collection box. He was around bright and early Monday morning looking for the collector.

A Tauntonian, who had steered more vessels than steeds, recently saddled a nag for a morning canter with the horn of the saddle pointed towards the animal's rudder.

William B. Gould, 92 years of age, is the oldest man in Hillsboro, N. H., and has voted at seventy-one annual elections in that town. His first presidential vote was for Madison's second term.

An almanac is in preservation, published in Boston in 1777. It is a quaint antique, and its miscellany includes essays and anecdotes, with such diversities as a recipe for preserving green peas, and a poetical tribute to tobacco.

There is living in Moultonboro, N. H., a man 61 years of age, who has never ridden on a railroad train, stage coach or steamboat, and who has never been farther away from home than Centre Harbor, Holderness, Sandwich, Tamworth or Tuftonboro.

Mrs. Little, residing on Lempster mountain, N. H., has a singular kitten. It has never been allowed to enter the house, and has formed a strange attachment for hens. She plays among them, eats their dough and other food and actually roosts with them.

In Preston, Conn., Friday, Charles Northrop and his divorced wife had a struggle for the possession of their boy of 8 years. The father pulled at the boy's shoulders and the mother at the boy's feet, until an officer arrived. The boy will remain with his mother, whom he prefers.

Mrs. Emily Mayo, a member of the celebrated Swett family of Hampden, Me., has never known the pain of a toothache nor the annoyance of unsound teeth, but now that she has obtained the age of 74 her teeth are becoming loose, necessitating extraction, and in their place a third set is coming forth.

A two-seated carriage or carryall owned by Charles Bellows of Lancaster, N. H., is quite ancient, having been imported into this country before the Revolutionary war, by Harrison Gray Otis of Boston, an old friend of Mr. Bellows in his young days. Mr. Bellows bought the carriage at an auction in Boston many years ago.

Governor Littlefield of Rhode Island is a man of the people, having in his early days worked in a cotton factory at Natick, one of the villages which have grown up around the Sprague mills. While Littlefield was toiling at the spindle William Sprague was governor. By a turn of fortune's wheel Sprague became a bankrupt and Littlefield a governor.

A novel sight was seen in Pawtucket on Sunday morning. A well-dressed young woman, apparently a stranger, attracted no small attention by appearing on the principal street smoking a cigar as unconcernedly as if she had been one of the "lords of creation." She was well-behaved, and seemed interested in looking over the "biggest town in the United States."

Mr. Johnson firmly believes that he had a supernatural impression. He had a contract for building a church at Northampton, Mass, and the work was nearly finished. One evening as he was about to go to bed he suddenly felt that something was wrong in the new edifice. Unable to rid himself of the idea, he dressed himself, went to the building, unlocked it, and saw that a flame was just rising from a pile of oily cotton waste.

An absent-minded Lewiston (Me.) hackman drove up to the station, a day or two since, with a passenger in his carriage, jumped off, lit his pipe, and sat down to smoke. There is a principle in the economy of hack-makers, by which they fashion those vehicles so an occupant cannot get out unless the door is opened from the outside, there being no inside knob. While the forgetful hackman puffed, while the train came in and the usual hurly-burly ensued, while the said hackman with other hackmen did their best to allow no arriving passenger to escape, a frantic man was pounding and squirming in a closed hack-chewing the upholstering and thirsting for a hack-man's blood. The conductor had shouted "all aboard," when the hackman gave a jump and a snort, mistaken by some for the engine. In two seconds the passenger was liberated. He had just time enough to clutch the platform rail of the moving train, and so the Jehu carried his hair home for his wife and small children to toy with.

An aged lady who had buried three husbands during her lifetime finally died at South Granville, Vt., and her last request was that her mortal remains might repose beside those of her first husband. An investigation showed that No. 1, who had been previously twice married, was peacefully resting between his two wives, whereupon resort was had to No. 2. Singularly enough his dust was found to occupy a precisely similar position. Only one chance now remained, and it was with some uneasiness that the mourners visited the grave of No. 3. But the last of the trio had been more considerate. Upon his right lay his first wife, but upon his left there was a vacant space, and there a mound was quickly raised above the earthly tabernacle of his second and last consort.

### Suicide Made Easy.

Let your liver complaint take its own course and don't take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Sold by druggists.

### DIED.

GRIMES.—In Lowell, 31st ult., Dennis Grimes, 81 years 2 months.

GILES.—In Taunton, 6th inst., Almira Giles, 71 years 3 months 5 days.

[Obituary notices, including original poetry, will be inserted in this column at five cents per line.]

### TO OUR READERS.

It will pay you to read every advertisement in this paper. When you answer them please do us the favor to say you saw the advertisement in THE WEEKLY GLOBE.


# THE GRAPE CURE OF EUROPE IN AMERICA.

## A SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY BY THE JESUIT FATHERS.

The Most Unique Preparation Ever Achieved in the Art and Science of Chemistry. It Combines

A HIGHLY NUTRITIOUS GRAPE FOOD, A DELIGHTFUL SUMMER BEVERAGE, AND MEDICINAL AGENT, CONCENTRATED IN ONE BOTTLE.

SAL-MUSCATELLE—THE GRAPE CURE OF EUROPE—CONCENTRATED IN ONE BOTTLE.

The Invigorating, Vitalizing, Refreshing Tonic Beverage,

ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

**SAL-MUSCATELLE,** THE CRYSTALLIZED SALT EXTRACTED FROM GRAPES AND FRUIT—FOR THE **BUSINESS MEN**

To the merchant it is invaluable. It prevents all serious evils and complications arising from in-door, close atmosphere. The very great injury to health produced by bad ventilation, bad drainage, overwork and anxiety is counteracted by *SAL-MUSCATELLE*. The errors of *hasty meals, excess of eating, drinking and smoking*. To prevent the danger of contagious diseases, fevers, etc. The stomach is cleansed and purified, the nervous and muscular system strengthened; its benefits pervade the whole body, arousing failing energy, throwing off germs of disease. *It will obviate a world of woe from dyspepsia and accidental indigestion*. If taken regularly, mornings and evenings, its effects will positively prevent all Functional Derangements of the Liver. Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet—Eating or Drinking—Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Oppression, or Feeling of Melancholy, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Thirst, Rheumatism and Gout, Sea Sickness, Impure Blood, Itching, Nettle Rash, or any over-acid state of the blood, Skin Eruptions, Boils, Diphtheria, the effects of Mercurial Poisons, at the commencement of Fevers of all kinds.

**SAL-MUSCATELLE,** THE CRYSTALLIZED SALT EXTRACTED FROM GRAPES AND FRUIT. **FOR LADIES**

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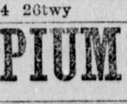

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| Saturday Night (Weekly story) | 3.00 | 3.30 |
| San Francisco Chronicle (Weekly) | 2.00 | 2.60 |
| Spirit of the Times | 5.00 | 5.55 |
| The San Francisco Argonaut (weekly) | 4.00 | 4.10 |
| Turf, Field and Farm | 5.00 | 5.00 |
| The Arm Chair | 3.00 | 3.40 |
| Vick's Floral Magazine | 1.25 | 1.95 |
| Wide Awake | 2.50 | 3.05 |
| Washington Post (Daily) | 8.00 | 8.00 |
| Waverley Magazine | 5.00 | 5.00 |
| Watchman | 3.00 | 3.30 |
| Western Stock Journal | 1.00 | 1.85 |

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